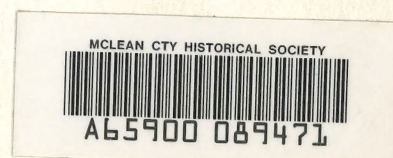


HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT  
A Source History of Bloomington, Illinois  
1900 - 1950  
In Five Volumes

Compiled by  
Clara Louise Kessler

Volume I

Bloomington, Illinois  
1950



TO  
MY MOTHER AND FATHER,  
MARTHA FLOWER AND SAMUEL FRANKLIN KESSLER



### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to acknowledge with sincere appreciation the cordial and interested cooperation of the many contributors to this source history of Bloomington, Illinois. I also wish to thank Mrs. Norma Bryan, Miss Phyllis Rodman, Mrs. John Sealock and Miss Edna Rossman who helped to type many of the manuscripts. I am grateful to Mrs. Inez Dunn, librarian of the McLean County Historical Society, Miss Elizabeth Abraham and Miss Esther Morrison of the reference department of Withers Public Library, who have assisted many of the contributors in verifying certain facts to incorporate in their articles.

The material in this history has not been edited or corrected for typographical errors. Neither have I had time to find authors for all the subjects I wished to include in it. These five volumes of fascinating and scholarly articles merely scratch the surface of Bloomington's past fifty years.

But as a source history of a home town I doubt if it has its equal in the whole United States. I hope the public will have as much enjoyment in reading as I have had in compiling -

"Home Town in the Corn Belt"



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## PREFACE

What is a home town? How does a town grow into your mind and thoughts and heart? Is it made up only of memories which recede backward to childhood days, or is it more than memory? Perhaps it is sight ... The sight of a certain pattern of buildings, streets, trees and bits of sky repeated and repeated before your eyes until they are as familiar and dear as the pattern of your own family. Or is it feeling? The feeling of being harbored, the feeling that the town of your childhood is a larger home or haven.

Whatever it is I find my home town in the center of a corn belt, in the center of a state which itself is in the center of all the other states. My home town is in the heart of America. And the fifty years of living in this home town has been the most amazing half century in the history of time. For in that fifty years we have traveled by horse and by airplane; we have listened to phonograph and radio, firecrackers and atom bombs; we have seen stereoscopes and television. How thankful I am to have lived before the age of science.

One of my first memories is of a tree, a great pine tree on the Normal University campus. It was a giant tree with great rough branches growing horizontally for several feet before turning toward the sky, thus making alternate steps up the mammoth trunk. Here were a series of seats for an adventurous child to climb and rest in. No one can take from a child's memory the tranquil playground of a tree filled campus, the games of hide and seek in the early dusk with the wierd far-off calls of "Barbar-ee-ee" and "Run Sheep Run" waking a shiver of excitement in childish spines. Grass and sun and sky in an age when children were children. Surely at the turn of the century came the golden age of childhood.

This book is an attempt to recapture those particular days of my childhood and make them live again.

Clara Louise Kessler



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VOLUME I



HOME TOWN CHILDHOOD

UP THROUGH BOYVILLE IN THE OLD HOME TOWN

by

Abe Williams



## UP THROUGH BOYVILLE IN THE OLD HOME TOWN

by

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Bloomington had been a town for nearly forty years before I was born there and had been a "CITY" for twenty years. Some things were different from things in the city of today and I will try to recall some of them that I can remember in my trip up through "BOYVILLE" in the old town.

I was born at 1409 North Main street. That was away out near the dividing line between Normal and Bloomington, a mile from the Court House. It still is but there have been many changes between the Court House Square and 1409 on Main Street and many other streets.

Our home was a fairly large house of red brick, with twelve rooms. A great many of the houses in those days were larger than most of the houses built in later years and at the present time. They needed to be. Families were larger. Ten of us grew up at our house and many of the neighbors had large families. Our home was the "BOYVILLE" headquarters for that part of town. There were large front, back and side yards, a swing with a turning pole set between the standards, a barn with a hay mow just right for practicing handsprings, flips and dives, a carriage house, a good place for magic lantern shows, a fine place in the shade for pitching horse shoes and playing marbles, either "little ring", "Bull Ring" or "Pat", the three common marble games. There was room for our home made form of tennis, which we played with a rope stretched between stakes for a net and wood paddles for rackets. We had one real tennis ball. We also played our form of base ball along the cinder driveway, surrounded by trees. We played with home made ball and bat. The game could be played by two players or by more. The barn was the backstop. No catcher was used, the batter throwing missed ball back. Chalk lines were drawn



on the barn back of the batter, to designate a strike or a ball. There was no base running, too many trees, it was just a pitching and batting game but we could play nine innings all right. A ball beyond the cherry tree was a base hit, one beyond the hitching post, a two bagger, one beyond the pear tree a three bagger and one clear to the front gate, a homer. A ball pitched between the chalk lines on the barn was a strike whether hit at or not and one outside the chalk lines was a ball. This novel ball game developed from an earlier sport we had. We used a large flat cork, such as were used in jugs and large containers. The batter used any old stick for a bat. These large flat corks would make the most amazing curves imaginable, neither the pitcher nor the batter would have any idea which way it would curve and it was good practice for our batting eyes. Besides these games in our front and side yards we played others in our back pasture, fairly large and with no trees. There we played shinny, duck on the rock, sow hole and flew kites. Sometimes at night we played with a fire ball in the pasture. This was played with a ball made of rags soaked in kerosene. We would set it on fire and toss from one to another and try to keep from being burned. For our shinny games we hardly ever had a wood block but would use a tin can. In a short time the tin can would be beaten into a mass of sharp points which caused many cuts on shins and hands. Sometimes the cuts from the battered can would be pretty bad but if there was a tough kid in the crowd who chewed tobacco, and there nearly always was one, he would furnish a well chewed cud to be applied to the cut. It worked very well. The large crowd of boys who made our home headquarters were rarely in the house but sometimes some would join us in the cellar wash room where we made a fire in the stove, melted lead and molded bullets for our slingshots. At other times some of them joined us in roller skating in our garret. There were few if any good places for outdoor roller skating. Most of the sidewalks were brick, some were wood. We also produced original plays in the garret. My brother, Scott, was good at drawing and he made the scenery with colored chalk on wrapping paper. I painted signs on the walls, reading--APPLY TO THE USHERS FOR OPERA GLASSES. Of course there were no ushers nor opera glasses but I had seen such signs in Durley Hall, the leading theater, and thought they looked pretty nifty. It was easy to costume the players right from the trunks and boxes in the garret. There were plug hats, Prince Albert coats, canes and leather boots for the male players, hats, dresses, bustles and even a hoop skirt for the female characters, always taken by boys. We did not bother much about girls. They were all right in their way but we could run a show without them. Unravelling rope made dandy blond hair and whiskers. At one of our plays, RAZZLE DAZZLE, Don McNulta in making a dive into the ocean to rescue a drowning person, did not handle his feet correctly and they went through the scenery, ruining the ocean and a ship at sea.

We did not entirely neglect the girls. Sometimes they played blackman, prisoner's base and hide and go seek with us and we would go with them to Major's Grove to get red haws, which they



would string for necklaces. We also got large coffee beans at Major's Grove to play hully-gully with. Sometimes we got a few walnuts there but the boys from the Forty Acres nearly always beat us to them.

Major's Grove was a lovely place. It extended along Seminary Avenue from about Center Street to the C & A tracks and from Seminary Avenue to Division Street. Center Street nor any other street extended beyond Seminary Avenue from Main to the C & A. The grove was a forest, mostly of big walnut trees, mingled with coffee bean, red haw and perhaps some other varieties which I do not remember. All the walnut trees were later cut down and sold to furniture companies.

The little girls of those days nearly all wore their hair in two braids, or "pigtails" and slicked back and held in place by a big comb shaped like a croquet arch. They played with dolls, jumping ropes and bean bags. The small boys wore copper toes, red top boots in winter and nearly all went barefoot in summer. For winter wear we had home knitted mittens attached to a knitted string which reached around our shoulders so the mittens would not be lost. We also had knitted wristlets to keep our wrists warm and home knitted stockings. I have held skeins of yarn on my outstretched hands till they ached while my Aunt Liza, who raised us after my mother's death, would wind the yarn into a ball.

I started school at the sixth ward school, then known as Number One, now Franklin. We used slates for writing. They had holes in the wood frames with heavy cord inserted so the slates would not make a noise on the desk. As we advanced from one grade to another we used paper and pencil. Clark's O. N. T. thread boxes made fine things to carry our pencils in. Farther advancement and we were taught to use ink. We had copy books with a sentence in neat Spencerian writing at the top and we copied the sentence on ruled lines of the page, the same thing till the page was full. The first day of our instruction in writing with ink some of the youngsters took their blotters and rubbed them over the fresh writing. I had seen pen and ink used at home and did not try that method. The principal was May Sherwin. The teachers whom I remember were Mary Ward, Jennie Milner, Nora Case and Villa Case. The building was a two story one. It had originally been three stories but the top one had been removed for safety. The only name of the books that we used that I remember was the Harvey Readers. I think that the McGuffey readers had been in use a short time before. The Harvey books were good successors however and had good moral stories about the boy who drove the team for Hobbs the miller and the horses ran away with him and he was thrown out and hurt and the story of a boy by the name of Andy, who was red haired, freckled and tough as a pine knot, who flagged a train when he found a broken rail and saved the lives of many passengers, and the story of the kind hearted old gentleman who handed out bright new silver dollars to worthy boys on New Year's day. We started school at nine A. M. and were dismissed at four P. M., with one hour intermission from



twelve noon till one P. M., with a fifteen minute recess morning and afternoon except Fridays, when we had no afternoon recess. The teacher filled in the usual recess time on Friday afternoon by reading to us the thrilling adventures of Jack Hazard and other stories. At our opening exercises we sang some of the Gospel hymns, like PULL FOR THE SHORE, LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING, WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. We also had other songs like

Fawn-footed Nannie where have you been,  
Chasing the sunbeams over the glen.

and

Whistle and hoe, sing as you go.

Shorten the row by the songs that you know.

When we reached the higher grades instead of the teacher reading to us on Friday afternoons we spoke "pieces". Len Fulwiler thrilled us with GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN and RIDING ON THE RAIL. I had a piece one Friday about some Boston boys at the time the city was held by the British. The red coat soldiers stopped the boys from coasting and the boys took the matter up with the commanding officer and won out.

WE MET AND HAD IT OUT

WHAT WE CALLED OUR BLOODLESS BOUT.

I had taken the piece from THE YOUTHS' COMPANION. The COMPANION was a fixture in our family for many years as there were always younger boys to be entertained by it as the older ones grew up. When I was about nineteen or twenty I made my first trip to Boston. In my wanderings I passed an alley where there was a sign reading PERRY MASOM & CO. That was the firm that published the beloved YOUTHS' COMPANION. Seeing the home of that famous paper was more a thrill for me than an ancient burial ground or the home of Paul Revere.

In my early days we had no city water at our house. We had two wells, one near the house for drinking water and one near the barn for water for the horses, cow and pigs. We had two horses for the buggy and carriage and a Texas pony to ride, always had a cow and two pigs to dispose of the "slops". They were sold to the butcher when they were fat hogs and the process would begin again. My father would give me five dollars and tell me to go and buy two young pigs. That was all the instructions I had. I would hitch our carriage team, Barney and Frank, to the spring wagon, load a box in it, and start out. It did not take long to get out into the country and I usually found the two pigs a few miles from home.

It was a busy time when they started to install the city water at our house, with men digging ditches and laying pipes for both water and a sewer. The water works had not been established for many years and wells were in use by most homes. A company had been formed to sink a coal mine on Division Street a short distance north of where the standpipe afterward stood. The mine was never completed. They struck an "underground river" which flooded it. Their failure to get a mine was an advantage for the city. The "underground" river was tapped for a well and the big city well came into being as a reservoir and the waterworks were established a short distance north of the abandoned mine.



Some streets were paved but a great many were not. The unpaved streets were sprinkled to keep down the dust. The sprinklers were large upright tanks resembling somewhat the R. R. water tanks in use at that time. One of the earliest pavements that I recall was on Main Street east of the Square. It was paved with cedar blocks. This pavement was taken up while I was a small boy. I remember taking one of the cedar blocks home and splitting it into pieces, just to have around for the pleasant smell of the cedar wood. I suppose the cedar block pavement was discarded because it was too slippery for the horses. That was the reason such a pavement on Michigan Avenue in Chicago was discarded. Too many horses slipped and fell on it. Later North Main was paved as far as Seminary Avenue. I do not remember just what type it was. Our house was just a short way north of Seminary Avenue and in a rainy time it was practically impassible for vehicles. I have seen as many as three light wagons at a time stuck in front of Asa Moore's and our places.

Napoleon Haefer invented a system of brick paving and many streets were paved with his system. It attracted much attention and committees came from cities far and near to inspect the pavements. The street was graded then a thick layer of sand was laid, on which soft bricks were laid large side up. Another layer of sand was laid over this then hard bricks were laid, narrow side up and covered with sand. The curbsings were long slabs of natural stone from Indiana. While the top layer of hard bricks was being laid, an inspector with an iron hook would walk over it, now and then yank out a brick and a workman would put in another. As I watched the inspector at his work I thought I would like that job. It looked like a snap. Another type of pavement was tried as an experiment later, asphalt. That was the kind of pavement that was replacing cobble stone, Belgian block and other pavements in the big cities. Elder Street was paved its entire length, two blocks, and how proud I was of our city with its asphalt pavement like Chicago and other big cities.

Another reason I had to be proud of our growing city was the fine vehicles and horses. There were fine carriages, phaetons, surreys and traps. Dudley Smith had a dog cart pulled by two horses hitched tandem and Will Marmon had a high half stanhope. There was for a while one handsome cab owned by a livery stable. East Washington was a favorite speedway for the fine turnouts. It was also the favorite street in winter for sleighing and many dashes of speed took places between owners of fine cutters with their fast trotters. Several winters when the sleighing was good Charlie Scott, one of the aldermen, organized sleighing carnivals mainly to give every child a sleigh ride. Anything on runners and any kid could get a ride.

Another winter sport was the coasting on Madison Hill. Other streets near Madison would have made about the same coasting places but Madison was the one chosen. The middle of the street was flooded by the fire department, making it



ideal for coasting. Big bob sleds with four runners were the favorite sleds though kids doing "bellybusters" on their little sleds were just as welcome. About the largest bob-sled was the PANTAGRAPH, owned by the employees of that paper. It held a large crowd and was very popular. Ice skating was not indulged in very much by grown people until Miller Park lake was made, but boys skated any place they could find ice. Sugar Creek was the favorite skating place for north side boys and was a good place for the sport when there was no snow on it. Some larger boys skated on Haefer's and McGregor's ponds but those were very dangerous. The water was deep. There was one winter that I enjoyed especially. There was a very deep snow then a heavy fall of sleet which formed a thick crust over the snow. It would hold up a team of horses. We could step out of the house and there we were right on the ice. We could skate any place. The landscape was a sheet of ice. We enjoyed going to the high embankments of the C & A and the I C railroads and sliding down them. That was probably the winter that Asa Moore had the mule cars put on runners and that my older sisters persuaded my father to keep the carriage team in town and have our big family carriage mounted on runners. There were four runners to take the place of the four wheels. They were well bolted together in pairs and it made a good sleigh though a funny looking object. When the weather warmed up a little and that crust of sleet on the snow began to soften it was a pitiful sight to see some horses that had broken through and cut their legs on the jagged ice.

The boys in the south part of town had Miller's pasture and Stein's Grove and perhaps the large grounds of the brewery to explore and enjoy also trips to the "Y" for pawpaws and skating and swimming at Haefer's pond, but they did not have the places that we boys of the north side had. There were Walker's and Sammon's pastures where we played baseball, Asa Moore's pasture where we went swimming, fishing and skating, the standpipe which we climbed up, the city well which we climbed down, Major's Grove, the stove foundry on the C & A, near the standpipe, where we got iron slugs punched out when the bolt holes were made in the stoves. They were dandy for slingshot ammunition. Then there were the "commons". These were large vacant areas where we played different games. The name "commons" must have been imported by people from New England and did not seem to fit into Illinois language. It disappeared from the Illinois language later, but the name really was used for some time. The largest of the "commons" in our part of town was between Main and East streets, extending from Beecher Street to about Union Street. We used it some for our games. When A. J. Richards came from Chicago to be Superintendent of the C & A his family lived in the former Judge Tipton house across from the "commons" on Main Street. He had a family of boys and they called the "commons" the prairie. I had been on a visit to Kansas and had seen real prairies, nothing but grass in sight for miles, and that name for a vacant lot area did not seem to me to be right but to a Chicago boy any vacant lot was a prairie. That "commons" on Main Street had at one time in my very young days been fenced in and used for a baseball grounds. There was no league baseball in town in those days



but a team that would now be classed as a semi-pro played there. I was too young to ever have seen a game there but I heard older boys tell of games there. They said there was a keg of beer on third base and any runner getting to third was entitled to a drink. One winter some years later the same ground was fenced in again and an ice skating rink was operated there. I think it was only in operation that one winter as the winters could not always be depended on to be cold enough. I was old enough by that time, about ten or twelve, to patronize the rink, but not often for it cost a quarter. I was thrown out of it once for disorderly conduct. The rink was owned by an uncle of two of my school mates at the sixth ward school. They were "Dutch" and "Tint" McIntyre. One day another boy and myself were peeking through a crack in the high board fence, watching the skaters and kicking our feet to keep warm. A man came out and told us to come in and get warm, that we looked cold. We went into the skate room and got warm then went outside where we could watch the skaters. We saw "Dutch" skating with one of the lady teachers. That was something that we could not take without comment. When "Dutch" and the teacher passed us we called out "Dutch" has got a girl". We did this for a number of times then I felt a hand taking hold of my ear and also the other boy being given the same treatment. We were put out by the same man who had so kindly invited us in. I suppose "Dutch" had dropped in and reported us to his uncle. There was a little down east Yankee girl in our room at the sixth ward school. She came from Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston. Her name was Bernie Kimball. She was a granddaughter of Adam Cuthrie. Bernie wore her hair in pigtails and dressed like the other little girls but there was something different about her. It was the way she talked, dropping an R where it belonged and adding one where it did not. She was very much admired by the boys. One day as I passed the rink I looked through a crack in the fence and saw Bernie skating with one of the teachers. Something seemed to tell me that it was my day to go skating. I hurried home and got my skates and my quarter which I had saved up and went to the rink. Bernie was still skating with the teacher and I wished that I had nerve enough to ask her to skate with me but I was too shy. She was a fine skater. I was careful to keep in sight of her. I could do the Dutch roll pretty good forward and fair to midlin' backward, could cut a neat figure eight and spread the eagle, all of which I did, hoping that she was watching but I did not get to skate with her. Thank goodness, neither did any other boy. That would have ruined my day.

One of the first things that we boys did when winter arrived was to prepare our cowhide boots for winter. We melted tallow and greased them well and if they were new we cut a place in the heels for a heel plate to fasten our skates in. The skates were half club ones, the heel fastened to a plate in the heel of the boot or shoe and the front fastened with a clamp.

We sent the horses to the country to rough it on a farm and kept the cow in the barn lot. In summer we drove the cow to and from Asa Moore's pasture each day. That was my job and also the job of milking was mine, and how I hated it. In most of my home



chores I used my imagination and it was not work but pleasure. If it was driving the carriage with our not so speedy or fancy horses I gave my imagination full sway and was driving a shiny hack with a high stepping team. If Scott and I were chopping kindling we were Russians gathering fagots and one of us would keep an eye out for ferocious packs of wolves, and so it was with most of my home tasks but I never could quite make it work on the milking job.

One winter the other boys built a platform in our back pasture for a starting place for a toboggan slide and I made the toboggan. That winter a man had a commercial toboggan slide not far from our house. It started about where Brokaw Hospital is now and ran south to Sugar Creek. That was what gave us the idea of making a slide of our own. I went to the Evans planing mill and bought a long walnut board and worked down in our cellar on it. Here was another case for the imagination to do its work. I was not down our cellar but in the wilds of the frozen North and the toboggan was a dire necessity. We had quite a collection of tools but I scorned to use them except a drawknife and hatchet. I made cleats to brace our feet against. I could have used nails or screws to fasten them but up in that desolate frozen North of my imagination there were none. I used a red hot poker to bore holes through the tough walnut board and cut leather straps from old boots to fasten them. The worst part of the job was to get the end curved up in the graceful form of a toboggan. I had heard that steaming wood caused it to become pliable and that it could be bent. I built a fire in the wash room stove, filled the copper wash boiler with water and let it boil. Then I patiently held the end of the board in the faint wisp of steam but it did not work, so I took the hatchet and drawknife and cut the end down so that it would bend up for perhaps a fraction of an inch and secured it with more of my leather straps and it really worked. We flooded the entire length of our pasture by tediously lugging water from the hydrant near the house, then tore down a section of the fence at East Street. Emerson Street ended right at our pasture fence and by tearing down the fence we slid right onto Emerson Street and for a block further to Franklin Avenue. If we had real good luck we could sometimes make it over the street car track. That method of trying to "steam" the wood and bend it shows how dumb I was. I was always trying experiments and doing things in the wrong and hard way. When we played our tennis game with the rope for a net and with wood paddles for rackets, I had the idea that I could make a real racket. I bent a piece of heavy wire into the form of a racket and patiently strung it with heavy cord and thought I would show the other kids some real fancy tennis. After a few swipes with it, that racket resembled a dip net more than a tennis racket. It was the same with making baseballs. I made a lot of them with rags and string but they all seemed too soft and flabby. I got the bright idea of putting a round rock in for a center. One solid swipe with the bat and the resulting sting to my hands convinced me of another failure, but anyhow I had tried. One of my ideas really worked though. Our ice box was on the back porch and a shed or house



was built over with a door with a lock. There was always the job of emptying the pan under the ice box. I took a piece of rubber hose and attached it to the drain pipe of the ice box, bored a hole at the bottom of the shelter house and ran the hose to the edge of the porch.

We built a shanty in our back garden. Most of the lumber for our toboggan slide and for the shanty came from our pasture fence. It was winter and the pasture was not used. My father knew nothing of what we were doing as he never went out that way. We figured the fence could be rebuilt when it was needed.

Many of the boyhood games and undertakings have changed since my Boyville days but the routine of the circus still remains much the same except there is no longer the gorgeous parade. The joy of watching the unloading and if possible seeing a performance, the loading after the night performance are still a good deal the same but I believe there is not so much practicing the various daring acts of the acrobats in the haylofts for a week or so after the circus showed. There are not any haylofts to practice in. In the Boyville days there was one difference. The rings were not made by sections of wood laid in a circle but the rings were dug in the ground and the dirt piled up to make borders. After the circus left town the rings were just as they were at the performance. It was the custom for boys to go to the show grounds the day after the circus had shown and hunt for money. The general belief among boys was that in that vast crowd of thousands who had attended the two performances there was bound to be more or less money lost in making change at the ticket booths and in the seats when buying tickets and peanuts. I have hunted circus grounds more than once. There was always a rumor that some fellow had found a half dollar about half an hour before I got there but I never had any luck.

There are many of the Boyville games that I do not see played in these days, to name some of them: shinny, sow hole, duck on the rock, blind man's buff, prisoner's base, foot and a half, Bombay and mumble the peg. A great deal of boys' play in these days is supervised and I suppose the supervisors are too young to know about some of these games. We had no supervised play. If we wanted a new game, we invented it. The girls' games to quite an extent are still played. I see them playing with dolls, with jackstones, "dressing up" like grown ladies and both boys and girls playing tag and hide and seek. Do they still make garlands of clover leaves to wear in their hair? Another thing I have not seen for a long time is hoop rolling and the making of willow whistles by the boys.

Some of our indoor amusements were acting charades, popping corn--when we did not happen to have a popper we used a skillet with a cover on it--and pulling taffy. We powdered our hands well with flour to keep the taffy from sticking. The finished product made by some of the smaller kids would often be a darker shade than that of the older ones and the young ones had to eat their own taffy. At Easter we colored eggs by sewing them



in bright colored calico and then boiling them. The pattern of the calico would come off on the eggs, making them gayer than plain colors. We played hide and seek in the dark. We would put out the lights in two or more adjoining rooms and would try to identify the one we caught. I broke the leg of a chair off by hitting it with my head in one of these games. We did our best at singing the popular songs. I knew one song with ninety-nine verses but would never be allowed to finish it. It began with:

Ninety-nine blue bottles  
A sitting on the wall.  
Take one blue bottle  
And leave ninety-eight blue bottles  
A sitting on the wall.

Other musical numbers were rendered by placing a piece of paper over a comb and playing it harmonica style. Scott could play the harmonica and could pick out a few chords on the piano. He combined the two by using a wire around his neck to hold the harmonica. Another of our amusements was "climbing the wall". A sheet was hung over an open door and a lighted candle placed on the floor behind it. The performer by stepping over it would appear to the audience on the other side of the door to be climbing up the wall. For quieter amusements we played authors, old maid and casino.

The mention of popcorn in the previous paragraph reminds me of the transition of the popcorn business. As far back as I can remember a man known as "Popcorn Brown" sold popcorn to passengers on trains waiting at the C & A depot, at a nickel a bag. He used to say that each bag cost him more than a nickel and the only way he made any money was that he sold so many of them. The usual way that popcorn was sold at the candy stores was in the form of popcorn balls. They were large balls of popcorn stuck together with molasses. When machines for supplying hot buttered and salted popcorn were invented there was a revolution in the business. It struck the popular fancy and has continued to this day, especially in the movie theaters. "Tim" Hayden, a young boy, had the first one that I remember. He had his stand on Main Street opposite the Court House.

Some of the favorite candies in Boyville days were juju paste, in the form of people and animals, licorice sticks, small ones for one cent and big ones for a nickel, small wafers with mottoes on them, gum drops, peppermint sticks and hoarhound. There was also licorice root, a favorite with boys, so they could spit like tobacco, and chocolate cigars. The popular chewing gum was Yucatan. Blackjack was another favorite. I did not have a fresh supply of gum very often, so would save my chew and put it in a little tin box and sprinkle it with sugar and it would be fine for the next time, only the sweet taste would not last very long. We saved all the peels from oranges when we had them, which was not so very often, and put them away to dry and eat later. We firmly believed that lemon peels were poison. When people from our town went to Chicago it was quite the custom to bring back a box of Gunther's candy from the fine State Street store. Some of that candy had centers filled with brandy.



When I was about six years old the celebrated kidnapping of Charlie Ross in Philadelphia took place and created a sensation all over the country. We children had the idea that every covered wagon--and there were a good many of them passing through--was occupied by gypsies and that the gypsies all stole children, so when we saw a covered wagon passing along the street, we were careful to stay in the yard.

The trip through Boyville is going along apace but before it gets too far along I will drop back for a little to the sixth ward, No. One school days. The drinking water was in a bucket. Monitors were named to take the bucket of water along the aisles and with a tin cup give anyone a drink. School was called for the opening by the ringing of a large bell, usually from an upstairs window, frequently by one of the "teacher's pets". We had a bell just like that at home which was rung to call us to our meals and for the noon dinner and evening supper; it was rung from an open window. It had a more welcome sound than the same kind of a bell rung from a school window.

One early fall morning there was a light fall of frost which was still on the ground when it was time to go to school. I had been going barefoot up to that very day. One of the boys dared me to go to school in my bare feet. I took the dare and did it. When I came into the room, all the other boys grinned at me and I felt a little embarrassed but the teacher, Miss Jennie Milner, was very nice about it and said that she wished all of the boys could come in as quietly as I did.

Across the street from the car barn on Park Street was a dense growth of locust trees which we called the "locusts". This was a favorite hangout for boys when school was out in the afternoon. They would crawl far back in the locusts and smoke cigars. There was not a large amount of money in the crowd but some of them were supplied, especially a few whose fathers had stores. Some of them said it was easy to get money out of the till at the store when no one was looking. I did not care much for cigars at that time but joined the gang. When it came my turn to go to Roediger's store and buy cigars I did so but hoped that none of my family would appear while I was making the purchase. My father always had a box of cigars on the mantle piece in his room. Scott and I decided to smoke one when we were quite small. We took one out where we could not be seen and cut it in two and each smoked a half of it. All of the boys in our neighborhood smoked various things. We made cigarettes from corn silk and mullein weed and the "Indian" cigars, which were the long seeds of the catalpa tree. We would also cut up a discarded rattan buggy whip and smoke that. Those rattan buggy whips though almost burned our tongues off.

When the first day of going barefoot arrived we would see who could walk the longest on the cinder driveway. It was a ticklish performance the first try but by the end of the barefoot season we had another kind of a contest. We would see who could cut off the largest slice of heel. Our heels were like sole leather.



The civil war had ended only about fifteen years before the middle of the trip through Boyville and there were several generals and captains and many privates in the old town who had taken part in it. When I took shoes and boots to the shoemaker's shop for repairs there were nearly always two or three civil war veterans loafing in the shop and I would hang around, hoping to hear thrilling tales of the fighting but about all they talked about was the devilment they got into with women and whiskey and nothing about the fighting. Maybe they had not done any. It was different, though, when one was a candidate for political office in the county. They all ran on their war records and would relate incidents of the hardships they had endured on the battle field.

Often before leaving the shoemaker's shop I would manage to get a small piece of shoemaker's wax to wax thread when I made baseball covers. When I had no shoemaker's wax I could always get a piece of beeswax from the sewing machine drawer. I never could get those baseball covers sewed on so neatly as those made by Mr. Spaulding or Mr. Reach, who made them for the professional clubs.

Sometime along in the 80's there was a state soldiers' reunion in Bloomington. They had a large camp in Major's Grove. As that was near our house I was a frequent visitor and was thrilled to see so many soldiers and the long rows of tents. I think those camped there were companies of state militia, as they were all in the blue uniforms and armed with rifles. At that camp is the only place that I have ever seen a man tossed in a blanket. That was a frequent amusement there and was a funny sight. They held a sham battle at the fair grounds, then situated on West Market Street. Some of them were armed with the old style muzzle loading rifles and there were several incidents of their forgetting to remove the ramrods when they fired, but no serious accidents happened.

There were still some reminders of the Civil War around town. A grocery store on South Main at the corner of Nichols Street was owned by a man named Crawford. There was a large wooden cannon on top of the store. The store was known as Fort Crawford. In Normal was a large house, set back in extensive grounds, which was painted a solid black. The explanation I heard of it was that the owner was a southern sympathizer and painting his house black was his way of mourning for the lost cause.

The I.B.&W. (Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western) railroad was renamed the Peoria & Eastern division of the Big 4 and the L.B.&M. (LaFayette, Bloomington & Muncie) became the Lake Erie and Western. The L.E.&W. had its western terminus in Bloomington but was extended to Peoria. The two rival roads ran reduced rate excursions to Peoria on alternate Sundays and did good business.

For years the Sunday School of the First Christian Church



held an annual out of town picnic. Everybody was welcome who patronized the special train. The favorite place for the picnic a number of times was Boyle's Grove, on the Mackinaw River. I do not believe that I missed a one of the picnics. It was a grand occasion, the long train ride, all of twenty miles, the day in the woods along the Mackinaw and the picnic "eata", a row boat ride if you were lucky. I think there were perhaps two or three boats. One of the boats was being filled with youngsters when Scott and I made a rush for it and he beat me to it and got on, leaving me stranded. I raised a loud objection, claiming that "you went last year". There was a merry-go-round operated by a horse which was hitched to the center pole and walked around in a circle. At the end of the day three long blasts of the whistle brought us to the train, ready for the return trip. The older boys and girls clustered around the train and sang:

The train is coming around the bend  
All loaded down with railroad men,  
Good bye my lover, Good bye.  
and

My Bonnie lies over the Ocean.

The horse operated merry-go-round reminds me of another horse operated machine. Our neighbor, Mr. Joseph Ryburn, a retired farmer, who lived on the corner of Main and Seminary Avenue burned wood at his house. The wood was brought from the farm in long logs and was sawed into stove lengths by a saw which the horse operated by trying to climb up a set of rollers slanting up in a narrow sort of stall. The horse never made it but in his efforts he started a belt that started the saw that sawed the wood that cooked the meals for Mr. Ryburn's family.

It was the custom of the boys in our part of town to explore the surrounding country in the vacation days. The word "hike" was not used in those days. We called it "going on a bum". Living so close to Normal our favorite places for going on a bum was out through Normal. It was not so much built up in those days. One of the places we went was to "Indian Hill". This was out on the Kankakee branch of the I.C.R.R. According to our information that was the site of an Indian camping ground in the early days and Indian arrow heads were said to have been found there. One would have to look closely to distinguish a hill but there was really a slight rise in the ground we hunted over. I never found any arrow heads.

Scott and I had been on a "bum" out through Normal one day and on our return trip we passed the grounds of Mr. Jesse Fell with its deer park and other attractions but what interested us most was his strawberry patch. It was right in the season and the vines were loaded with big berries. We climbed the fence and helped ourselves to all we wanted to eat then started on home. When we reached our north gate we saw ahead of us Mr. Jesse Fell getting out of his buggy and tying his horse to the hitching post. Here was a problem for us. We were certain that he had discovered us and had hitched up and beaten us home



to report us. We stood still and watched. He took a crate of strawberries out of the buggy and started up the walk. The dear old man was bringing it as a present to our father. Even if he had seen us in his berry patch he would not have known us from Adam's off ox. We did not reason that out. No. A guilty conscience can do something to a fellow but our consciences were soothed when we saw him going up the walk with that crate of stawberries.

The Boyville days were slipping by. When I was twelve years old I left the sixth ward school to enter the grammar school of the Normal University. I went through the grammar school and high school at Normal.

Before going on with the later Boyville years, I am going to take a stroll in memory through the business district of the old town. I can not remember all of the business places, of course, but can recall one or two or more in each block, many of the firms being replaced by others in the same location through the years.

At the S. W. corner of Main and Clay (now Oakland Ave.) stood the large white brick residence of F. Obercutter. Across the street north was the I. B. & W. depot. On the other side of the tracks the L. B. & M., both frame buildings. On the west side of the street was Turner Hall. In the middle of the block was Judge Scott's home, now a recreation center for colored. At the S. W. corner of Main and Olive was Haldeman's marble works. At the S. E. corner of Grove, in later years, was the Kidder Means wholesale grocery. In the middle of the block, in later years, was the Beck funeral parlor. At the S. E. corner of Front, in the very early years was the Houtz drygoods store. Across the street on the N. E. corner was Imri Dunn's drug store, later Cash Harlan's cigar store. On the east side near the corner between Front and Washington was a saloon sponsored by the American Brewing Co. The brass letters A. B. C. are still in the sidewalk there. Across the street on the west side were Seibel Brothers millinery store and Sig Heldman's clothing store. On the S. W. corner of Washington was Ike Livingston's Oak Hall clothing store. This brings us to the block on the east side of the Court House. There were more changes in this block probably than any other in the town through the Boyville years and also in later years. At the N.E. corner was R. P. Smith's bank. Next, G. H. Read and Brothers hardware store. Then along through the years were Kitchell's drug store, Cooper Jackman's queensware store, Elmer Wilson's haberdashery store, W. K. Dodson's liquor store, later Dodson's queensware store. The Metropole Hotel for men only, with a good eating place on the ground floor, run by the hotel, W. T. Wood's drygoods store, later Wilcox Brothers drygoods store, later Cole Brothers drygoods store. Above the W. T. Wood and adjoining stores was Schroeder's Opera House. The entrance was from a stairway on Main. On the S. E. corner of Jefferson was Wolf Griesheim's store, the old one. Across the street was the Court House, the old one that burned in the 1900 fire. It was a very good looking building. Bayard Taylor, the noted author



and world traveler, said of it that it was the finest example of one class of pure Greek architecture that he had seen in this country. Along the Washington Street side was the dray stand. Two-wheeled and four-wheeled drays waited there for business. The Center Street side was the hack stand. Opposite each entrance, at the curb was a large iron drinking fountain. On the sidewalk side of each fountain was a basin into which the water flowed constantly and an iron dipper attached to a chain for the people to drink from. On the curb side was a large basin for horses and on the sidewalk side at the bottom was a small basin for dogs and birds. At the N. E. corner of Jefferson was Owen and Pixley's one price clothing store. A little further along was the ninety nine cent store and Gray Brothers' grocery store, later Costello and O'Malley's clothing store. At the S. E. corner was George Brand's furniture store. Above the Owen and Pixley and adjoining stores was Durley Hall, the leading theater of that day. The entrance was from a stairway on Main and the entrance to the "sweat" was from Jefferson Street. On the west side of this block, about the middle, was H. M. Sen-seney's coal office and on the S. W. corner was the office of the McLean County Coal Co. At the N. E. corner of North Street (now Monroe) was Evans Brothers' grocery. In this block were Caldwell's grocery, Niergarth's shoe store, Doctor Haering's drug store, Strickle Brothers' picture frame store, the Carrigus livery stable, and on the corner where the Eddy building now stands, was John Miller's blacksmith shop which was formerly at Center and Market, where the lynching took place. On the west side of this block, at the N. W. corner, was O. Helbig's music store. About the center of the block was Momtel Jeter's funeral parlor. At the N. E. corner of Market was the Brokaw plow works, a long one story brick, other places in this block were: Dan Daniels's meat market, two or three saloons--the farthest north was THE FIRST & LAST CHANCE--the first chance for those coming from Normal and the last chance for those going there. At the S. E. corner of Mulberry was Doctor Foster's drug store, later Loar's drug store. On the west side of this block at the N. W. corner was A. D. Kirkpatrick's second hand furniture store, further along was Colonel Kirkpatrick's furniture store. At the S. W. corner of Mulberry was a vacant lot, far below the street level, a reminder of the Old North Slough which ran through that part of town before I can remember. At the N. E. corner of Mulberry was Dewit Brown's market, farther along on the east side were Mrs. Sprague's boarding house, Spinning's meat market and Hayes's drug store. On the west side of this block between Mulberry and Locust were Mrs. Wic-kizer's bakery, R. P. Smith's shoe factory (in the early years of Boyville) and Robert Loudon's machine shop. On the S. W. corner was a saloon. At the N. E. corner of Locust was the Grace M. E. church, a white frame building. This was the end of the business district as it appeared to me purely from memory without going into research. The places mentioned all stand out fairly clear in my memory in the trip along Main Street. Many other places on other streets are as vivid pictures in memory as those on Main Street but as it was a big city (in my mind) I have just selected the "main drag" for these reminiscences. Residential North Main from Locust to Division stands



out very clear in my memory as it was in the late 70's, 80's and 90's. Mrs. Isabel Vandervort Hallam has written an interesting article on North Main Street for the HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT book.

Before leaving Main Street I will take a stroll out to 1409, the Boyville headquarters mentioned briefly at the beginning of this article, and revive a few more memories of it in those far off days. The front entrance was through double doors with a fan light over them. The door bell was an ordinary door knob which was turned as one on any door. The bell was clamped onto the inside of the door. The doors opened onto a rather long hallway. There was a tall gas burner with a red globe mounted on the newell post of the walnut stairway. The house was heated by a soft coal furnace, theoretically heated that is, as we depended on the grate fire places in all the downstairs rooms at times. All of these rooms and one upstairs room had grates and mantelpieces. The mantels in the parlor and the front room upstairs had white marble mantels with full length mirrors reaching across them. The other mantels were of veined slate and quite handsome. The house was lighted by gas. We never had electric lights. Nobody had them in my early boyhood days.

The first incandescent light station was in New York in 1882. The house had a wood shingle roof and had lightning rods on it. Afterward the shingle roof was replaced by a slate roof and the lightning rods were discarded. There were two cisterns, connected with each other, which never ran dry. The water was piped to a tank in the upstairs part of the house and had to be pumped by hand by a pump in the cellar. This was the system used in many of the large houses in town. It took fourteen hundred strokes of the pump to fill our tank and we boys divided the strokes pro rata. The bath room was entered through my father and mother's bed room. When there was a fire in the kitchen range we had hot water in the bath room and at the kitchen sink.

All the plumbing was enclosed by wood, no pipes were visible. After city water was put in it was connected with the tank--just for emergency--we always used cistern water for the bath room and kitchen sink although the city water was installed in both for drinking purposes. A toilet was put in the cellar when the city water was installed but we never had running water up stairs. Each bed room had a washstand with bowl and pitcher. Some of the wash stands had oil cloth splashers attached to the wall behind them. We made use of all the rooms according to what we wanted to do. The library, dining room and kitchen were the most popular with us boys, especially the dining room at meal time. The kitchen was a popular place for some of our games at night when Maggie, our hired girl, would join in the fun. We were not in there so much in the daytime as Maggie would be apt to chase us out or put us to work shelling peas or stoning cherries or something like that. There was one job in the kitchen though that I really liked. That was grinding coffee in the small coffee grinder, either held in my lap or placed on the kitchen table. I liked the smell of the coffee



though I never drank it till I was pretty well grown, the children all drank milk.

The parlor was the least used room, being used mostly for company or for parties, but there was nothing forbidden about it. We made use of it just the same as any other room when we wanted to. It had a piano, a marble topped table, comfortable chairs and sofa. On the marble topped table was a large family Bible with birth and marriage records in it and a stereoscope with pictures of Niagara Falls and other famous places. On the piano was a large song book with words and music of a great many songs. Sometimes when things were rather dull in other lines I would go into the parlor and try to learn the words of some of those songs. I knew nothing of the tunes but could sing them in my own way if I knew the words. I only remember the titles of a few of those songs, such as: THE THREE FISHERS, THE CYPRIOTE'S WARNINGS, WESTON'S MARCH TO CHICAGO, PRAY HAVE YOU STRUCK OIL.

The latter two were songs written in commemoration of two recent events. Weston, a noted pedestrian, had recently walked from New York to Chicago, setting a world record. It had not been a great many years previously that oil had been discovered in Pennsylvania and of course there had to be a song about it. My oldest sister, Sallie, was the only one of the family who played the piano and after she was married it was not much used except when some caller came in, but whenever it was to be used for some party or other occasion if it needed to be tuned Mr. Andrews, the piano tuner, attended to it.

Christmas and the Fourth of July were the memorable days of Boyville at our house. We never had a Christmas tree but once. It was my sister Mattie's idea to have a tree one Christmas and we had a great big one. I worked hard down in the cellar making a box to set it in. It was a crude job but when covered with bright colored tissue paper it looked fine. Our custom was to hang our stockings on chairs in front of the library grate. Year after year there were certain standard presents that were always received, including a Noah's ark with Mr. and Mrs. Noah and a lot of wooden animals, a set of lead soldiers, called the Mulligan Guards, named for an organization in the Civil War, a tin box of water color paints, a drum and numerous tin horns. There was always a book called THE CHATTERBOX for some of the younger ones and I received one of the ZIG ZAG books year after year. One year it would be ZIG ZAG JOURNEYS IN EUROPE, another year ZIG ZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ORIENT, etc. These were stories of a group of boys making the journeys and were interesting and educational. In our stockings we always had some hard candy, an orange and a bunch of raisins on the stem. Everybody gave everybody else even if it was only a lead pencil, which it often was among the small fry.

The Fourth of July usually began by one of our neighbor boys, Bob (Biddy) McNulta, setting off a cannon firecracker under one



of our windows about four o'clock in the morning. Throughout the day we shot firecrackers and torpedoes. The neighbor boys as usual gathered in our yard for the celebrations. In order to make our supplies last as long as possible we only shot one firecracker at a time. Sometimes at night some grown young men would be present. They being employed and therefore having money to burn would set off a whole bunch at a time. This made a grand display. We younger boys were always careful to search for "duds" in the places where a whole bunch had been set off. There were sure to be some that had not gone off though the stems had burned. By breaking these in the middle they made "sizzlers", no noise but a bright fire. At night out in our front yard we shot rockets, pinwheels, flower pots, etc. Scott would dance with glee when a skyrocket went off and would announce that it was a "five center" or a "ten center". The "ten centers" were much more to be desired.

One Fourth of July Scott and I spent on a farm of our uncle's near Bentown. We took our firecrackers with us. The day was celebrated by speaking at the Quaker church near Bentown. The speaking was out of doors at the "meeting-house". Scott and I were not much interested in the speaking and went over to the burying ground east of the "meeting-house" and began to shoot our firecrackers. The speaker of the day paused and requested that the noise be stopped and it was.

The streets of the Home Town were lighted by gas. There was a lamp post in front of our house. The lamp lighter was Con Luby, a boy about my age, from the Forty Acres. On summer nights about the time that Con Luby passed by and lighted the gas lamp in front of our yard there nearly always a group of boys and girls out in the side yard where the hammock was. The younger boys would catch lightning bugs, crush them with their hands and smear the lighting substance on their noses, cheeks and hands, making a startling appearance in the dark. At the appearance of the first star some girl was sure to say--

Star light, star bright,  
First star I've seen tonight.  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Dream of my true love tonight.

A variation of it was:

I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Have the wish I wish tonight.

At times a bat would fly near the crowd and the girls would scream and put their hands to the top of their heads. It was firmly believed that the main object in a bat's life was to get into people's hair and that if it did, the only way to get it out was to cut off part of the hair. The boys as well as the girls believed it. Oh, time and change. If a bat should light on my head now it would probably slip off and break its neck.

There was talk of the streets being lighted by electric lights and I was much interested and proud of our enterprising city. I pictured in my mind what it would be like, thinking that the nights would be just like the days and how grand that would be.



It did not turn out just that way but it was an improvement over the gas lights. The lights were the arc lights, large clock-work contrivances suspended under a conical metal cover. They were suspended from brackets attached to poles and were raised and lowered by a rope and pulley. A man would come around at times and lower the light and change carbons, throwing the old carbon on the street. They were long round sticks resembling big lead pencils but were too hard to mark with. I always had one or two in my starch-box of material which I kept on hand for use in some of my experiments and crazy inventions. I saved bits of lead, buckles, nuts and bolts, leather straps, etc. thinking to have use for them sometimes but never had any use for those long carbons. I remember the change from gas to those arc lights very well but strange to say, I have no memory of the first incandescent lights in use in our town.

The birds that frequented our yard and gardens were black-birds, bluebirds, bluejays, brown thrushes, robins, catbirds, woodpeckers, sapsuckers, wrens and hummingbirds.

My education at the sixth ward had gone on fairly well, I suppose. I began to read the newspapers. My father took the Chicago Times and we had the Daily Pantagraph. At intervals when there was a deep snow we would fail to find the Pantagraph, as the carrier had missed the porch and when the snow had melted we would find two or three papers which had been buried in the deep snow but the Times came every day by mail. As at the present time casualties and crime made the headlines. The first things that I remember reading in the papers were the account of a hotel fire in Milwaukee, the burning of the Newhall Hotel with a large number of lives lost, and the investigation of the management of the Tewksbury almshouse in Massachusetts, where some of the employees had been found wearing gawgaws made of human skin.

The first comic magazine I remember was the Texas Siftings, published in Austin, Texas. Some of the characters in it were: Mr. and Mrs. Fizzletop, little Johnny Fizzletop, Esmarelda Longcoffin and Gus DeSmith, the Austin dude. Puck and Judge were both devoted entirely to humor. After the Boyville days were over I greatly enjoyed a visit to the handsome Puck building at the Columbian exposition at Chicago, where the paper was published during the fair. I enjoyed Gene Field's column, Sharps and Flats, and George Ade's Fables in Slang, in the Chicago papers a few years later. Among the early comics that I read and enjoyed were: The Yellow Kid, Buster Brown and Palmer Cox's Brownies.

When I left the sixth ward school to enter the grammar school of Normal University I became acquainted with many boys and girls that I had not known before, from different parts of Bloomington, from Normal and some from other parts of the state. A good many of the north side boys that I already knew also attended the Normal grammar school and our home at 1409



still remained pretty much the headquarters of the gang.

There was only one building at Normal at that time, the Old Main. The grammar school was at the east end of the long hall, on the north side and the high school was at the west end, on the north side. The faculty members that I recall were Edwin C. Hewitt, president, Thomas Metcalf, John W. Cook, Buel P. Colton, Charles DeGarmo, Henry McCormick, Herbert J. Barton, Rudolph R. Reeder, Flora Pennell, Clara Ela, Mary Hartman, Angie Milner, librarian and Ed Manley, an assistant in some department, a recent graduate of Harvard.

Herbert Barton was principal of the high school department and Rudolph Reeder was principal of the grammar school. Mr. Reeder taught reading and it may be some other studies that I do not recall. He taught his classes in the regular assembly room of the grammar school, the only room, in fact of that department. Other grammar school subjects were taught by student teachers of the Normal department, in various rooms. The only room that I have a distinct memory of was the white room in the basement. I had a vacant hour or study hour during the time of the reading lessons taught by Mr. Reeder. They were for more advanced pupils and by the time I was a member I nearly knew all the subjects by heart. Most of them were from Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Washington Irving's Sketch Book and a poem by Fitzgreen Halleck. The grammar school days went on about as in the grades now with perhaps some slight changes and I got along without much trouble.

Professor Metcalf, in charge of the training of the teachers, walked as quietly as a mouse and would often be in a room without the pupils being aware of it and if the door happened to be at the teacher's back, without the teacher knowing he was there. Other than training the Normal department students to become good teachers his main interest was in having those under his instruction use the broad Italian A. There was a story current at the time that I hardly think was true. It was that his young son fell down stairs and when he got up his father heard him say "damn it". Professor M. thereupon gave him a spanking. After the spanking he asked his son if he knew why the spanking was given. The boy said "because I swore." Professor M. said "no, not because of the profanity but you did not use the broad Italian A. The word is dahm."

I really do not remember much of the details of my grammar school days. My memory of the high school years is more distinct. During the grammar school years the girls had a different way of wearing their hair. Nearly all of them wore bangs down over their foreheads. One rainy day during the noon intermission the whole gang of boys loafing in the dressing room welcomed the suggestion of one of them that we all fix our hair in bangs and enter the room in a body. They all worked on each other, combing hair down over foreheads and slicking it with water and did a very artistic job. When we entered the school room the expected and desired sensation among the girls took place much to our enjoyment but Reeder made us



all go back and get rid of our bangs.

When we entered the high school department many things were different. Instead of having the Normal department students for teachers we were in classes under the regular faculty members, along with students from the Normal department and instead of being addressed by our first names we were addressed as Mister and Miss, which of course made us feel that we were growing up. Herbert Barton, the principal, however still called the boys and girls by their first names. We were a good deal like a happy family in the high school room. At times some of the happy family business would bob up in the dignified class rooms of the professors, much to their annoyance and to the disgust of the serious students of the Normal department, studying to become teachers. Herbert Barton taught nothing but Latin and Greek, that was his whole life. He had a peculiar method of selecting the student to be called on in class. He had the names on cards and would shuffle the cards and draw one. Sometimes he would say to the one called on--"your name comes up" and then would give the assignment.

Some of the text books that I remember were: Guyot's geography, Wantworth's algebra, Harkness's Latin grammar (Newly substituted for Allen & Greenough's) Caesar's Civil war (newly substituted for the Gallic war with its Veni, vidi, visi), Cicero's Orations, Sallust and Cornelius Nepos. I do not remember the text books used in U. S. and ancient history, geometry, German, psychology, etc. Some of the faculty were the authors of text books. I think maybe we used some of these.

At the commencement of the school year in September, Barton always gave a talk, especially for those just starting their first time under him. He would tell them not to go right off to their rooms when school was dismissed and start their studying, but to get out in the open air, take a long walk--the boys walking together and the girls walking together--and much other good advice. To those of us who had heard this talk a number of times it was an old story. The popular fad at that time among boys and young men was the chestnut bell. A small bell was concealed under the coat and when an old story, or "chestnut" was being told, a listener would ring the concealed bell. In the midst of one of these talks by Barton, Cliff Cooledge rang his chestnut bell but Barton could not tell who did it, but paused to say--"I see someone has a little bell." On another occasion Cliff helped to get Barton's goat. At times for our opening exercises we gave a quotation and named the author. We were called on up and down each row of seats. Cliff fixed it with the boy sitting behind what they were to say. When it came his turn he said--"small Latin and less Greek, Ben Johnson". The boy next to him then gave with "Oh, rare Ben Johnson, Boswell." Barton, who thought that Latin and Greek were the most important things in life, did not like it very much.

There was quite a crowd of girls from Bloomington in the



high school and they all sat together in the back of the room. Sometimes while hearing a class up near his desk Barton would say "Now you girls in the Bloomington corner, let's have quiet." Those girls in the Bloomington corner were an admirable bunch and I wonder if some of them tell their grandchildren how much fun they had while being educated at Normal. All of Herbert Barton's students liked him though they did like to "get his goat" sometimes. He had a good sense of humor and often related funny translations that some former students had made in his Latin and Greek classes. He afterward joined the faculty at the University of Illinois.

I had Latin under Barton, German under DeCarmo, algebra under Miss Hartman, U. S. history and ancient history under McCormick, plane geometry and psychology under Cook and physiology under Seymour. Two members of the faculty that I recall and did not mention in the list before were Professors Stetson and Seymour. In our history classes under Henry McCormick some of the work was at the blackboard. If McCormick spotted a misspelled word he would smile through his red whiskers, and with a very slight touch of Irish brogue, say, "Miss (or Mister) so and so, we will have to send for the doctor, you have a bad spell". In physiology under Seymour I dissected a pig's eye and also a pig's thorax. The eye, with its pretty coloring, I did not keep but I kept a large part of the pig's thorax and put it in a Mason jar of alcohol which I put up in our tank room among the other Mason jars filled with strawberry preserves, cherries, etc. I figured that maybe sometime some of the family would be sent up for a jar of preserves for the dinner table and in the darkness of the tank room would select and bring down my pig's thorax, but that never happened.

The meetings for the entire student body to hear an address by some outsider or by a member of the faculty were held in the large assembly room on the second floor. The commencement and class day exercises were held in Normal Hall, on the third story. On those hot June days it was like an oven. The ladies used those little slatted fans. The men used their straw sailor hats and the old people used palm leaf fans.

Those were the days when our Normal High base ball team played the Bloomington High team. Louie Fitzhenry was their pitcher. There was no rule then about the pitcher keeping one foot on the ground when he delivered the ball. Louie would jump about a foot in the air just as he threw the ball and try to scare the wadding out of the batter. Sometimes Ed Manley, the assistant on the faculty and our coach, who had played ball at Harvard, would pitch for our team in place of Billy Darnbrough, our regular pitcher. Billy Bach coached at first when there was a runner on. He called Ed "the professor" and in his loudest voice would advise the runner to watch the worky-jerkey movement of "the professor's" arm and other slurring remarks, trying to get Ed Manley's goat and I imagine doing so at times.

The campus was said to have a specimen of every tree that was



native to Illinois besides many that were not. During the grammar school days our class would sometimes be taken for a tour of the entire campus to learn to identify the various trees. We enjoyed those trips much more than being cooped up in class rooms and learned to know the different trees. To us boys there were two trees that interested us most. One, the spruce, from which we got spruce chewing gum, and the sassafras. We tried with our pocket knives to dig the roots of the sassafras to get some of the bark to chew but never made much of a success and I guess did not harm the tree much. Another tree that was a favorite with boys was the slippery elm, the inner side of whose bark made fine chewing. I do not remember of one on the campus, perhaps there was none, but I remember of such a one at Boyle's Grove on the Mackinaw, where we had the Sunday school picnics.

There was a pond about half way down from Old Main to the south end of the campus, over toward the west side, a short way north of the baseball diamond. It was surrounded by big willow trees and low bushes and known as Normal Pond.

While I was in Normal High I talked for the first time on the telephone. There was only one phone in the building. It was in the office across the hall from the High School room, some high school student would be appointed to stay in the office and answer the phone. One day Will Dinsmore, who was the one in charge at the time, came in and said I was wanted on the phone. I felt very proud at such an honor but wondered how it would be. Will showed me how and when I put the receiver to my ear all I heard was a confused murmur of low sounds with occasional very low words, probably some cross in wires, and I thought that the wonderful telephone was not so much after all, it didn't make any sense. Then right in my ear my brother Rob began to talk to me. It was wonderful. I even remember what the conversation was about. It was about that darned old cow of ours. She had escaped from Asa Moore's pasture and Rob had located her at the home of Mr. Adams and told me to bring her back. Mr. Adams' place was the large house and grounds where the Maplewood golf course was in later years.

My way of writing of Boyville days is something like the movement of a shuttle, back and forth. Memory turns back to the house at 1409. The rooms were all laid with tacked down carpets. We had some fancy rugs on top of the carpets in some rooms. One that I recall was in the library. It was a large Newfoundland dog, holding a cane crosswise in his mouth. At the time of spring house cleaning all of those carpets were taken up, hung on the clothes line and beaten, then came the tedious job of relaying them. Scott and I worked at that. We had no carpet stretcher but that did not bother us. We took the heavy marble top of the parlor table and pushed it along in front of us as we layed and tacked down those heavy carpets.

The cellar extended under the entire house. There were five rooms in it and all of them with dry floors and walls, never any dampness. The long wide front room, extending the entire



width of the house and quite wide, would have made a dandy rumpus room but there were no rumpus rooms in those days. We held our rumpuses wherever we happened to be. The garret extended only over the main part of the house, not over the el to the east.

My brother Tom has told me that when the house was built in 1868 by J. W. Evans there was no plumber in town and one had to be brought from Chicago and that the Chicago plumber liked our town so much that he located here. Tom could not remember the plumber's name.

Our large family ran the gamut of ages. My oldest sister, Sallie, was married and had children of her own before my youngest sister, Lucy, was born. We all had a lot of fun and mixed in with the fun was a lot of teasing of the younger ones by the older ones. Rob invented a language which he called "Deet". He said that in "Deet" lumox lahone meant, beautiful sight, and he was going to call me "lumox lahone" but to make it shorter he would drop the "lahone" part of it. I was quite small but still thought there was something phony about it and objected but he said he would give me a nickel and as a nickel was a nickel, I agreed. Scott and I would tease our next younger brother, Bert, by pointing a finger at him and saying in a scornful manner--"you are a human being". He insisted that he was not and would throw rocks at us. After we tired of this we told him that we were all human beings. That night as Aunt Liza was putting him to bed he said--"Auntie, we are all HUMMING BEES, ain't we?" When Lucy was old enough to go to school, Rob would ask her everyday the same three questions about school and her schoolmates. One day he said to simplify things he would give each question a number and instead of asking the question would just say--"one-two-three", which he did and when he called number one, Lucy would answer with the information, so with two and three. Rob was not the only one who teased Lucy. We all took a hand in it. One day when someone was teasing her she stamped her foot and said, "Don't, don't, when I tell you to don't why don't you don't".

When my sister Sallie married Mr. John T. Lillard, Mr. Gerkin, the baker, made the big wedding cake. I suppose the cake was baked at the bakery but this I remember, he put the finishing touches on the icing in our kitchen and I watched him at work with his one hand. He was an artist at that kind of work. Long after the wedding we had pieces of that icing in a drawer in the china closet and we kids used it for candy.

We went through the various children's ailments such as: chickenpox, mumps, measles, etc. but they did not bother much. Through the Boyville years I became well acquainted with red flannel bandages, goose grease, mustard plasters, etc. but do not remember of being sick in bed, not for long anyhow. There were several smallpox scares in town through the years. At such times we were vaccinated. In my early years the custom was for the doctor to scrape the arm with a scalpel till the



blood came, then to rub a quill of vaccine over the spot. The general belief was that the vaccine was part of the scab from a previously vaccinated person. Another remedy we had to avoid smallpox was to wear a small bag of asafedida suspended from a string around our necks. The vile odor kept the doctor and everybody else away, also the smallpox.

Spring and early summer were indicated by the arrival of the knife and scissors grinder, pushing his cart with tools on it and ringing a bell and by the Italian organ grinder with his monkey and occasionally a dark skinned foreigner with big rings in his ears leading a dancing bear. The fresh fish peddler, with his one-horse cart and tin horn, calling "fresh fish" was nearly always accompanied along the sidewalk by a bunch of small boys calling out--

Fresh fish, all alive,  
Four rotten out of five.

When a girl dressed up in her "Sunday go to meetin'" clothes would pass she would be greeted with "there she goes, sweet as a rose, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes" or "does your mother know you are out?" This latter remark was also addressed to boys seen walking with girls. Anything that was no good was N G. If a fellow had lost his job he was said to have received the G B--the grand bounce. If he was walking all over town hunting a job he was said to be "pressing brick for Walker and Co." The expression "let her go Galligher" was quite commonly used when some project was all ready to start. This originated the joke--

Did you get that letter?

What letter?

Let her go Galligher.

A common form of greeting between kids, instead of "hello" was "ah, there." Pig Latin was used a good deal. I knew three systems of it. Fred Dalton, whenever he met me, instead of saying hello, Abe, would use pig Latin saying, "hash-e-lull-square-o, A-bub-e". I would return the greeting with "hash-e-lull-square-o-Fash-rur-e-dud".

When I was very young a dressmaker came to our house to sew and she made my clothes. In a few years I was big enough to wear "boughten" clothes and they were purchased at Ike Livingston's Oak Hall clothing store. Aunt Liza took me along to get them. She would always pull a thread from the suit and wet it and make some kind of test to see if it was wool. Not that the Oak Hall clothing store would sell a suit that was not all wool, no, far from it, but just the same Aunt Liza always made the test. With every suit they threw in a pair of suspenders. I wore paper collars. They came a dozen in a box and were very neat, just about the same appearance as linen collars. All shirts fastened in the back and were without attached collars and cuffs. The Men's shirts were all stiff bosomed and had a small flap at the lower end of the front with a buttonhole to be buttoned to the top button of the drawers to keep the shirt from bulging. There were colored working shirts of calico and



flannel but practically all dress shirts were white. There were no commercial laundries in town and all laundry was done in the homes. Some of the young bloods sent their shirts, cuffs and collars to the Weems laundry in Quincy. They had to send them by express. There was no parcel post in those days.

Our Irish washwoman, Mrs. Kane, came every Monday to do our big family washing. It happened one day that my father noticed that his white shirts had a slight yellow tinge and he took the matter up with Mrs. Kane. She said, "Mr. Williams, I met Judge Scott on the street a few days ago and he said, 'Mrs. Kane, you do the washing for lawyer Williams, don't you? well, I want to tell you that lawyer Williams has the whitest shirts I ever saw'." The keen minded lawyer who could convince a jury, was disconcerted, put behind the eight ball, by his Irish washwoman.

Changes and fads in men's clothes took place through the years, mostly in young men's wear. The older men, the doctors, lawyers and professional men, continued for a long time to wear cutaway and Prince Albert coats and stovepipe (plug) hats and black string ties. They all wore overcoats with the exception of Mr. Abram Brokaw; he wore a shawl.

There were three kinds of collars, the high choker that came right up to the chin, the wing (or gates ajar) and the turn down. They all fastened with detachable collar buttons. There were no buttons attached to the neckbands of the shirts. The ties were either bows or puff (Ascot). The cuffs were for a long time cylindrical like a young stovepipe. One of the most revolutionary changes was the introduction of the "coat shirt", as it was called, the modern style, opening all the way in front and with collar and cuffs attached. They also came in colors with figured designs. Another noteworthy change was the introduction of the four in hand tie. These put the puff ties out of business though the bow ties continued to be worn. In the days of the Ascot (puff) tie, I had the idea that I could make one. Of course I had one (maybe more). I took one apart and saw just how it was made. I secured a handsome piece of satin from the rag bag (we always had a rag bag and a button box) and made a tie that when neatly secured by a stick pin, always used in those ties, looked just as good as a "boughten" one, so I thought.

There was for a time the fad of peg top pants, wide at the waist and very narrow at the bottom. This fad changed to the very opposite, with pants the same width all the way, like sailors' pants. There was a short lived fad of a string fastened to the sailor straw hat, with a button on the end to be fastened to the lapel of the coat. Derby hats were quite generally worn and high buttoned shoes. Most every young man had a button hook and a key chain and if either his girl friend's or his own shoes needed fastening he was Johnny on the spot with his button hook.

There was for a short time the all black attire for young men. This consisted of a black derby hat, black suit, black



puff tie, black silk handkerchief for the breast pocket and black shoes and black socks. Some of the real dudes also wore black silk underwear. Another short lived fad was with full dress, instead of a vest a wide black silk sash. Some overcoats with capes were worn but not to a great extent. Some men, not the snappy dressers, wore home knitted scarves, about four or five feet long. They were wrapped twice around the neck and crossed over the bosom and buttoned under the coat. Canes were not used as a usual thing by the young men but occasionally for some special event or on Sundays they appeared. However, if some man, old or young, was to be presented with a gift for some outstanding act, the present was usually a gold headed cane.

Though canes were not used much by the young men, black silk umbrellas were. They were quite the thing. A good one cost a dollar. Skin tight kid gloves were the proper wear for the well dressed young man. Three popular places to buy them were at Kreitzer and Dewenter's on the south side of the Square, Emory Wolgamot's on the west side of the Square and Elmer Wilson's on the east side. The young men who played tennis wore bright colored striped "blazers". For bicycle riding knickerbockers were worn by a good many men while others wore a metal clip around the bottom of the trousers to keep them from getting caught in the chain. Swimmingsuits were one piece from neck to knees.

Women's dress is not one of my categories but in the Boyville years I noted their long skirts reaching to the top of their high button shoes, their bustles, leg of mutton sleeves, shirt waists, divided skirts for bicycle riding, veils that came about to their mouths, little patches of black court plaster on their cheeks etc. and the different styles of wearing their hair. There were the Psyche knot, the bangs, the pompadour, held up by a large "rat", little curls around the forehead called "beau catchers" (another name was "spit curls") but not bobbed hair. The more hair they could pile on their heads the better. Some saved the combings and had switches made from them.

For horseback riding they rode side saddles and wore long riding habits reaching far below their feet. Lead was sewed in the bottom hems of the riding habits so the wind would not blow them and expose an ankle. I heard my sister Sallie tell of an amusing thing that once happened to her. She was horseback riding in the country with a young man and during a fast gallop her switch fell off. They turned around and rode back to find it and met a little boy trudging along with the switch in his hand using it for a whip to hit grasshoppers and weeds. The young ladies also had a special manner of walking at one time. They bent forward from the hips. It was called the Grecian bend. Some of them also took lessons in gestures and graceful movements. It was called the Delsarte System.

The Delsarte System of gestures was mostly for the benefit of those who were taking lessons in elocution and there were



several teachers of elocution. It did not matter whether they took lessons or not, a large number of both girls and young men were proficient in elocution and at any social gathering there were those who entertained by "speaking a piece" either grave, tragic or comic. Just to mention a few whom I took great delight in hearing--there was Melvin Dodson with Riley's "Little Town of Tailholt", Dick Little with Riley's "Down to Washington", A. E. Elbe with a piece called "Down at Coney", Daisy Hill, in the Normal school days, with a darkie dialect piece, "Christmas at the Quarters". Lottie Probasco with her large repertoire was in great demand at public entertainments. My brother, Rob, entertained with "Gunga Din", "Laska", "The Polish Boy", "Hostler Joe", "The Irishman's Panorama" and others.

Autograph albums were popular with the young people, not for securing the names of celebrities but for some sentiment from their friends. My sister Mattie however did write to Henry W. Longfellow and got his autograph on a card. The teachers would write some good advice, either in verse or prose. The boon companions as a rule wrote something in the comic line or some reminder of past good times. A few samples are:

When far away and washing dishes  
Remember me and my best wishes.  
-----

May peace and happiness be your lot  
As down the tater row you trot.  
-----

When you get married and live up stairs  
Don't be proud and put on airs.  
-----

When I am dead and in my grave  
And all my bones are rotten  
This little book will show my name  
When I am quite forgotten.  
-----

Remember the hay rack ride to Shirley.  
-----

Remember the picnic at Kappa.  
-----

A little on the sentimental side, for example was:

There is a word in every land to love and friendship  
dear.

In English it is forget me not.

In French 'tis souvenir.

Then gaze upon these simple words that here I trace  
so dear.

Do they not speak of bygone days and whisper--souvenir?

One year instead of the Sunday school picnic being held at Boyle's Grove it was held at Pontiac. The usual large crowd of boys went along. The main attraction for the boys was a tour of the reformatory and the hope that they could get to see one of the inmates from Bloomington. He was a small one-eyed colored boy known as "One Eyed Jones". He was popular among the boys



and many brown men but he had made some slip, I do not know what, and was doing time at Pontiac. We found "One Eyed Jones" in the tour through the prison. Some of the boys slipped him plugs of chewing tobacco. His one good eye gleamed in pure joy and he held a regular reception. It was a great day for "One Eyed Jones". I felt sorry that I did not have any tobacco for him but I had not started to chew yet and had not thought of getting any.

A colored boy named Bob McCreary played on our baseball team sometimes in Sammon's pasture (where the Municipal Stadium now is) and we always wanted him on our side but he became so good that some other team of grownups hired him to play in their Sunday games. It was said among the boys that he received five dollars a game. George Green, a colored barber in Normal was an authority on everything connected with baseball and many questions about plays and decisions in games that had been played were referred to him. He often served as umpire at important games. A well known colored man was known as "Three Fingered Eph". Small boys when at a safe distance would yell at him, "Eph, Eph, Eph, Eph chaws beef like a horse chaws corn." Eph never harmed a boy or even caught him that I know of but it was a thrill for a youngster to tell the gang that he "had a chase from Eph".

Another pretty well known colored man in the Boyville years was Mrs. Wither's coachman, Henry. His real name was Henry Clay Dean but he was generally known as Henry Withers. As Mrs. Withers got around a good deal in her carriage, little hunch backed Henry was an everyday sight, known to many people. He is buried in the Withers family lot in the Bloomington cemetery.

"Big Hattie" was a strapping big young colored girl who roamed the town day and night. Wherever there was any excitement that drew a crowd "Big Hattie" was among those present. She did not pull any punches in her language if she thought she was being made fun of or insulted. In the later Boyville years, one armed Cutty Dudley was known to all the baseball fans. With a club in hand he patrolled the fence at the ball park to keep boys from climbing over.

Dick Blue was a colored barber who owned his own shop, patronized solely by white people. Besides his barber shop he had a side line. He was a butler. He was a man of fine physique and in his full dress suit and white gloves he was of imposing appearance and greatly in demand at balls and parties, most of which were held at the homes. With Mrs. Kates, the popular cateress to furnish the refreshments, with Dick Blue at the door to receive the guests and to superintend the serving of the refreshments and with Fred Ashton's orchestra to furnish the music any party was bound to be a success.

After the Hoblit building at Main and Mulberry was built, Mrs. Cooper, a cateress, leased the top floor for a ballroom and most of the large dances were held there. The hall was known as Cooper Hall. The most popular dance was the waltz with now and



then a cotillion. When a large dance was to be given the hostess furnished a list of the girls who were invited. This list was left at Elmer Wilson's haberdashery. The young men who were invited, after dating their partners for the dance, went to Elmer Wilson's and scratched the girl's name from the list. Sometimes as the date of the dance drew near some of the young men would report to the girls that some girl was not yet scratched and there would be talk among the other girls about the fate of the girls who were not yet scratched.

The serenade was popular. In the late hours of the night after the girls had retired a quartet would make the rounds of various girls' homes and sing the old and the new songs. Sometimes they serenaded our house and if I was awake and heard it I was as thrilled as the girls. The music was good. They always wound up by singing:

Good night, ladies, good night, ladies,  
We are going to leave you now.  
Farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies,  
We are going to leave you now.  
Sweet dreams, ladies, sweet dreams, ladies,  
We are going to leave you now.  
Merrily we roll along, roll along, o'er the deep  
blue sea.

One night the serenaders hired a dray on which they had a piano.

Many of the songs that were sung in the trip through Boyville had something about the sea in them. Some that I recall were:

A Life on the Ocean Wave

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.

Sailing, Sailing, over the bounding Main  
Many a stormy wind will blow, ere Jack comes home  
again.

White wings, they never grow weary  
They carry me cheerily over the sea.

Just last night my lover told me  
He would take me across the deep blue sea.

Fly across the ocean, birdie.  
Do not tarry on the way.  
Take with you this glossy ringlet.  
Place it on his bosom there.

I've a casket at home filled with precious gems.  
I have pictures of friends dear to me.  
I have trinkets most rare that came many years ago  
From my far distant home across the sea.

I will take you back, Kathleen  
Across the ocean wild and wide.



You said goodbye, the parting words were spoken.  
You said goodbye, perhaps 'twere better so.  
I give you back each tender little token.  
Across the gloomy sea I go.

-----

Rocked in the cradle of the deep  
I lay me down in peace to sleep.

-----

If ever you should take a notion  
To come sailing home across the ocean  
I'll be waiting, waiting, waiting for you, Honey Boy.

Not so many people from the prairie states made trips to Europe in those days and those who did were considered to be great travelers and rather envied for their great daring in crossing the ocean. For those who liked travel by water there were trips on the Great Lakes but most of the travel was by horse and buggy and for long trips, by railroad. For horse and buggy travel in cold weather, buffalo robes were quite common and were ideal for keeping warm. When no buffalo robe was to be had the heavy horse blanket served very well except that it shed horse hairs over the clothing.

As to the railroads of the 70's and 80's, travel on them was not a bed of roses, more a bed of cinders, but no one could see into the future far enough to foretell the improvements to come, such as air brakes, automatic couplers, vestibuled cars, Pintch gas, steel cars and all the later improvements, so travelers got along all right as long as there were no wrecks to smash those flimsy wooden cars.

Among the articles nearly always included for a long trip were a linen duster, a shoe box filled with lunch, a grip of some kind, frequently one of the "telescope" variety, which would hold about as much as a trunk, and for extra articles of clothing and umbrellas, a shawl strap. The cars had a stove and coal box at each end and were lighted by oil lamps. The seats were usually of red plush. There were several racks in the coaches made of cast iron, with the words molded in them--"Holy Bible. Read and return".--This arrangement did not last a great while. I suppose that all the Bibles were stolen. The news butch would pass through the cars with his wares of fruit, candy, chewing gum, etc. He also had reading matter, such as Nick Carter, Old Doc Collier, Jesse James, A Slow Train Through Arkansas, The Book of a Thousand Jokes, etc. The conditions were not very favorable for reading in those cars. Most of the time had to be employed in getting cinders out of eyes and brushed off clothes.

George Westinghouse had started the manufacture of his air brakes about 1870 but it took a good many years to get all passenger cars equipped with them and a great while longer to get them on freight cars. Automatic couplers were beginning to come into use on some passenger cars. George M. Pullman invented the vestibule for use between passenger cars in 1888 and they began to be used on the best trains soon after. The interstate commerce act in its present form was passed in 1887 and



not till then or afterward were railroads regulated by it. Passes were given to all whose requests came from the proper source and rebates were given to big shippers.

Cheap excursions were run to Niagara Falls. The round trip fare if I remember correctly was \$7.50. Scott and I went on one of those excursions. The same day that we left Bloomington on the L.E.&W. another excursion to Niagara Falls left Peoria on the T.P.&W. The T.P.&W. train got as far as Chatsworth where it was wrecked at a burning bridge and about eighty people died in those flimsy wooden cars.

New Years calls were in vogue among the young men. A group of ladies would arrange to keep open house at the residence of one and an ad in the Pantagraph, Leader, Bulletin or Sunday Eye would announce where the groups were receiving. Refreshments were served and every young man left his card at each house. In the following days the different groups of ladies vied with each other to find who had the largest collection of cards. After a wearisome round of all the open house receptions with the refreshments, some no doubt "spiked" I think that the young men agreed with George Ade that "it is no time for mirth and laughter on the cold gray dawn of the morning after". I think that the indulgence in too much "refreshments" was the reason that the open house New Years calls were abandoned later on.

Our enterprising, lively Home Town In The Corn Belt was well supplied with halls for various gatherings. There were Turner Hall, Phoenix Hall, Major's Hall, Washingtonian Hall and in later years Cooper Hall and three theaters, Schroeder's Opera House, Durley Hall and the Grand Opera House.

Turner Hall was much used for society entertainments before the coming of Cooper Hall in the Hoblit building. Among other entertainments held there was a kermis about once a year. Phoenix Hall and Major's Hall were used for speaking engagements, political and others. Abraham Lincoln spoke in both of them. He made his celebrated "lost speech" in Major's Hall. Washingtonian Hall was the headquarters of the W.C.T.U. It was over the Leader building at East and Washington streets. The national W.C.T.U. was organized in 1874 and in the following years the members were very active in getting boys and young men to sign the pledge. They were quite successful and each signer was decorated with a small white ribbon in his coat lapel. It did not take in all cases.

I have no distinct memory of seeing any entertainment in Schroeder's Opera House, though I may have seen some. I think that it was on the way out as a theater during the early Boyville years. Durley Hall was the leading theater before the erection of the Grand Opera House. I saw quite a good many entertainments there, both professional and amateur. When I was fairly along in my teens there was a lecture course called the People's Course. The programs were held once a month, I think, during the fall and winter at Durley Hall. I was an usher one season. The only programs I can remember were some lectures by humorists. Bob Burdette's lecture was on The Rise and Fall of the Mustache.



The other was a reading from his novels by the southern author, George W. Cabel. Many amateur entertainments were given in Durley Hall. Among them was "The Deestric Schule" put on by grown men and women. Many of the prominent doctors, lawyers and professional men and prominent society matrons were the pupils and the teachers perhaps a dignified judge. They dressed as near as possible like the kids in their school days and the comedy was very good. Another entertainment was a spelling match between the doctors and the lawyers. My father had the good luck to spell the others down. The word he won on and spelled the others down on was caoutchouc, meaning India rubber. His prize was an India rubber ball which he gave to me and Scott.

There seemed to have been quite a friendly rivalry between the doctors and lawyers in those days. One time they had a ball game. It was a good deal of a farce, but lots of fun. Some of the fielders carried camp chairs and umbrellas out to their positions.

Other attractions at Durley Hall were the plays put on by the Dramatic Club. They also produced a play or two later on at the Grand Opera House. The Grand Opera House was built in 1892. That was really after the actual Boyville days had passed and I was out of school and working but it still seems to have been the Boyville years and I will mention something about that glamorous theater and some of its attractions that I remember.

Art Will sold tickets at the box office at Durley Hall. He was a fast alert worker at his job, known and liked by most everone in town.

After the Grand Opera House opened it had most of the first class shows but both theaters continued in business. The Grand was a well built modern theater. It seated fourteen hundred and was well equipped with scenery and props. The curtain was very handsome, being adorned with a full width painting, a Grecian scene entitled The Reading of Homer. It had an orchestra pit and it was interesting to early comers to see the members of the orchestra emerge one by one from under the stage and take their places in the pit. Harney Collins sold tickets at the box office, Harry Corman took tickets at the door and Billy Peterson had charge of the props. Our town was a good show town, being about half way between Chicago and St. Louis. The very best of the road shows made one night stands at the Grand. Show night was a busy and exciting time, with about every hack in town bringing the beautifully dressed women and their equally well dressed escorts and at the close of the performance the bustle and confusion of getting away, with the carriage caller out in front calling the names of the patrons so their drivers could pick them up.

I did not see so many of the shows, it was too expensive,



but through the years I did see quite a number. Some of the actors and shows that I recall in those days are--Booth & Barrett, Joseph Jefferson (in Rip Van Winkle), James O'Niel, Robert Mantell, Roland Reed, James K. Hackett, Henry Dixey (in Adonis), Minnie Maddern Fiske, Fay Templeton, Henrietta Crossman, Denman Thompson (in The Old Homestead), DeWolf Hopper (in Wang and the Mikado) Eddie Foy, Francis Murphy, Sol Smith Russell, Sousa's and Gilmor's bands, Primrose & West's and Haverly's minstrels. The minstrel shows were always a favorite of mine in the Boyville days. If we boys did not always see the show itself we saw and enjoyed the daytime parade and the concert by the band in front of the theater just before the night performance. The rattling of the bones by the end men intrigued us boys and we took it up. I could rattle the bones after a fashion and when we had spare ribs for dinner I always inspected them afterward to see if I could get a good pair to rattle. The "bones" that the end men used were not really bones but were mahogany.

Some of the shows that thrilled me in those bygone years were--The Lights of London, Way Down East, Shore Acres, Hearts of Oak, The Heart of Maryland, The Silver King, Secret Service, Arizona and the Hoyt plays, such as A Bunch of Keys, A Brass Monkey, the Milk White Flag and A Texas Steer, also several Shakespeare plays and some extravaganzas. I recall one extravaganza about the time of the Columbian Exposition in which Eddy Foy was the star. In one act he came up through a trap door on the stage, dressed as a fairy, with white wings, a white skirt and a wand. He made his speech then in his sweet fairy voice said, "I disappear". Nothing happened and he repeated it twice, then in sottovoce, apparently to someone in the wings, he said, "I said I disappear three times--I'll see the manager about this." It was very funny the way Eddie got it off. In this same show, I think the title of it was America, there was a song about the crew of Columbus's ship threatening to mutiny about the food. I do not remember how the song went but in it they demanded steak and Columbus sent them to the bulwarks, they demanded chicken and he sent them to the hatchway, they demanded eggs and he made the ship lay to.

Those Grand Opera House years were really the end of the actual Boyville days and the beginning of the "gay nineties" and farewell to the teen ages for me, so the pendulum swings back to school years at the sixth ward and Normal.

During the long summer vacation the grass in the sixth ward school yard grew high. It was a tough "wire" grass. On the first day of school a favorite amusement for boys was tying bunches of that long grass into loops that boys running over it would trip and fall, a scheme that worked pretty well, but by about the second day there was not much high grass left.

Another plan for causing boys to fall required two operators. One would stand in front of the victim and engage him in conversation and the second one sneaked up behind the victim and got



down on hands and knees. The boy in front then gave a slight push and over went the victim. It's a queer trait in human nature that people laugh to see someone fall provided he is not hurt. This trait is well brought out in slap stick comedy on stage and screen. To digress with an incident.--At a vaudeville show the audience, myself included, had a hearty laugh at seeing a fall. It was a roller skating act. The actor was dressed as an Englishman, with a tall gray "stovepipe" hat, Lundreary whiskers and a monocle. He was very good and gave a fine exhibition, then fell, with feet in air, coming down in a sitting position. He rose very solemnly, brushed his clothes, adjusted his monocle and said in a very English manner, "I think it is very rude on your part to lawf at me when I fall down on my part."

There was much talk among the boys at recess about running away to Texas. Texas in those days was rather wild and wooly. One of the boys had a long bladed knife stuck in his boot leg and talked big about running away to Texas. He did not though. He is a substantial professional man in the old town today. Another boy had a revolver which he had found. The cylinder was missing, otherwise it was a perfectly good gun. He always talked of going to Texas. One of the boys did actually run away, heading for Texas and got as far as Missouri where he worked a few days in a saw mill then was glad to come home.

There was one very fat boy and the smaller boys ganged up on him one day and by mere force of numbers got him down and held him by sitting on his arms and legs while they took turns in bouncing on his tummy. When he could get an arm loose he struck out viciously at us. He hit me an awful wallop and I thought he was a mighty mean boy to hit so hard when we were only bouncing on his tummy.

During the Normal school days Bob (Sid) Smith and Billy Funk used to go out into the country in a buggy on Saturdays and paint signs advertising Funk's Cream of Roses, a shaving lotion invented by Billy's father, Doc Funk, the barber. Both of the boys were good at lettering and painted good signs. Sometimes they varied the Cream of Roses signs by one they thought of themselves, that was--Get your whiskers pushed in at Doc Funk's Barber Shop.

There were no wire fences in those days and the board fences along the farms made good places for signs. Some were painted on barns also. Some of the ads on farm fences and city bill boards were for Rising Sun Stove Polish, Zozodent for the Teeth, Wizard Oil, St. Jacob's Oil, Jackson's Best Chewing Tobacco, etc. One sign that gave the boys great delight was Eat Quaker Oats. With a few strokes with a pocket knife this was changed to read FAT QUAKER CATS.

The teen aged boys whom I knew and hobnobbed with were an average lot. Some were inclined a little to the rough necked side, some had talent for drawing, singing, playing some musical instrument or were skillful at making things with their hands.



Some were of good families but wished to be thought rough neck or tough never referred to their fathers and mothers as Paw and Ma or Mom and Pop or Dad and Mom, etc., but called their father the Old Man and their mother the Old Woman. One boy who thought to have a little more refinement called his father the Old Gentleman and his mother the Old Lady. They knew all the dirty stories and some chewed tobacco but in all the Boyville years I knew only of two of them getting drunk. They were sons of wealthy fathers. They had their own driving horses, nickel plated skates, gold watches, etc. and about everything a boy could want but they wanted a thrill I suppose. They did not get into any trouble but just talked and acted foolish. None of them as far as I know ever got into trouble with the police, though they did a lot of damage on Halloween and some ornery tricks at other times, but none got into serious trouble except the little colored boy, One Eyed Jones, who was sent to Pontiac. Tragedy struck at three of them. One was thrown from a horse in front of a street car which ran over him and killed him. Another was found murdered in a box car on the C & A (he may have been starting for Texas, as so many of the boys talked about, I do not know). Another had the misfortune to accidentally kill his mother while handling his father's revolver.

Among the boys at Normal school Owen (Jack) Reeves, Bob (Sid) Smith and Dick Wood were good artists and cartoonists. Owen Reeves and his brother Jim were very good singers. Dick Wood used to carve pictures of his girl friends on poker chips. Bert Dennison was a good cornet player. Ellis Dunn was the fastest racer on the high wheel bike in the county and won many medals in surrounding towns.

Football was played some at Normal. It was quite different from the present game. Those who expected to play let their hair grow during the summer so they would have a good shock. They played bare headed. They wore turtle neck sweaters and some, not all, wore rubber nose guards. No forward passes were allowed. Scott played there two years. Afterward, in his freshman year, 1890, at the University of Illinois he found that he was the only one of over four hundred students who had ever played football. Several of the students wanted to learn to play the game, so they got up a team and Scott was captain and coach.

The University of Chicago was founded in 1891 and they had a football team. The only athletic instructors or coaches that we heard of or read about in the papers were Walter Kamp at Yale, "Hurry Up" Yost at Michigan, Alonzo Stagg at Chicago and George Huff at Illinois.

Basket ball was invented in 1891 (the close of the real Boyville days). Boys did not play it but girls took it up and the Wesleyan had a girls' team. I saw some of their games that were played in the roller skating rink, which was situated across the alley from the library, which was over the B.F. Hoopes feed store on North street (now Monroe). The girls dressed in sweaters and short skirts and during a hard fought game their long hair would become badly disarranged and some of them presented a



rather wild look. The games were well attended. Of course the players were all tall girls and the boys called the team "the cherry pickers". The library had moved from the site across the alley from the skating rink before basket ball was played, as the Withers Library opened in 1888 and basket ball was not played till 1891.

The roller skating rink was a very popular place. There was a much larger one in Normal, a large one story frame building, I think built especially for a skating rink. Skating races were held in the rinks. Elmer Ferguson was the fastest skater in town. Frank Capp was the best figure skater on ice. He did not skate in contests but merely for his own enjoyment and it was a pleasure to watch him on the Miller Park Lake. Rudy Schroeder was the best Indian club swinger. Jim Stevenson was a fine ventriloquist. Lottie Burr, Kate Condon and Kate Donahue were talented singers. The old home town did not lack for talent in any line. When things in the entertainment were a bit quiet some of the North side people would go to Amie chapel at the Wesleyan on Friday nights for the programs put on by the Belle Letters Society.

Halloween among the boys was solely an occasion for tricks. There were no treats given nor expected unless one was a guest at a party. Nearly every yard had a fence and one of the standard tricks was taking the gates off and hiding them, frequently up in trees. The wise householders removed all porch furniture before Halloween otherwise the articles would be carried off to some distant location. Cabbage stalks and other vegetables were thrown on porches. Street car tracks were greased on hills (a very dangerous thing). Some of the ambitious Halloweeners would take a buggy apart and set it up on top of some low building. Sometimes a calf would be tied on the platform of a classroom at the Wesleyan. There was considerable real damage done to property.

The policemen who would ordinarily be off duty at night had to work at least part of the night but I do not think they caught any of the tricksters in the act. I do not mean to disparage the police. They were a fine lot of men but there were not very many of them. I took pride in everything that had the air of a big city for I considered our town as up to date as any place even if it was not so big and the policemen in their snappy blue uniform with their long coats and belts were among the big city sights that I enjoyed. I well remember when they were first equipped with helmets like the Chicago police, how proud I was of their appearance. That was at the time of Judge Davis's funeral. That I believe was 1886 and I was in my mid teens. The extensive grounds surrounding the David mansion were crowded with vehicles full of people who could not get into the house. I was there with other members of the family in our family carriage and saw several of the cops in their brand new helmets controlling the crowds. Along about that same period the city got a patrol wagon of bright blue, with brass railings along the sides and the rear step. It had no top on it and if any of one's friends were getting a ride in it they could be recognized as they passed.



Again the pendulum swings back to quite young days in the old town. When we boys were too small to take on the work of tending the live stock, milking the cow, making and hoeing the large gardens, cutting the grass in the big yard, tending to the furnace, etc. our father always had a hired man. He slept in the small back room at the east end of the house. Ed Brodigan, our hired man, quit the job and enlisted in the regular army. We had no wars in those days but did have an army.

The private soldiers received thirteen dollars a month. The soldiers stationed at the forts in the west were used to some extent to quell small uprisings of the Indians, who at times left their reservations and committed some depredations against white settlers. It was only a few years since one of the last of the real serious Indian battles had taken place. That was in 1876 when General Custer with a small detachment of two hundred and sixty-four men engaged in battle with a band of over six thousand Sioux Indians who had taken them by surprise. Custer and all of his troop were killed, not a single survivor was left.

I guess that Ed probably wanted to fight Indians when he enlisted and he probably did as he served thirty years and then retired. When he left he gave Scott and me his fiddle and his velosipede. We could not play the fiddle but we could ride the velosipede down hill and on level ground. It had two quite large wooden wheels the same size which somewhat resembled the wheels of a farm wagon. They had wood spokes and hubs and iron tires. The seat was wood and the pedals resembled large wooden spools. It had no brake. When we mounted it someone would have to hold it while the rider got on. About the only riding we did on it was to lean it against the house so as to mount it then ride down the slightly sloping drive to the front gate and out onto unpaved Main Street and head north which was a little down hill.

We passed the homes of James Ryburn, General McNulta, Doctor Hubbard, Al Kleindence, C. W. Atkinson, Mr. Foreman, Prof. Nast, Mr. Bregstrum, Mr. Cheshire, Old Mary, and Mr. Wright, which took us to Division Street. The long block from Division to Apple Street in Normal was a rather steep hill and we made it with ease, passing the homes of Mr. Butcher, Vinton Howell, Mr. Hibler, Mr. Brewer and Mr. Pat Magirl, ending up at Cowley's grocery a short way north of Apple Street. If we were going real good we could make it a little further on the level and go nearly to Asa Moore's pasture. Then we had to push it, all the way back up hill. When Ed Brodigan left to join the army, Scott would proudly announce to all comers, "I know a soldier and a soldier knows me."

The high wheeled bike, called the "ordinary", after years of changes in structure, reached the perfected form as we knew it, in 1875 and the present form, known as the "safety", in 1885. The only kind I knew in my early boyhood was the high wheel. "Sleepy" Baird had the first one that I remember. He lived at the corner of Main and Chestnut, where Ike Livingston lived in



later years. Boys came from that far away and even farther to Boyville headquarters at 1409. I tried riding "Sleepy's" high wheeler a time or two but did not like it much. When the brake was applied too hard, over I would go and it was a long way to the ground. When the safety came in I was about fifteen years old and it was easy to ride one of them. My younger brothers, Bert and Norman, after continued nagging of my father to get a bike finally won out and they got a second hand one. I did not have one of my own until I had left school and was working. I then bought one. It was a Dayton and cost seventy-five dollars. I bought it at Will Matern's bicycle shop.

By 1897 and 1898 the bicycle craze swept the nation. There was a National organization called the League of American Wheelmen and members proudly wore their L.A.W. pins. The members of the Bloomington Bicycle Club besides taking part in races, made runs into the country each Sunday. These runs were made on the dusty unpaved country roads as there were no paved roads outside the city. The great ambition of the club members was to make a "century", that is to ride one hundred miles in one day. For some time Henry Kays was the captain of the Country runs.

I joined the bicycle club before I owned a bike. They had fine club rooms and facilities and membership was not confined to bicyclists. After I bought my bike I did not get to join the Sunday runs as my duties at the C & A freight office required an hour or two on Sunday mornings but I had many good runs to neighboring towns by myself. I even made my "century" but not on the dusty roads of Illinois. Rob was going to New York and I went with him as far as Cincinnati, taking my bike on the train. I stayed all night in Cincinnati and the next day rode to Lexington, Kentucky which figured just about one hundred miles. The entire ride was over the McAdamized pikes of Kentucky. These roads were a revelation to me. There was nothing like them in Illinois, at least in the part of the state that I was familiar with. Toll gates had recently been abolished. I saw one or two of the old toll gates that were not in use. They consisted of a long pole which was lowered across the pike to halt vehicles while the toll was collected.

Once again I find myself writing of things beyond the boyhood days which it was not my intention to do when I started this contribution, so will let the pendulum swing back to some of the earlier years.

One thing that comes to mind is that in the days of the puff tie and the button shoes, patent leather shoes were in style for young men at dances etc. I did not go to any dances but thought how fine it would be to have a pair of patent leather shoes, so that I would not have to go to the trouble of shining them. I had an extra pair of shoes in fair condition. Painters had been doing some work at the house and had left a can partly filled with varnish. I had the idea that I could make my own patent leathers simply by varnishing those old shoes. I did so and put them up in the garret, not telling anyone about it, and went up each day to make an inspection but something was wrong. That



varnish simply would not dry. Maggie, our Irish hired girl, went up to the garret for something one day and discovered the shoes. She never did get over ribbing me, even after years had passed. I have wondered if Mr. John Sterling, who bought and lived in the house after Rob and Lucy moved out, or Mr. Ralph Green, who later lived there, or the girls of Alpha Gamma Delta, who live there now, ever found those shoes and if the varnish was dry.

While writing about those Kentucky turnpikes the thought came to me that the farmers of McLean County used to pay their poll tax by working with a team for a day on the roads. They usually worked the roads along their own farms by scraping the dirt from the edges and putting it in the middle of the road. The scrapers were shaped something on the order of the modern excavating machines and had a pair of handles which the driver held rigidly till the scraper was full, having the lines of the team across his shoulders, then dumped by a slight upward pull.

The same kind of scrapers were used in all excavation work for buildings in the city. Most of the sand used for mortar and other building purposes was hauled from the sand bank south of Asa Moore's pasture, up the little hill southwest of the Steak-n-Shake drive inn. Three regular sand haulers whom I knew by name, Mr. Potts, Mr. Stumpf and Brother Samuels, a colored man, passed 1409 with their loads of sand all day long, six days a week, so I guess that our town was building fast. The sand was all screened through an upright screen, a shovel full at a time. The small stones that did not go through the screen were fine for our sling shots. The mortar was mixed in a large trough by a man with a hoe. The mortar and bricks were carried up ladders by hod carriers with the hods on their shoulders. The bricks were all made in our town.

Besides all this building of new houses the house moving business was quite brisk. Mr. McIntyre, a house mover, and his men were kept quite busy. The house was jacked up and long timbers placed under it. Wood rollers were placed under the timbers and a capstan was staked to the ground about a block from the house. A long cable was attached to the house timbers and wound around the capstan by means of a team of horses. Men with mauls walked along the sides of the house and kept the rollers straight by pounding the ends when they got out of line.

Parades were fairly numerous. The Decoration Day parade was much the same as at present, with the same ceremonies. The Labor Day parade was a large one, with many horse drawn floats. The horseshoers had a man shoeing a live horse, the candy makers had some of their machinery and threw out samples, the cigar makers had men making cigars and passing out samples, the boiler makers had a huge boiler on which they worked, the tinnerns had men at work on tin articles, the carpenters had men at work building something, the brick layers, harness makers, bakers, etc., etc., all had men working at their trades. The various trades of the great C & A shops contributed largely to the parade. On St Patrick's Day the Ancient Order of Hibernians had a large and colorful parade.



The circus parades were grand affairs, with the open cages of wild animals, the gorgeously dressed women on horseback and riding on the huge wagons, the gay band wagon, the clowns cutting capers along the line of march and the huge calliope bringing up the rear. A man on horseback rode a short distance in front of the herd of elephants and called out as he passed, "Watch your horses, the elephants are coming." The circus wagons of those days were so high that after the advent of electric street cars men rode on top of the wagons with poles to raise the trolley wires.

The town was well supplied with bands through the years. There were the DeMolay, Dillon's, the C & A, the Soldiers' Orphans Home bands, the G.A.R. fife and drum corps of three members and a teen aged boys' drum corps.

Political parades were big affairs during presidential election years. Besides the many smaller meetings during the campaign both the Republicans and Democrats held one huge all day rally, with speaking and a daylight parade and a big torchlight parade with more speaking at night.

In the early Boyville days the torches were of heavy iron, painted red, white and blue. The marchers wore oilcloth caps and capes to keep the oil from dripping on them. In the later years the torches were tin and lighter in weight and I guess did not drip so much and the oilcloth caps and capes were abandoned. Sprinkled throughout the long parade was many a girls' drum corps from neighboring towns, a sight which caused a flutter of the boys hearts as they gazed on the pretty girls in their gorgeous uniforms and listened to the thrilling roll of the drums.

Presidential election years were as exciting for small boys as they were to the voters, perhaps more so, as about the only issue between the parties was the tariff, the Republicans being for a high tariff to protect the "infant industries" of the country and the Democrats wanting a low tariff and free trade with England. That could not have been very exciting but the small boys had to listen to taunts and insults, the Republican boys greeting the Democrat boys with--

Stewed cats and pickled rats  
Are good enough for Democrats.  
and the Democrat boys coming back with--  
In heaven above where all is love  
There will be no Republicans there.

My father being a Democrat, ergo, I was a Democrat. The first campaign that I recall taking much interest in was when Cleveland and Hendricks were elected in 1884. I was fourteen years old and my morale was raised after taunts through the campaign about stewed cats and pickled rats. By the next presidential campaign in 1888 I was growing up though not a voter by four years to come. I was a member of the Flambeau Club and took part in many parades at night. Our flaming flambeaux were much more attractive than the ordinary torches when we blew into them and sent the flames high in the air but that election was a blow to my morale. Cleveland and Thurman were defeated. By the next presidential election



I was a first voter, the real Boyville days, the teen age years had passed. Both the Republicans and the Democrats had first voters clubs and marched in the parades in snappy uniforms. Our club carried colored lanterns, one row of marchers had Red lanterns, the next row Blue ones. We drilled some and put up a pretty good appearance in parades both at home and in surrounding towns. We took part in one very large rally at Peoria, made a good showing and had a good time. Late at night the tired marchers gathered in the Peoria union station to board the train for the homeward trip and sang--

Peori-o, Peori-o, with all thy faults we love thy still. Louie Stevenson was president of our first voters' club and we helped to elect his father, Adlai Stevenson, to the vice-presidency with Grover Cleveland. Louie himself in later years was elected secretary of state for Illinois and his son, Adlai, is now our governor.

When I was seventeen I spent a summer on a farm ten miles east of town and on the occasions when I would get a chance to "go to town" I sure enjoyed them. Getting back to the city was a joy. How I loved it after the work in the hot sun in the hay field and corn field. I loved to see the crowds on bustling Main Street, to smell the smoke of the locomotives on the railroads and most of all the grateful shade of the streets, especially when we drove on a street where the trees almost or completely arched it. There were not so many of those streets in those days. Trees can grow much larger and the limbs spread much farther in sixty years.

Along the middle or later 80's another type of vehicle began to appear to join the fine turnouts to be seen in the town. This was the coupe, a very citified type of vehicle. The coachman's seat was separated from the passenger compartment by a glass partition. Some of the coachmen wore livery, not a very gaudy outfit, but a long coat reaching to the ankles, and a plug hat. The sight of these stylish tournouts was another reason I had to be proud of our fine city. Doctor Marsh had the first coupe that I remember of seeing on our streets but they were appearing thick and fast. About the same time however the automobile began to be used by some of the wealthy people.

The autos were the subject of various opinions. Some thought they were a fine thing and would in time supplant the horse drawn vehicles. Others thought they were a nuisance. It was not until in the early 90's that autos became more or less common and regarded as curiosities, the first successful one made in this country was made in 1893. Not all of the people who could afford them thought much of them. After the passing of Judge Davis, Mr. George P. Davis made his home in the Davis mansion on East Jefferson and there was a sign at the entrance to the driveway reading--NO AUTOMOBILES ALLOWED.

Those Boyville years of the 1870's and 1880's saw the passing of many manufacturing establishments in the Bloomington-Normal area, including the shoe factory, the chair factory, two plow works, two stove foundries, two or three flour mills and grain elevators, the woolen mill, the paper mill, the tannery and the



vinegar factory. Citizens who had faith in the town and others from outside established many other industries, both large and small. Nothing happened to the CORN BELT but growth and improvement. The HOME TOWN is still the CAPITAL OF THE CORN BELT.

The arrival of the early 1890's saw the approach of the end of the Boyville days. Like so many of the boys in the sixth ward school days I had a curiosity to see Texas. Homeseekers' round trip tickets to any point in Texas at the same fare were on sale. In 1904 I made the trip. I chose Fort Worth as my destination. Even in that late day it was rather a wild and wooly cow town. After a few days in Fort Worth and Dallas I used my return ticket back to Oklahoma, where I got a job with the Rock Island Ry. and where I lived for forty-one years, with occasional visits back to THE HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT. Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory had not yet been admitted to statehood. It had been only fifteen years previously that white settlers were allowed in Oklahoma Territory. The famous "run" from the Kansas border took place on April 22, 1889. It was a young man's country. One did not see many old people except some of the Indians. In 1907 the two Territories were admitted as the state of Oklahoma and for several years it was the youngest state of the Union till Arizona and New Mexico were admitted in 1912. I went to live in Oklahoma City in 1907 and watched it grow from a population of about twenty-eight thousand to over two hundred thousand in 1945, when I came back to live in THE HOME TOWN IN THE CORN BELT.

After my long absence I sometimes felt like "the last leaf" of Oliver Holmes's poem --

Now he walks the streets  
And looks on all he meets,  
Sad and wan--

He seems to say "they are gone, they are gone."

My memory fails me as to just the wording of the poem but it was something like that. Well, anyhow, that is just a little bit of sentiment on my part in trying to quote it. I do not feel "sad and wan". On the contrary. There are still some of the boys of long ago still around and I enjoy meeting them.

So the coming of the "gay nineties", with all their glamour, saw the passing of the Boyville years and while still living in the old home town the closing years of the "gay nineties" brought an historical event, the counterpart of which no one can witness till fifty more years have passed, that was the end of the century, which the girls who liked to display their knowledge of French, called

the Fin de Siecle.

Bloomington, Illinois, November 15th, 1949



ABE WILLIAMS

Autobiography

I was born in Bloomington at 1409 North Main street. I went to the sixth ward (now Franklin) school, then to the grammar school and high school at Normal University. Old Main was the only building. Among the faculty were E. C. Hewitt, Thomas Metcalf, John W. Cook, Henry McCormack, Herbert Barton, Rudolph R. Reeder, professors DeGarmo, Stetson, Seymour, Miss Hartman, Miss Pennell, Miss Clara Ela and Miss Angie Milner, librarian. My years at Normal were happy ones but I did not hurt myself studying but managed to get by with everything except algebra. I took that three times without knowing what it was all about, then was passed, I suppose to get rid of me. I played third base on the baseball team. We had no uniforms but had a catcher's mask, a breast protector and a catcher's glove. I mean GLOVE. It was not a big pad but a huge glove with four fingers and a thumb, each tipped with heavy sole leather. Lide Dickinson played first base and he had an ordinary glove which he had stuffed with padding. We sometimes



played the Normal town team. Clark Griffith usually pitched for them. He was the first pitcher or fielder that I ever saw play with a glove but they soon came into use by those who could manage to get one. Billy Darnbrough was one of our pitchers. We also played the Bloomington high school team. Louie Fitzhenry was their pitcher and Archie Bowen was their "business manager". We played a little football, which we called "scrub". I did not care much for football but played some "scrub". I profited a little from it by learning to relax and fall with the ball under my arm. In later years as a "mud hop" chasing a moving train to get a seal number at night I would sometimes trip on a switchstand or something and fall flat without my oil burning lantern not going out.

When I was fourteen I skipped the spring and summer term at Normal and went to Kansas. I herded cattle on the open prairie during the spring, turning them into a 640 acre pasture at night. When corn plowing time came I ploughed corn. When I was seventeen I spent a summer on my uncle's farm ten miles east of Bloomington. I also plowed corn there.

When my class graduated (1889 I think) I left school and went to work in the C. & A. freight office, later in the dispatcher's office and short time at Dwight. Then I was with the B & N (street car) company for about ten years, then the greater part of a year with a construction company at Kenova, West Va. In 1904 I went to Oklahoma and worked a short time at Enid for the Rock Island, then about three years in El Reno for the same R.R. I then went to Oklahoma City where I worked for the



Rock Island, Katy and Frisco, in their downtown freight offices. The last 18 years of my railroad work was at the joint R.R. office at Oklahoma City Stock Yards. The roads in the joint office were the Rock Island, Santa Fe, Katy, Frisco, Fort Smith & Western, Oklahoma City, Ada & Atoka and the Oklahoma Ry. I still am a member and pay dues in Santa Fe Lodge 941 of the B.R.C. I lived in hotels in Oklahoma City for twenty years.

I retired in 1938 and came back to Bloomington in 1945 to live in a real home with my sister, Lucy, and I like it.

Bloomington, September 1949.



CHILDHOOD HOME

by

Elizabeth Stevenson Ives



CHILDHOOD HOME

December '39

by Elizabeth Stevenson Ives

It must be told, the story of the little house, that little home in the West; and it was grey with a Gothic gable so typical of the Illinois houses, built about fifty years ago. I don't know how old the house is really, but I know since we have come and gone through its heavy front door, it has seen millions of years of life. We have all lived so fully, we have put so much into each experience that it may be quite natural that, at forty-two, I am tired but not too tired to listen to the voice of that house which stands alone now under the mantle of snow. It closes its eyes in a watchful sleep; the brown shades are all drawn to within a foot of the sill and the gay feelings of the white net curtains show that a loving hand dressed the house for its period of vacancy; but that house is never vacant, it's too alive with all the pulsing personalities who lived within its shelter. It is winter now and Christmas comes soon and that curious call, that strange intermingling of the past with the present, that pull the roots of ones being, drags me back. How sad it is that all of the cave dwellers,



those unfortunate people who must live in great impersonal boxes called apartment houses have never felt, I suppose, the delicious privacy and independence of home. How could a family, moving every few years from one stylist set of rooms to another, understand that a house has a language, has a heart, has an aura that nothing else in the world possesses.

The little grey house has changed a bit. Outside she was plastered up and had a new terrace, some twenty-five years ago, in place of the old porch, but inside she becomes more mellow, more individual year by year. Laugh if you will at wood stained dark brown but let it be the wood that's watched you in summer and winter and joy and sorrow, and birth and death and then you would snap your fingers at modern decoration.

The drawing room is a certainly appealing room; it always surprises me with its strong color, its freedom in choice of furniture. It is a long room with windows at each end and across the side, the walls were done in grey grass cloth. It is peeling now in spots, it has even turned a shade of brown in certain corners where the dampness reaches it. The electric fixtures, those ugly wall brackets of thirty years ago, have shields of this same ugly cloth with a now much faded, once gay, cunning apple tree painted thereupon. The light is made even dimmer and more obsequious, by two tall Dresden lamps only recently electrified. I never switched them on without scenting the kerosene which lighted them for so many years. What a burden of love it must have been to my Mother carrying those two precious fragile lamps all the way from Germany on her first journey there in 1889. Of course



the fireplace is rather awful. It's white tile and has a gas grate hidden by a screen of cut Chinese velvet. A peacock with his great fantail stares at you where you would gladly look to see a glowing log. A mantle piece holds three massive pieces of Sevres in its exquisite blue and gold, a clock and two great urns. I believe one of my naughtiest impulses was to climb up in the chair very precariously over the peacock screen and attempt to wind that gorgeous time piece, but never in all my years can I remember hearing it run; it is an ornament. In front of the long windows stands a low, long, graceful, very beautiful mahogany sofa. It's upholstered in green cut velvet which has taken on a patina, a tone of green only found in old velvets. This sofa came from Chester County, Pennsylvania, from my great Grandfather Osborne's house and stood in that house during the time the Revolutionary soldiers marched through to search for hidden rebels. In one corner of the room stands a Bouhl table, Mother bought it in New Orleans when I was a little girl. It has a drawer, a large drawer which holds the "treasures". The temptation of opening that drawer to explore is very great to all children. What countless hours I have stood watching my Father take out the little Bibelots collected from all parts of the world in his wandering and explain them and show their wonders to our marvelling eyes. At the other corner stands an Italian 17th century table brought home from Italy. In another corner a plain walnut table brought from great Grandfather Fell's from Philadelphia to his first home on the Illinois prairie. A leopard



skin, very weary, hairless in spots, throws his paws on to the floor. How many times as children, we brought our little friends in on tip-toe to the drawing room to see the "tiger Father brought from Japan". There is an Italian chair in cardinal red, there is a Queen Ann in brocade, there are two Chippendales, there is a French fauteuil, there is an Italian three cornered cupboard with a black Chinese Goddess sitting enigmatically on top. The rugs are orientals; the pictures in gilt frames, bringing more color into a room already full of warmth, distinction and varying personality. I like to remember the first victrola and standing winding away in the evening before my Mother had a dinner party, listening to Gadski sing the Walküre while the lamps sent out their odorous flame and the red roses in the silver vase, their delicious fragrance. The library was brown - it had to be in 1900. I think the books are rather beautiful; I can see standing clearly an enormous white edition of Shakespeares. There was a beautiful mellow set of Hume's History of England and then there were the odd volumes of poetry, mostly brought from Grandfather Davis's library. He was a lover of Burns and the Brontës and there are editions of both, of all kinds and in all conditions. The great oak writing table standing before the windows had eight drawers. Adlai and I were allowed two at the back, the rest were Mothers. The silver ink stand and pen holder and pens have never changed. The green bronze lamp has changed its shade; the photograph that stood in the silver frame at the right has changed generations.



The carved oak chair, upon which we all sat from lessons to love letters, withstands the tipping backwards of these twenty-five years in that room. The great, brown leather sofa has gone and a more dignified but less comfortable one from my Grandfather's house has taken its place. The lighting is really atrocious, green bronze fixtures throwing a glaring light, but there is a wood fireplace and a delicious deep crimson soft carpet covering the floor. The curtains are a gay English linen chintz. The sun sets from the windows of this room and a pleasant, quiet warmth clings to it at that hour. I would like to take every one with love and interest in every corner of this house; I would like to have those poor cave dwellers who are shunted to the fifteenth floor of a swift moving elevator down to our cellar and up to our attic. I'm sorry that they should miss one of the most mysterious experiences of life, that is, the intimate knowledge of an attic. Obscurity, dust, forgotten treasures, old trunks filled with your Grandmother's clothes, letters, books, forgotten sport's garments, saddles, old pictures, all the myriad, stupid things you bought on your first trip to Europe, both you and your Mother and your Grandmother. The brass beds, the hand sewing machine, the crutches, the bed pans, the high laced white buckskin shoes we wore at sixteen and dearest of all your dolls, your doll house, the clothes, the stove, the china, the furniture, those things that made the little girl's life and the play by which her maternal instincts developed and bloomed. And the cellar that no cave dweller knows indicates an



old fashioned cellar, where you can smell and taste mildew and dampness, where the fruit cupboard holds on its ample shelves those delicious jams, jellies, pickles made in one's own kitchen. The wood cellar piled to the ceiling with neatly sawed fire wood from the trees on the lawn. And there in the coal cellar, the furnace room where the oil-o-matic has taken the place of that great frightening creature whose red mouth we loved to peer into. Of course, it is not all tidy; there are screens stacked in one corner; there are some packing cases and in the laundry room too many empty bottles, too many half worn wash tubs, washing machines, hand wringers and a gas stove. An electric light bulb hangs on a cord in the center of the ceiling of each of the rooms and throws odd shadows in one's frightened way.

I love to feel night creep down around this house; I like to hear the faint sounds or odors that come from the kitchen. I like that play of light from the lamps on the polished floors or the warm oriental rugs. I like the tick of the clock that hangs on the landing. I like the hiss from the gas jet in the upstairs hall when we light up for the night. I like the strange creak that breaks the silence. I think it is the stairs that creak and over all the quiet and warmth and the feeling of Grandfather's portrait watching you from the hall stair. It would be impossible to count the trunks that have been carried up and down those stairs under his eyes. How many times the Quaker spinning wheel has been lifted from the landing to make way for the expressmen with their



burdens of trunks laden with clothes from Paris, because this house was for twenty-five years just a stopping place for a family of restless, dynamic, active creatures and yet now that they have all gone off, their hearts call them back and they flutter down out of airplanes, from fast trains, streamlined motors as though they have never known any roost but this. They drink deep and go off again.

This year Brother and I will warm our hands before the blaze of our perennial hearth. The parents are dead but we two have come back, bringing a wife and three sons; a husband and one son, to sleep for a few nights under this roof. The effort, the money, the time taken from this very busy world we live in to prepare for these few quiet days has come high.



FROM THE PRAIRIE



INDIANS IN McLEAN COUNTY

by

Clyde W. Hudelson



## INDIANS IN McLEAN COUNTY

By

Clyde W. Hudelson

America is a land of romance, and one of its greatest contributing factors has been the native redman--picturesque to us but a profound problem to the early pioneer. Although the Indians have long disappeared from our peaceful prairies and forests, they have left intriguing evidence of their living, their dying, their victories and their defeats. However, the now almost obliterated natural landmarks as well as those designated by markers provide a thick volume of folklore to those who are interested enough in the early development of our country to read it.

Historians tell us that there are four localities, or townships, in what is now McLean County which were prominently associated with the Indian. One is in Randolph Township, another in Arrowsmith Township, known as the Indian battleground of 1730, a third is in West Township, known as the Kickapoo Fort site, and the fourth is in Lexington Township where there was a small Indian village as late as



1829 and several blockhouses a little later. In this village, according to legend, there were Indians of three tribes--the Kickapoos, the Delawares, and the Pottawatomies, but about 1828 the Kickapoos of McLean County moved their headquarters to Indian Grove in what is now Livingston County. Four years later the Federal Government moved the remnants of all the tribes to a place west of St. Louis, Missouri.

Fortunately a few historically minded people have been interested enough in the past events of our country to erect markers to preserve certain locations of importance. But, before speaking of these, the oldest Indian landmark discovered in McLean County should be mentioned. It was a much-used and well-marked trail which followed the southern edge of the Bloomington moraine running in a southeasterly-northwesterly direction connecting Vincennes, Indiana, and Peoria, Illinois.

Before the coming of the white man, these connected points were Indian settlements into which, or from which, other trails entered or departed. This trail in many stretches gave the travelers a splendid view of the lower level land to the south. Occasionally it touched a wooded grove known as Keg Grove--and still later as Blooming Grove, which served as a point of progress and whose coolness offered an ideal rest spot to the traveler. This trail was well-drained, for the most part, and kept its red followers out of the low, wet prairies of winter and spring. Early white hunters, scouts, and home-seekers used this trail also. Later our first pioneer dirt roads were over long stretches of it, and today certain distances of both Illinois routes 9 and 150 are part of it.

The second oldest historical landmark is the site of the early



famous battle of 1730 which took place in and near Smith's Grove (now practically out down) and not far, in a west-southwesterly, direction from Cheney's Grove--now Saybrook. This battle was between the French, their allied friends, and the Fox Indians and was reported in early accounts prepared by the French Jesuits and their followers.

At present the place is known as the Arrowsmith Battleground, or Etnataek, the Indian name.

Mr. William B. Brigham, former McLean County Superintendent of Schools, in referring to the early accounts of this battle has done a very creditable piece of research in locating at least a part of the battleground along the upper reaches of Sangamon river and in, or near, Smith's Grove. Evidences of trenches having been used with the discovery of parts of rifles, lead bullets, flint points, etc., are all a part of his fine and informative research. However, the site of this battlefield has been controversial, since earlier two other sites north of it have been declared and marked as the place of the struggle. Mr. Brigham's research has been published and I firmly believe he has unimpeachable evidence to prove that his spot is the correct one. This place should be designated with a permanent tablet and stone marker very soon while Mr. Brigham is available to assist in the project.

Near the beginning of this century a stone marker was erected on, or near, the site of a Kickapoo stockaded fort which in early days had stood about five miles southwest of the Arrowsmith battleground. This marker is on the south edge of the Bloomington moraine, northeast of LeRoy, Illinois and can be seen from the public road.

Several years after this marker was erected, the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Bloomington,



Illinois, placed an inscription on a large native boulder situated on what is now Route 51 where it is intersected by an east-west road leading directly into Hudson, Illinois. This marker was erected to commemorate the last stand of the Pottawatomies, a tribe of Indians who was being pushed and chased out of Illinois by enemy tribes, all of whom were later ordered from the state by an edict of the U. S. Government. The exact site of the last stand of these unfortunate people is not known definitely, and may have been a mile or more in most any direction from the marker where it stands.

However, legend tells us that the last stand was not made on a battlefield, but in the minds of the redmen and this happened when, upon returning to their homes from some sort of expedition they found them destroyed. Young white settlers were responsible for the tragedy. After suffering several days from the shock of the irreparable loss, they sadly departed to points west of St. Louis.

Along the Mackinaw River, near Henline Creek and not far from Lexington, Illinois are the unmarked sites of three forts, or blockhouses, built during the Blackhawk War period. One was erected near the house of Mr. Henline not far from the head of Mackinaw Timber. Another was made by adding a room onto a Mr. Patton's cabin. General Joseph Bartholomew, hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, built a fort at Clarkesville, on the North side of Money Creek timber and later he was buried at that place. All of these sites are historically important enough to deserve some sort of marker to inform the public of pioneer living, although, fortunately on the whole, the Indians of McLean County caused very little trouble other than begging and threatening.



Besides these important sites the Indians have left a large number of more or less temporary campsites along the Kickapoo River, Six Mile Creek, Money and Denman's Creeks and the Mackinaw River as evidenced by finds of fire stones, flint arrowheads and other Indian artifacts. Of these streams named all except the Kickapoo flow into the Mackinaw River from the south. Six Mile Creek flows north and west a short distance west of Hudson, and Money Creek is the stream impounded to form Lake Bloomington.

These stream valleys are relatively narrow and were wooded in early days, and if one could have seen them from an airplane at that time they would have appeared as slender ribbons of woods meandering across a great sea of prairie grass. The prairies being unhealthful and dangerous were avoided as much as possible by both the white and redmen. Consequently, they chose the shelter and safety of the woods, and thus so far as the Indians were concerned, relatively few pieces of whole or broken pottery have been found on the prairie itself. They are found along the banks of streams or on tops of hills; but, even so no vast number has been found along these creeks, which indicates that the camping periods here were of short duration. It is believed that these McLean County streams and the areas nearby were frequented by the Indians only while on short hunting and fishing trips. They probably followed up these streams from the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers along which many more permanent village sites and burial grounds can be found.

These village sites and burial grounds have done much to acquaint the white man with Indian culture. Considered by most white men to be barbarians, the Indians surprisingly have two very distinct cultures--



the Hopewellian and the Mississippian. The name "Hopewell" comes from a town in Ohio near where this culture was first discovered, and the Mississippi culture comes from the valley of that great river.

Evidence is abundant that both Hopewellian and Mississippian Indian cultures were present in McLean County years ago. Indians of the Hopewell culture were here first and made and left a great many flint points which they used by means of an "extended arm" called the atlatl. This implement was spear-like, but the shaft was shorter than those once used by natives of the Pacific area. The Hopewellians were hunters yet did not use the bow, but the Mississippians, who came later, used the bow with small arrows. However, they were more agricultural in this living and thus left fewer hunting weapons than the Hopewellians for the eager Indian artifact collector. However the discovery of their village sites along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers more than compensates for the lack of arrowheads, etc.

In my own experience, even along much lesser streams, I have found many interesting and valuable trophies of the redmen. I have noted, too, that they located practically all of their camp sites on a point of ground having good drainage, and on a little higher elevation than the surrounding land out of danger of floods. This gave them a commanding view for the possible approach of enemies from all sides and served as a vantage point to discover game animals which they needed and secured for food.

Also, these sites were reasonably close to the streams since, without doubt, water was used in preparation of food as well as for drinking and other domestic purposes. Archaeologists interested in Indian life are



aware of the fact that with more land under cultivation along stream valleys, more high water causing flash floods occur and these floods oftentimes unearth a vast amount of Indian treasure. Evidence shows that the Indians located their camp sites closer to streams in late summer and early fall than in the spring rainy season, for some very rich and unsuspected artifact deposits have been exposed along the banks after heavy floods.

However, back from the streams, the best land on which to search is fall plowed land which has been compacted and slightly eroded with rains and melting snow. Typical evidences which an experienced person may see on such sites are rough and darkened firestones broken by fires; also, chips and bits of flint. The better artifacts are usually found at the outer edge of these camp sites or even a short distance further away.

I believe that Indian boys and young men engaged in some kind of target shooting with their bow and arrows as a sport, and also to gain proficiency in shooting. No doubt their arrows were shot away from the camp sites and a number of them were not recovered. In addition to the artifacts mentioned thus far, I find occasionally such things as: axes, celts (both stone--usually granite and flint), pitted stones, hammer-stones, drills, scrapers, polishing stones, etc. The most unusual article which I can recall having picked up on one of these sites is a bear's tooth. Authorities at the State Museum in Springfield identified it.

One's success in finding such artifacts is facilitated by the use of a sharp pointed stick, or cane, to uncover partially hidden pieces similar to those described above. The use of such a "helper" is easy on the back since less bending is required to investigate and to pick



up perfect or imperfect artifacts-if one is lucky enough to find them. Patience, diligence, and time is needed in pursuing this fascinating hobby, and if the searcher finds no more than a few weathered hammer-stones or broken bits of pottery shreds during an afternoon's hunt, he feels well paid for the energy expended.

I get as much joy around Indian camp sites in picking up kitchen middens, such as large broken animal bones, broken pottery, discarded inferior arrowheads and spearheads, firestones, burned clay, charcoal, flint chips, flint percussion points, and flint cores, as I do in finding a perfect artifact. It is interesting and stimulating to one's mind to speculate as to the reason why certain poorly shaped artifacts have been discarded. At times the flint may have been faulty because of lack of uniformity--some harder or softer spot or a cross grain may have interfered. Then again, a misdirected blow with a hammer-stone may have ruined the piece, or the sudden appearance of an enemy may have caused the worker to stop abruptly with the fashioning of some desired artifact never to return to the task.

But either Hopewellian or Mississippian, the Indians undeniably deserve careful and sympathetic study, and have added much "atmosphere" to the history of our country. In summarizing this short sketch of the life in what was once McLean County, it will be noted with satisfaction that the settlers and they lived together in comparative peace--the Arrowsmith battle of twenty-three days duration, being the only really serious clash recorded and this occurred before the white settlers arrived. However, the battle furnishes a significant bit of history, for it was fought just forty-six years before the signing of the Declaration of



Independence, and part of the fighting was in trenches such as are used  
in modern warfare!



### BLOOMING GROVE

The earliest settlers called it Blooming Grove,  
Whose green verdure exploited beauty fair;  
Toiling amidst every hardship they strove,  
And against lurking danger had to dare;  
For old Chief Machina came stalking 'round,  
His hostile intentions to let them know,  
He scattered a handful of leaves on ground,  
Meaning before the autumn they should go.

But Indian threats and fickle nature's tricks,  
Smiting them with deep snow and sudden freeze,  
Dawsons and Stewarts, Orenderfs, Hendryx,  
Nothing daunted such pioneers as these,  
In log dwellings close to timber that threw  
Shadows where prairie grass abundant grew.

James Hart



STREETS AND ROADS

by

JOHN F. ANDERSON



## STREETS AND ROADS

By

John F. Anderson

Probably few realize that pavements in Bloomington, and probably in every other city, have seen a gradual development and change from one type to another in the constant effort to get the best and most serviceable.

The first attempt ever made to pull the streets "out of the mud" was in putting down a wooden pavement, called Nicholson block, named after the man who devised it. It was of cedar wood and was laid along in the '70's. It never proved satisfactory because of expansion and contraction making the surface bumpy; and sharp shod horses split the blocks.

Brick pavements date back to the days of Napoleon B. Heafer, a pioneer brick maker of the city, who laid the first experimental pavement with brick on the west side of the court house square in Bloomington. This was the second brick pave-



ment laid in the United States and the first west of the Allegheny mountains. Some town in West Virginia laid the first. Although the Heafer pavement was the best thing of its kind known at the period, yet later developments brought gradual changes and improvements.

Two courses of brick laid on a foundation of cinders was the next development. A sand cushion was put between the layers of brick. The brick were two-by-fours with one laid flat and the top layer on edge.

Then came the asphalt pavements. The first of these was laid under Mayor Thomas on East Monroe and South Center Streets. Other stretches followed in other parts of the city. It was expensive pavement and never proved satisfactory, for it broke up and cracked.

Bloomington was getting into the pavement business in earnest when the Poston block period arrived. The Poston block were big brick, three and one-half inches by four by eight and made of shale. These were laid on a foundation of concrete four inches thick. Between the brick, the filler was of concrete in the earlier pavements. This was considered necessary to prevent abrasion of the brick by horses' shoes and the iron tires of the vehicles in those days.

But concrete filler was later abandoned because of contraction and expansion and asphalt filler substituted. About that time the automobile was coming into use more and more, and the rubber tired vehicles did not threaten the pavement with wear and tear on the edges of the brick, therefore the asphalt filler was more desirable and it provided for expansion.



streets laid entirely with concrete material were the next development of the paving question. Concrete came into use, and the first concrete laid in the city was a sidewalk in front of 402 North Main Street. It was concrete with granite top. It was laid in the early 1900's and is still there in good condition. The first pavement was laid on Stewart Street, from Main to Wright Street and south on Wright Street to the city limits. The concrete base was four inches thick, then a sand cushion, and then the top course of two inches of cement mixed with granite chaff, or chipped granite. This was a durable type of pavement, and many of the ones first laid are still giving good satisfaction.

The business of laying pavements in Bloomington and many other cities of the state was affected by the coming of the hard roads built by the State of Illinois. The State conducted experiments to determine the best type of construction for its paved highways, and the cities learned some valuable lessons from the experience of the State highway department. Bloomington was the first city to make scientific tests as to the wearing qualities of the brick.

The very latest development in pavement types is that of the single course of heavy brick laid on a concrete foundation of four inches, which was later increased to five inches and finally in some cases to six inches. That was the accepted standard of pavements for the city at that time. Many streets in Bloomington have been paved many times since pavements were first adopted for the city. Bloomington is regarded as one of the best paved cities in Illinois of its size.



When the State first put in their highways, they did not put them through the cities or maintain them. A few cities objected to this as people along these streets had to pay for several pavements, as all pavements were paid for by special assessments against the abutting property owners. The State then changed the law and put their highways through instead of stopping at the city limits.

Concrete now seems to be the logical pavement, but black top has been taking its place in the last few years.

Public improvements also include sidewalks and bridges. There was a time when sidewalks and bridges were all wood. Sidewalks were two by fours laid on edge and boards nailed on top and were narrow and dangerous.

In the early '80's, the walks were made of brick. In the late '90's the ordinance was changed and any walks laid were of concrete.

The Board of Local Improvements had charge of all improvements, and a 20 inch water main, the reservoir, the Miller Park Pavilion, the motorization of the Fire Department, and all work costing over \$500.00 had to be done by the Board.

During the Commission form of government, two subways and one viaduct were built affording egress for the Fire Department instead of being held up by trains. The Fire Department was then motorized.

One of the great improvements was the building of the dam and digging of the Miller Park Lake in 1897.

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This was compiled by John F. Anderson, who was born in Ireland in 1865. He came to America with his parents in 1877 and has since resided in Bloomington, Illinois. As a boy, he worked in Augustine's Nursery in Normal. Later he became a molder in the Bloomington Stove Foundry. In 1897, he was appointed Sanitary Officer of Bloomington. He was elected Superintendent of Streets in 1903, which made him a member of the Board of Local Improvements. He served in this office for five terms. After that he was elected City Commissioner and served in this capacity for 8 years. While in this office, he had charge of Streets and Public Improvements.

He is now a member of the County Board of Supervisors from the City of Bloomington.



I REMEMBER GROVE STREET

by

Wylie McGracken Dimmett



## I REMEMBER GROVE STREET

By

Wylie McCracken Dimmett

It seems to me that I have always known and loved Grove Street: as a child I thought it commenced at East Street and ended at Graff's Grocery, just west of the Harwood Lumber yard and the Illinois Central Depot.

Sometime ago when I was asked to write up Grove Street I replied that I would like very much to do so; then, I rashly said, "I know Grove Street like a book", but when I commenced to review the book I found many pages missing: it was then that I called upon my friends to join me in the search for the missing leaves. Their response was heart warming and spontaneous; the nicest thing about it was that one and all expressed a tender affection for the dear old street that had named itself.

Grove Street, perhaps more than any other street, is nearest to the city's earliest name - Blooming Grove. Fifty years ago when the Honorable James S. Ewing gave the city's anniversary address at the Coliseum, May 10, 1900, he described Bloomington, in part, as follows: "Bloomington in 1840 was a picture of 'Sweet Auburn', Try to think of it as it nestled in the sunshine on the border of the grove. Great oaks standing like mailed sentinels for the protection: elms, hackberry and linden, ash, hickory, maple and walnut trees".

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"And the prairie to the north of it, was more wonderful than the grove, waving and undulating like a sea in motion; an



endless landscape of grasses and flowers where the wild rose blossomed and the red deer wandered."

When the town of Bloomington was laid out, Front Street, very appropriately named, was the original street. It was the business center where all the stores were located in the early days.

The section of land just south of Front Street was in heavy timber; four of the giant oaks are still standing today—in 1950, one is on the Beck lot, two are on "The Oaks" and one is on the Buick-Yates lot.

When this particular strip, designated for residences, was opened up in all its leafy glory, the trees spoke for themselves and the grove became Grove Street, a lovely spot for homes of the new settlers in this virgin land.

Grove Street is still a residence street, although business has encroached rather alarmingly during the last few years.

The 100 block has always been given over to business, except in the very early days when a dwelling house (the home of Dr. Silas Hubbard and his wife) stood on the south-east corner of Main and Grove. It was in this house that their son, Elbert, a genius, was born in 1856.

At this time, Dr. Hubbard was one of the very few doctors in Bloomington but, soon afterward, hearing that more doctors were coming in and hearing also, rumors that Hudson was to be made the county seat, Dr. Hubbard loaded his household goods into a wagon and moved to Hudson.

A large brick building eventually took the place of the old Hubbard home and for many years was occupied by the Roush-Humphreys Wholesale Grocery Co. and later by Means Bros. and Gray, also Wholesale Grocers.

Due to the thought and efforts of Mr. E.M. Evans, one of our most civic minded citizens, a tablet was placed upon the building in commemoration of the birth-place of Elbert Hubbard. East Aurora, New York, may claim Elbert Hubbard, but he was born in Bloomington, Illinois and I am proud that a native son wrote "A Message to Garcia". Every school boy should be thoroughly familiar with it.

The building on the north-east corner of Main and Grove was occupied for years by W. A. Fishbeck who carried a complete line of Drugs, Paints and Oils, Perfumes, Toilet articles, etc. Young Doctor Albert W. Meyer had his office in the building in the early days of his practice.

I didn't care for the drug store but I was greatly interested in the J.L. Green Candy Store, a few doors to the north.



Long ago when I used to go up town with my mother we always came home by way of Green's candy store- and always stopped. I liked their little peaked chocolate creams best of all, but gum drops were a prime favorite those days.

The late Judge Louis FitzHenry ("Lew" in the "Days of Real Sport") lived at that time eight or nine blocks from the store but, he once said, that whenever he smelled candy cooking he lost no time in reaching the scene of action.

The Green candy business was wholesale as well as retail; shipping was done over the L.E. & W. (Lake Erie and Western) and the I.E. & W. (Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western)-- where are they now? Mr. Green, by the way, was the father of the famous La Van Brothers- Acrobats Extraordinary. There was an express office in that block but I do not know if it was the American or United States Express.

I must get back to Grove Street, stand on the corner by the Rogers Hotel and look around a bit - really it has not changed a great deal. To my left is the First Presbyterian Church; it is not the same building but it looks the same to me as it did years ago. To my right, at one time, was a dwelling house (I do not know who lived there). The house was removed and the J. F. Humphrey's Grocery Company erected a fine building on the site to house their stock of Wedding Ring and Wish Bone coffee, canned goods and supplies.

After the Humphreys Grocery Company moved to a closer shipping location, the building was remodelled, enlarged and converted into the fine Hotel Rogers. The old first M. E. Church building, minus the tall spire, still stands just across the street south of the Rogers Hotel. The spire, a thing of beauty, was struck by lightning about twenty years ago and safety, of course, demanded its removal.

I attended the funeral of Marie Litta from that church in 1883 and the funeral of her brother Don Von Elsner, from the same church in 1890. It seemed a cruel fate that death claimed these two fine young people in their twenties, and left their mother, sorely in need of their loving care, to mourn their loss.

Down the street, a block south, is the home of Mrs. Arthur Pillsbury and her daughter Frances. This house, built by Dr. William Hill (one of our earliest physicians) has been the family home for many years.

Through the rose hued glasses of youthful memory, I see standing in front of the house a canopied phaeton - yes, with fringe round the top - all a delicate cream color, and drawn by a milk white pony with pink nostrils, long tail and sweeping mane. Cinderella would gladly have exchanged her pumpkin



coach, and thrown in the prince to boot, for this beauteous equipage belonging to the young daughter of the house, in the horse and buggy days.

### THE LOG CABIN

The south-east corner of Grove and East Streets is, perhaps, the most famous corner in Bloomington.

James Allin, who platted the town, built a two room log cabin on the site in 1830 - one room was the family home, the other one a general store: both rooms were heated by fire-places from a huge chimney in the center of the cabin. This cabin passed through many phases and served various purposes. The first session of the McLean County Circuit Court was held here in 1831.

Sometime after that, General Gridley bought the property of Mr. Allin and improved it by adding a second story, and weather boarding the entire building. He later sold the place to Mr. William H. Holmes, an Eastern lawyer, who came to Bloomington in 1848. Mr. Holmes and his family lived in the cabin until the house he was building next door east was ready for occupancy.

Dr. Stipp was the next owner and the place was known for years as the "Dr. Stipp house".

This was moved off the lot in 1922 and its place was taken by the beautiful McBarnes Memorial Building, a gift to McLean County, in honor of her soldiers, from Mr. and Mrs. John McBarnes of Holder. A truly magnificent gift to the people of McLean County - and a glorious passing for the little old log cabin that had so well served man for nearly one hundred years. I wonder if there is a picture, or a sketch of a cabin, in the lobby of the McBarnes Building; there may be but, if not, it would be a fine thing if one of our Bloomington artists would see that there is one, with snow drifted high about it, as in the winter of the deep snow - and with smoke curling out of the great chimney.

There weren't any cameras or photographers in Bloomington in those days or we might have some rare pictures to display on our centennial anniversary.

The McLean County Historical Society occupies the southwest corner of the building on the first floor. I wish to thank Mrs. Inez Dunn, librarian of the Society, for the valuable help she has given me in the preparation of this article.

### NEW HOMES

Along about 1853 well to do citizens commenced to build fine homes for their families: perhaps they would not be considered fine today - they did not have insulation, city heat, multiple



baths, electric buttons to push for almost every known want, from illumination to bed coverings - but they were commodious, well built of good material, and many of them have withstood the wreck of time.

Bloomington soon became quite fashionable: one of the signs being name plates on the front doors of residences; some were plain and could be easily read - others were very ornate with English lettering and fancy borders. I thought they were very elegant and I wish that I had the one marked "William Dimmett".

The brick house at 611 East Taylor Street, built in the early fifties, was the Dimmett home for many years. Six of their seven daughters were married in the beautiful white enamelled parlor - the first wedding being that of Amanda to Professor Hugo Von Elsner, who had given all of them lessons on the wonderful Boardman and Gray piano (one of the first to be brought to Bloomington).

The seventh and youngest daughter, Sue, eloped with a young Englishman, Harry W. Grantley, but was soon forgiven and a house built for her on the home grounds - the only house, beside the family home, in the block for many years - now it is all built up.

The most remarkable thing about the Dimmett home, I think, is that death never entered the home until the death of the father in 1879, at the age of eighty-two, and not again, until the death of the mother, in 1890, at the same age - eighty-two years.

I am firmly convinced that I would have made a very poor preacher as it seems quite impossible for me to "stick" to my text. I must get back to Grove Street.

At last account, Dr. Stipp was living in the improved log cabin and Mr. W.H. Holmes in the house next door east. Through the efforts of Mr. Holmes, a street was cut through between the two places and was named "Albert" for Mr. Holmes' eldest son. This street, beginning at Grove, was a short one but, from Olive Street down to the Big Four tracks it was known, far and wide for years, as Albert Street Hill, a famous coasting place for the youth of Bloomington. There was plenty of snow, ice and sleet in those days to keep the hill in prime condition for many weeks.

There were four fine gentlemen living on Albert Street, who took it upon themselves to manage the Hill and safeguard the youngsters: Dr. T. J. Morrell, who lived at the south-east corner of Olive and Albert Streets was leader, and his able and willing assistants were Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson and Mr. James S. Ewing, who lived directly south of him, and Mr. Lewis B. Thomas who lived just across the street to the west.



They saw that sleds were not overcrowded, that there was fair play and a good time for all.

After a time Mr. Holmes decided he would like to live on North Main Street, so he built a fine house on that street, near Ridgewood Terrace, and planted two Japanese Ginkgo trees on the grounds.

Dr. Stipp bought the house at 209 East Grove Street and gave it to his daughter when she married Mr. William H. Hanna. They had two sons, George, who married Miss Ida Spence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Spence, and Claib, who married Miss Louise Weldon, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Weldon.

Mr. W.H. Hanna met a tragic death, being killed by a bolt of lightning during a heavy storm. After the death of Mrs. Hanna, the property was sold to Mr. William A. Gerken who, in turn, gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Paul F. Beich.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerken, and Mr. and Mrs. Beich, together with their sons, Otto and Albert, and Mrs. Gerken's sister, Miss Julia Stemm, had a happy home there for years until changes, of various kinds, lessened the family circle and the property again changed hands - this time being sold to the John A. Beck Company. The house was enlarged, remodelled and made into the beautiful John A. Beck Memorial Home.

On the north side of the street, just next to the church, is a home like looking house that has been there as long as I can remember. The name on the door plate (just assuming they had one) was "Luman Capen". Mr. Capen's daughter, Mrs. Hattie Allen, her son Louis and daughter Eugenia, also lived there.

The next name plate reads, "Colostin D. Myers". Fine people-- Judge and Mrs. Myers; I had always known them.

I am at the north-west corner of Grove and Prairie Streets now and I am going to cross the street to the south and go up on the Gridley sidewalk. I wonder if anyone else in Bloomington remembers the three or four steps from the street up to the walk at that particular point? The steps have been gone for many years but they were there when I was a very small girl; children then, as always, went out of their way to go up and down steps just as now, we go out of our way to avoid them.

The Gridley place ("The Oaks", as it is now called) was the show place of Bloomington for many years. The house, beautiful and commodious, was built of Milwaukee brick; the circling drives were broad and inviting - and the grounds, surrounded by an iron fence (in good condition today) were beautiful and ornamental, far beyond anything Bloomington had ever seen up to that time.



The glory of the garden was the fountain ( a very new thing ) and, scattered about the grounds were iron rabbits, deer and a very large and lifelike looking Newfoundland. I have heard there was once a live peacock strutting around, but I never saw it, so am uncertain.

Entertaining was on a lavish scale, usually for celebrities. Mrs. Gridley and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Gridley Bell, once gave a dinner in honor of General Tom Thumb. He was small for so pretentious an affair but, as his size was his letter of credit to fame, he carried his honors with ease and dignity- even when, at dinner, he sat upon Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in order to be level with the table.

P.J. Barnum had a most wonderful coach built for Tom Thumb, which was used in parades and for advertising. It was a glittering and gorgeous thing, with its red morocco upholstery, and would have filled the heart of any little girl or boy with bursting joy. I saw it at one time on the Dimmett Show ground and, years later, I saw a picture of it and read a nice piece about it in a child's magazine. The wealthy John R. McLean's of Cincinnati and Washington, D. C. had bought it for their young son, Ned.

After a time, "The Oaks" became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Humphreys and their young son Rogers. There was much entertaining but it was mostly of an informal nature.

One of the most notable entertainings in the home was that for Booker T. Washington, house guest of the Humphreys. A reception was given in his honor to which the colored people of Bloomington were invited.

I do not know whether Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys were presented with plaques, medals, or anything of the sort, for their social service work during World War I, or not, but they should have received several for their generous contribution to that particular branch.

Their house and grounds were open to all organizations for war projects - Bazaars, Fairs, Dances, etc. There were no "Keep off the Grass", "Do not Handle this", or "Keep Out" signs about; everybody was welcome, everybody had a good time, and a lot of money was made for a grand cause.

A few years ago a fine modern apartment was erected on the grounds by Mr. Fred Hitch. It was at first thought that the old Gridley mansion would have to be removed to make way for the new structure but, fortunately, that was unnecessary. Mrs. Howard Humphreys ("Clara" to her countless friends) has an apartment in the old home.

Mrs. Pearl Hitch, widow of Fred Hitch, is owner of the property and also makes her home here.



My next stop is to be at the A.B. Funk home at 307 East Grove but alas! the automobile industries now claim number 307 for their own. The only familiar thing I see is the great oak tree standing guard near the entrance. I miss the homey old red brick house with its mansard slate roof and dormer windows. It was built early in the seventies by Dr. Stephen Wood Noble.

His health failed soon after the house was built and he lived but a short time. His widow, left with a young daughter, Mary, in her teens, and a baby girl, Nellie, born after the father's death, found the house too large and too lonely so decided to sell it and buy a smaller place. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Funk had just returned from an extended honeymoon trip to Europe and (in Mrs. Funk's own words) her husband came home one day and said, "Jo, how would you like to buy the Doc Noble house?" So they bought it, moved in and had a happy home for themselves and their children; Lyle and Hazel. Sorrow and trouble passed them by for many, many years.

The property on the north side of the 300 block on East Grove, long ago gave way entirely to the automobile industry and its follower - a filling station. A fine brick house was once built on that site by Dr. Barnes (an early physician) and was occupied by the doctor and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Harmer H. Green and their daughter, Maurine. Mr. Green was the well known druggist and Mrs. Green was the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Barnes.

The changes in the four hundred block have been so few and so gradual that they are scarcely noticeable. The houses have been well and affectionately cared for; the porches have not been removed nor have windows been changed in size or location, nor have the yards been disturbed - they are still large, grassy and inviting.

Eddie Guest, the poet of the people, says, "It takes a heap of livin' to make a house a home!" Perhaps that is the secret of the old 400 block because these houses were built for homes many, many years ago.

Doctor D. O. Moore built the house on the south-east corner of Grove and Gridley streets, in the early seventies, for a family home. There were three sons and one daughter: William, the eldest son, died in young manhood; Dwight lives in California where he has lived for many years; Lincoln died in 1948 after a long illness and Edna, the youngest, lives in the house where she was born and makes a home, not only for herself, but for her friends and for the strangers within her gates.

I think this is the only piece of property in the block that has never changed title since Dr. Moore bought the land from William Evans, who had a land grant from the Government.



Dr. Moore was a fine physician and one of the kindest of men; his soothing presence in the sick room helped not only the patient, but anxious family as well. He answered calls, as did all doctors of those days, at all hours of day or night. One cold, stormy night he went miles into the country to care for a serious case and did not get home until morning: his wife, weary and worn with anxiety over him, said "You know you will never get one cent for this", "No", he replied, "I got something worth more than money; I got appreciation."

There weren't any telephones in those days. Telephones were not installed in Bloomington until in the early eighties, and they were not in general use until a number of years later.

In case of illness some one in the family had to go for the doctor; if one lived in the country that meant to hitch a team to a buggy or wagon and drive miles over dark, muddy roads. There weren't any fine hard roads throughout the country, no pavements in town, nor were there any electric lights. Bloomington was lighted with electric lights for the first time, December 1, 1885. Doctors and other people who had to drive at night would light a kerosene lantern and attach it, in some way, to the vehicle. That was some help but not very much. The automobile, with its wonderful headlights and its power would have been considered a miracle but an automobile could never have gotten through the mud. Drivers in olden times used to have to get out once in a while to scrape the mud off the horses hoofs and off the spokes of the wagon wheels.

Now I have never experienced any of these pioneer hardships but I have heard a good deal about them and I do remember when the mud on Grove Street was terrible! I have heard people say, in bad weather, that Grove Street was "A sea of mud" and I have lost more than one overshoe while crossing this beloved street.

There wasn't any pleasure driving in Bloomington, except in pleasant weather, until the streets were paved. All the fine carriages (and there were many, with beautifully matched teams) were built with double flanges to protect the ladies full and elegant skirts.

I am very much indebted to Mr. Stanley Wilhoit for the information he gave me concerning the paving on Grove Street. The first brick pavement was laid in 1888 and extended from Main to Robinson Street; this paving was resurfaced in 1902 and, in 1917, a new pavement was laid.

All of the marvelous inventions of the past sixty or seventy years have become very ordinary - once luxuries, they are now necessities.

The house at 407 East Grove was occupied for many years by Judge and Mrs. Lawrence Weldon, their son Lincoln and their daughter Louise, so it is second nature for me to call it the Weldon house.



Judge Weldon was a prominent jurist and, at one time, was Judge of the Court of Claims at Washington, D. C. He was a great admirer of Marie Litta, the singer. Mrs. Weldon once said that whenever they attended a Litta concert she had to hold on to his coat tails to keep him in his seat, he was so carried away by her beautiful voice.

When General Grant returned from his trip around the world - quite an event in those days (the late seventies), he stopped over in Bloomington for a day or so. He came in over the Illinois Central, was met by a great crowd of people and, escorted by the band, rode in state down Grove Street to the Weldon Home where he was entertained during his stay in Bloomington.

Mr. and Mrs. Deane Funk and Mr. Jacob Funk were living in the Weldon house for a few years previous to World War I. The spring of 1914 Mrs. Funk was practicing for a series of concerts with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and I shall never forget how beautifully she played the "Hungarian Rhapsody" - one of my very especial favorites.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Ahlenius have made their home at 407 for a good many years now and, while their own family has been diminished by marriage, they are fortunate to have grand-children, who spend some time with them every summer. The daughter, Miss Ruth Ahlenius, at home, is Principal of Irving School.

The house at 409 East Grove was built by Mr. Edward (Ned) O'Idley in the early eighties, when the Queen Anne style of architecture was all the rage. The property was sold about twenty years later to Mr. and Mrs. John Foster; not long after that there was a wedding in the house when their daughter Alice married Huber Light, a young lawyer. They made their home at 409 and it was there that their two children, Alice and Ivan were born.

No doubt of activity in the house with two children around, and this activity was increased by occasional visits from Margaret Illington, the actress (once known in Bloomington as Maud Light) sister of Huber Light. She was playing at one time in Chicago at Christmas time in "His House in Order" - one feature of the play was a gorgeous Christmas tree. It made her think longingly of home and of her brother's young children so, after the show closed Christmas eve, she took the train for Bloomington. The beautiful tree came down also, (in the express car) and was set up in the living room of her brother's home.

The Lights' have enjoyed entertaining some of Miss Illington's theatrical friends; Madame Nordica and John Drew, among them.

Margaret Illington, at one time, was Mrs. Daniel Frohman. She later married Major Bowes. Young Alice Light was a favorite and a welcome guest in their home in New York.



Changes came to the home in the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Foster - and in the very sudden death of Mr. Huber Light. The son, Ivan, became a lawyer and went to St. Louis to live. The daughter married Mr. Lee McTurnan and lived in New York until the outbreak of World War II.

Mr. McTurnan volunteered his services and his wife and their little son, Lee, came back to Bloomington to stay with her mother for the duration. Lee McTurnan served well and came home "Captain" McTurnan. They did not return to New York - Bloomington was far ahead of New York as a place to live!

The house at 421 used to be known as the Roush home (whole-sale grocer). Someone, older than I, told me that Mrs. Roush had the most beautiful red roses around the circular walks which, with the red, brick house, and black iron fence, long since removed, must have made a striking picture.

Mr. Roush had a fine barn on the back of the lot at Olive and McLean. He was fond of horses and was unfortunate in losing his life in a run away accident. There were three children; Frank, who married Mary Longstreth, daughter of the beloved Captain Longstreth; Ed, who married Minnie Steele and went to California to live, and Clara, who died in young womanhood. The Frank Roush's must have lived in the old home at sometime; one of the bay windows upstairs has the name, Mariam, cut with a diamond. Marian was their daughter's name.

I was away from Bloomington for twenty years. When I came back and moved into this neighborhood, Mr. and Mrs. Engle and their four daughters were living in the old Roush home. Never a dull moment; the porch was gay with music and laughter. One evening I heard them singing, "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean", and I marvelled that the serenade song of my girlhood was still a favorite, but when, a few years later, I heard my young son singing, "My Bonnie", I knew there were some songs that would never grow old.

The Engel girls - I always thought of them as "Little Women", because there were four of them and one of them was called "Beth" - married early. Grace married Will Rayburn and they have a daughter Jane (now Mrs. Harry Beale). Beth had a gay wedding in the fall of 1914 when she married Ben Danforth. I can almost hear the young crowd singing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", as the bridal pair rolled away.

The Danforth's had two daughters; Elizabeth, a lovely young girl, who passed away in her early teens after a short and seemingly slight illness. Mary Lenore, the younger daughter, is now Mrs. Jack King and lives in Madison, Wisconsin. She came to see me the last time she was home and brought her two children, two year old Scott and six months old Karen. Time certainly flies.

Esther Engle, the third daughter, is a business woman. Ruth, the youngest daughter, taught school in Cleveland, Ohio until



she met Mr. Louis Fernbach and became Mrs. Fernbach. They have a young daughter, Nancy.

Miss Anna Croskey who has lived in one of the apartments since 1917, has seen much of the world go by in that time. Her sister, Miss Mary Croskey, shared the pleasant apartment until her death in 1948. Miss Anna was Principal of Lincoln school for a long number of years until her retirement, a few years ago.

I think we shall have to persuade her sometime, to tell us of her experiences on the corner of Grove and Gridley Streets: how she saw the fine old trees, on all sides, cut down; saw the fine homes, to the south and west of her, leveled to the ground and replaced by business buildings; how she saw the trolley cars give way to the busses and the car rails removed after a time and how, last of all, she did not see the busses going by anymore - they passed by Gridley Street and turned on McLean.

Miss Mabel Holmes lives at 404 East Grove in a very nice house left to her by her aunt, Mrs. Sophia Hoysradt, who had inherited the property from her mother Mrs. Sarah Colvin. Miss Holmes, who was librarian in Benton Harbor, Michigan for quite a long time, is an active member of Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the D. A. R.

Miss Holmes told me two amusing stories concerning her father, Charles Holmes, who came to Bloomington with his parents, the W.H. Holmes, in 1848.

On May 3rd, 1853, a great and most important event took place - the first train ever to come into Bloomington (our Bloomington, Our Evergreen City) came in from La Salle over the Illinois Central Railroad! Imagine the excitement! Everybody was going out to see the train come in. Charles Holmes, seven years old was among them. He and other boys found choice front seats atop a rail fence and waited patiently. Suddenly there was a whistle!! loud, shrill, unearthly, unlike anything they had ever heard - and the little boys, scared to death, fell backward off the fence.

The other story, considerably later, I imagine, is about Charles Holmes going to a circus on the Dimmett Show ground, which was between Monroe(North Street, it used to be called) and Mulberry, and between Clinton Street and the Illinois Central tracks. Charles' mother gave him fifty cents and told him to bring home the change but he was so excited that he gave the man his fifty cents and hurried in with the crowd, forgetting all about "change" until he reached home.

Mr. Holmes was a fine "gentleman of the old school". He was a member of the G.A.R. and marched with them almost to his last days. Speaking to his daughter, shortly before his death, he said, "Well, here I am back on Grove Street, just where I started".



The house at 410 East Grove Street might well have been the inspiration for Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs".

"Somewhat back from the village street,  
Stands the old fashioned country seat,  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time piece says to all,  
Forever - never - never - Forever".

This was the family home for many years of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Wood. Mr. Wood was one of the early dry goods merchants in Bloomington and his store was located on the east side of the square, just about where the Biasi drug store is now.

There were six children in the family: three sons, James, John and "Dick" (who made quite a name for himself as writer and cartoonist in the St. Louis Post Dispatch). The daughters were Barbara, Jennie and Lucy (who passed away in early childhood).

Mrs. Wood, literally, "Kept the Home Fires Burning" long after her own family had left the old home. There was always a light in the "parlor" in the evenings, and the curtains to the long French windows would be drawn aside in cold weather, so that passersby could see the bright fire in the grate.

I attended the funeral of this dear lady about twenty-five years ago at the old home, "And in the hush that followed the prayer" I heard the deep, mellow tones of an old clock - it was startling and almost unbelievable; the clock was not a tall grandfather's clock but it was a very old clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Williams (the latter, a sister to Mrs. Wood) made their home at 410 East Grove Street for a number of years, prior to the death of Mrs. Wood, and were cheerful and kind companions during her last days. After her death they bought the property and have made it their home since that time.

It pleases me to think back to the time that we moved into this house, 418 East Grove, in September, 1913. There was a clematis vine in full bloom in the McCurdy yard, in the side just next to us; it was so close and so beautiful that we looked upon it as a welcome and as a good omen. Our family consisted of my mother, my sister Agnes, my young son Ed, and myself.

Mr. McCurdy was very genial; he made our acquaintance soon after we moved here by coming to our door with a basket of pears from their tree. I have often wished for Mr. McCurdy's help since I have been writing this article - he liked to reminisce, and I am sure he could have told me (and gladly) of every interesting thing that had ever happened on Grove Street.



Mrs. McCurdy came soon to call upon my mother, bringing with her our nice neighbor, Mrs. W. W. Hall of 420 East Grove, and the three ladies enjoyed one another's company "ever after".

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were the parents of Judge Homer Hall who had married Susie Foreman and lived on East Jefferson Street.

I think quite a number of different families have lived in this house in past years because, often, people come in and say, "Oh, I have had the best times in this house". Mrs. Madeline McCullough and Miss Mabel Holmes remember coming here to play with Mabel Spence. Walter Brand (who passed on a number of years ago) told me he used to have grand times with the Mowrer boys - they would go up in the attic and jump out the attic door - quite a jump it was, too.

Paul Scott Mowrer, who was born in this house in 1887, describes the house and neighborhood in his book, "House of Europe". Edgar Ansel Mowrer, the younger brother, was also born here.

The following lovely poem, "Years Afterward", which I quote, was written by Paul Mowrer, about this house at 418 East Grove Street:

#### YEARS AFTERWARD

Years afterward, I quit the early train  
In Illinois, and wraithlike through the dawn  
Went back to see the house where I was born.  
The woodshed, once my haughty tower in Spain,  
My Aladdin's cave, my far-west mountain chain;  
The old haw tree, my Sherwood; the deep lawn,  
My Arcady, my Seven Seas, were gone;  
With new garage, the house looked small and plain.  
How should he know, that vandal undiscerning  
Who laid the gravel drive and felled the tree,  
The desecration done to deeds of burning  
Boyish adventure brave, by land and sea?  
New times, new ways, new faces. As for me,  
Let pass what may, I'll risk no more returning.

I am not so familiar with the five hundred block as I am with the block in which I have lived for twenty-seven years, but there are several of the houses that I have known all my life. Miss Opal Brewster's house at 506 is one of them. I knew it as the Kates house, but it had once belonged to Mr. John McMillan, a wholesale grocer, I believe, and father of Flora and Lizzie McMillan, two Bloomington belles of the early eighties. I do not know if the McMillan's lived in the house but they owned it and later sold it to a Mr. Coe, a fine gentleman, who piano lessons to a large number of pupils,



notwithstanding his blindness. After his death his widow sold the property to Mrs. M. E. Kates and liaved with the Kates family the remainder of her life. Mr. Kates (connected with the American Express office) passed away many years ago leaving his wife and four rather young children; Josephine, George, Mary and Charlotte. Mrs. Kates was Bloomington's first cateress and quite set the pace for fashionable parties.

Opal Brewster, a bright young business woman, who had lived with the Kates family for a number of years before Mrs. Kates' death, bought the house from the heirs and has it for her home.

I remember the Williver house next door. It was moved off the lot before Mr. and Mrs. Kleinau built their new house on the site.

The next house is the one occupied for many, many years by Judge and Mrs. Reuben Benjamin. Abraham Lincoln was their friend and he was often, and always, a welcome guest in their home.

My next stop is at the Merritt Apartments. My good friends Louise and Joe Greiser own them and live there. Louise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Merritt (deceased). Mrs. Merritt was, at one time, Miss Anna English, Principal of the Fourth ward school. About twenty-five years ago the "remainders" of the pupils who had attended the old Fourth ward, under her regime, surprised her on her birthday with a school reunion at the Y.W.C.A.

It was a grand success and reflected credit upon the ones who had planned and supervised all arrangements. I hope I haven't forgotten any of their names: Mrs. Cora Green Collins, Judge Louis FitzHenry, Judge Homer Hall, Mr. Harry C. Read, Mr. Dan Leary and Mr. John Stack. It was a fine tribute to a teacher, who, as one of the men said, was "strict but was always fair".

For many years there was a house on the south side of the five hundred block that fascinated me. It was white, large and rambling, stood in the center of beautiful grounds and was known as the Conover Female Seminary. I think the aura surrounding it was probably due to the stories my mother told me in childhood. One of them stands out as vividly in my mind today as though I were actually looking at it. The time is Civil war days; the young soldiers are passing by and the pretty girls are trooping out to see them, (no holding them in class rooms when they heard the fife and drum), and, at the first glimpse of the girls, the lads call out, "Come kiss me for my mother".

Many soldiers passed along Grove Street to and from the Illinois Central R. R. Many were too young to know why they were going; none of them knew where they were going but all knew their country had called them.



After a time, Conover's Female Seminary (under the wise and kindly guidance of Robert and Harriet Hilts Conover) which had, for so long a time, been an important cultural factor in Bloomington, closed its doors.

In the late eighties the large house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rhoads, who moved here from Lafayette, Indiana with their son, Haidee, and daughter, Mary, the only one of the family now living.

I think this is a good place to speak of the Lamp Posts that were once so much a part of Bloomington. I don't imagine the light was very strong but, as we had never had anything brighter, we thought it was all right and very cityfied, I suppose. The Lamp Lighter started out early in the evening and, commencing at the outer most post, turned on the gas and lighted it with a match, stuck in a long stick he carried for the purpose.

About eleven o'clock he started out again to turn it off, beginning again at the outer most post, leaving the darkness behind him. I hope the last post was near the home of every Lamp Lighter. I hope that some of the old lamp posts are in museums, along with cigar store Indians and barber poles; they all had their place in bygone days.

Mr. Clint E. Miller has contributed the following incident:

In the early 1890's there were very few houses on East Grove Street from the Illinois Central railroad to the end of the street, the end was at the Fair Grounds, a short distance east of what is now Vale Street, most of this was pasture, especially on the south side of the street.

A retired farmer living at what is now the Northwest corner of Grove and Kreitzer Avenue, had several acres of pasture and kept a cow and some hogs. He hired a small boy who was living on South Evans Street to come to his place every evening and get one gallon of milk and deliver it to customers in the 400 block of Grove Street and the 400 block of Front Street. On Saturdays he had the boy deliver "smearcase" now called cottage cheese, to customers he had near town. For all of this the boy received 15¢ a week, which was at that time, a good price to a 12 year old boy, for that amount of work. Most of this boy's friends were envious of him for having such a good paying job and would take it away from him if they could. Every time the boy could get out in time he would milk the cow, hoping it would help him hold his job.

There was a man who had a herd of dairy cows in a pasture on the south side of Grove Street just east of the railroad and one evening when this boy was going out to milk the cow he saw a group of men in the pasture with the cows. Like a boy he went over to investigate. He found that one of the cows had fallen into the old well, hind feet first, and the men were setting



up a windless to pull the cow out. They offered the boy 5¢ to let them lower him into the well to put a rope from the windless over the cows horns. The cow was making a lot of noise, bawling, and the boy didn't want to go down the well. The men raised the price to 10¢ and one of them started to put the rope around the boy, under his arms, the next the boy knew he was being lowered into the well. The cow was bawling, and the boy crying and begging to be pulled up. The men just kept lowering him. He finally got the rope over the cows horns and was pulled up and paid his 10¢ but it didn't take the boy long to get away from there. The men finally got the cow out of the well, with the help of a windless and a very scared little boy, and the cow was not much the worse for wear.

In the very early days, but after Grove street was laid out, the people living southeast of town had to come through pastures and had several gates to open. The one at Grove Street was called the Allen gate. It was about the middle of the 400 block on the south side of the street.

The foregoing pages (with the exception of the experiences of Mr. Clint E. Miller, which he so kindly contributed) are some of my memories of the old Grove Street. I shall not attempt to describe the modern and beautiful Grove Street of today.



NORTH MAIN, A STREET OF HOMES

BY

ISABEL VANDERVORT HALLAM



## NORTH MAIN, A STREET OF HOMES

North Main Street meant a great deal to me, and because of the enchantment and potency of memory it still does; 805 was my mother's birthplace, and 1005 was the home of my childhood and youth.

North Main is no longer a street mainly of homes; business, apartments, and fraternity houses are found there too. Progress demands change; changes mar the beauty and alter the stately calm of an old residential street.

North Main has no schools and only one church--Holy Trinity--built some time in the seventies. The early schools and churches were placed one, two, or three blocks east or west, to be easily accessible for the north side residents. In my childhood almost everyone walked to church unless he lived at a great distance; however, on Sunday afternoons Father would hitch (or have the hired man hitch) Kitty, Nellie, Foxy, Duke, or Sweet Fern to the surrey--yes it did have fringe around the top--and take the family for a ride. Most children were not allowed to play or to ride bicycles on Sundays; movies were non-existent and would have been taboo for the Sabbath along with games and cards; Y.P.S.C.E. and B.Y.P.U. didn't meet until just before evening worship; therefore the children needed supervised entertainment. Miller Park was a favorite goal, interesting to all. Normal, too, was an easy and



pleasant destination at other times. (To go both directions would have overtaxed the horse and consumed too much time.)

After one crossed Division Street on the way to Normal, the pavement ended and mud might splash the red, rubber-tired wheels. The old, high-railed Sugar Creek bridge always swung, and creaked, and rumbled, scaring some of the younger children who feared the turbulent, swirling water. Crossing the C. and A. tracks was more thrilling then than going under the G.M. and O. today. There was no red light, just a Crossing Sign. Drivers then were supposed to know that trains ran on railroad tracks, and at corners they made their own decisions as to a left or a right turn. Often a train of wooden coaches would come lumbering along, the engine shrieking and belching forth black clouds of sooty smoke; some horses would rear, or back, or plunge, but most family nags were immune to the chortling monster. After they had circled the campus, the homeward route might be Fell Avenue; at that time Garrison Street was the name of the Bloomington end of the avenue.

If one had no horse and needed to go to Normal, he could take the Normal Street car. This line was allowed to trespass the sacredness of residential Main Street past the 800 block; then it turned east on Walnut for three blocks to continue its northward journey on Park Street. The bobby, boxy, Belt Line car also turned on Walnut and proceeded to Clinton Street, not Boulevard.



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As I think of these old street cars, I recall the early "trolley" parties. The North Main porch-sitters on summer evenings could often hear the laughing, singing, and tinkling mandolins of these care-free youths as the trolley proceeded up and back on the Center Street line as part of the evening's ride.

In my childhood people were naive enough to prophesy that Center Street would never be highly desirable because of the barns of the Main Street homes which "punctuated" each block at intervals; for barns were "smelly."

Children of today who have no barns with hay-mows are missing a lot of fun. In those hay-lofts we were often surprised and delighted to find new kittens. Such houses and tunnels as we could build in those well-filled mows; how we loved to dump hay down the chutes and to leap down into a well-filled manger; sometimes we had difficulty in getting out and were forbidden this precarious sport.

Another favorite playground was the swing or croquet set in the front yard. From these vantage points we had fun waving to drivers of the phaetons, buggies, surreys, traps, pony-carts, or even drays. Then too there were many pedestrians; many business and professional men there walked to work and had many pleasant chats with fellow-"walkers" or with friends in yards or on porches. In this way we children came to recognize and know the adults of the town. I can well remember watching these men going home to



dinner about twelve and greeting them as they passed by--people weren't so hurried then: Erskine Hamilton, Robbie Williams, Henry Wagner, Dr. Guthrie, B.S. Green, B.F. Funk, Henry Clarke, B.F. and E.D. Harber, Robert Thompson, and John F. Anderson. Of this roster only Mr. Anderson is left to live on Main Street.

Most of the blocks on the east side of Main have alleys; those alleys were socializing agencies, for as we helped hitch or unhitch Nancy there or assisted in washing the buggy, we became acquainted with our East Street neighbors, children and adults and horses. I can well remember Arch Van Leer grooming Guy Mannering and J.A. Miller's old Doc and Niergarth's Nettie. Those alleys, however, were not altogether charming, for in my very early days we "scraped" the garbage from the pail over the back fence, where it lay to the delectation of flies, dogs, and hungry cats until the wagon came and scooped it up.

Another unsanitary practice of early days was the method of milk delivery. Early each morning after milking his cows, the milkman would drive down the street ringing his bell. From off the side porch of each house would come hastening the "hired girl" or a child with a crock or a pitcher; the milkman would ladle a pint or quart into a measure and pour it foaming into the receptacle brought from the house.

It seems to me that very few children live today on Main Street; at least they aren't playing in the yards or on porches;



in the days of my childhood and youth, this was a children's paradise; almost every house would emit a child or two or three every evening to congregate to play hide-and-seek or run-sheep-run. Those children would look very odd today. As girls had never heard of slacks, they were confined more or less to perpendicular sports. They wore rather long and modest skirts over many ruffled petticoats and often a bonnet or sailor to protect their complexions; brown, tanned skin was decidedly not the mode.

Little boys wore "waists" or "blouses" with ruffled sailor collars. Boys under fourteen wore knee-pants and long, ribbed, black cotton stockings. Girls' hose were also black cotton. No child of either sex would have dreamed of letting a shirt tail hang out in the manner of today's college and high school youth. In winter the entire family wore "underwear," the long-sleeved, long-legged kind; a Monday's wash line was an amusing sight as it billowed and inflated in the breeze; however, this was the only place it was ever displayed; it had not then found its place in store windows.

Our vocabulary too was quaint; traffic referred to something relative to business done by a railroad; park was not a verb, but referred to either Miller or Franklin. Gas was something used in place of lamps. A flat was not a punctured tire but an apartment. A car was something running on a track. Company was a guest, not a corporation.



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The homes were as different from those of today as was the vocabulary. Almost all houses were two or three stories high; they usually had three porches, a front, a side, and a back, none of which were ever screened. The finest houses had porte cocheres. Few houses had awnings; grade entrances, and sun-parlors had not been heard of; Venetian blinds were "slat curtains" and used only in public buildings. Standard equipment for most homes was a fence, two hitching posts, and a horse block at the curb. Inside, the modern "living-room" was absent; in its place were a parlor and a "sitting room." Today a real parlor to be used only for company is as extinct as a dodo.

The houses built in the 50's and 60's were plain, square, and box-like; those of the 70's and 80's were ornate and decorated with grill work and curlicues on porches, around windows, and sometimes on towers. The architecture of the 90's favored towers, cupolas, bay-windows, and "swells" with lovely, curved, plate-glass windows. After 1900 houses became plainer, neater, more practical. Near the turn of the century picket fences had begun to disappear; in the transition period people desiring a modicum of protection and privacy used gas-pipe fences, but later threw discretion to the winds and left their yards open to the sidewalk and the public.

Just as the outside of the houses contrasted greatly with ours today, so the life within the houses differed from ours.

Housework for women was vastly more onerous; most well-to-do families kept a servant--then called a hired girl in place of our modern maid. Help was easier to get then; still I believe few housekeepers would like to return to the "good old days." Practically nothing was sent to laundries except men's shirts; there was no commercial dry-cleaning. All entertaining was done at home, often with the help of a cateress. In fact a home was the place in which to eat, to bake, to wash and iron, to can fruit, to entertain, to have one's clothes made by a dressmaker, to spend many of one's days and most of one's nights, to be born, and finally to die and have one's funeral.

The residential part of North Main began at the 700 block and continued to the city limits; there were just two exceptions; at University where today we find the gateway to the Wesleyan was Roediger's grocery. "Cash paid for country produce" read the sign on their canvas awning. At Empire Street was a store-building sometimes rented--sometimes empty where the Theta Chi house now stands.

People who whiz along today's busy Main Street can scarcely realize or visualize the beauty of the old North Main nor the friendly sociability and neighborly leisure of bygone days.

I should like to take a walk with you from Locust to Division, but as we can't do this, I'll reminisce on paper. Here at 801 was the Wesleyan's first fraternity house, Tan Kappa Epsilon,



founded early in the 1900's. Their present house is at 1308, in a brick house with beautiful massive white columns, built in 1896 by E.D. Harber.

Many other lovely, stately old houses have been preserved and beautified as homes for college youth, retaining much of their former charm and prestige. The Alpha Gamma Delta house at 1409 was built in 1869 by R.E. Williams, away out on the outskirts but close to the Wesleyan. About 1908 this house was remodeled by Senator John A. Sterling for a home. After his death Ralph M. Green bought it and lived there until he sold it to the Alpha Gamma Deltas. The Kappa Kappa Gamma's house at 1401 was built by Mrs. Alfred Sample to replace the old Reeves homestead. The Kappa Delta's modern house at 1105 was built by Ed Cole but later owned by B.F. Hiltabrand. In my childhood a square, gray brick house there was the home of Dr. Cole. At 1102 is the Sigma Chi house built about 1895 by B.S. Green. Kemp Hall, the 'first girls' territory, at 1207 was once the palatial home of A.E. DeMange, which replaced a frame house once owned by W.E. Patterson, then owner of the street car system.

Two other lovely homes of yesteryear were those of General Delulta and J.T. Snell. The former, built at 1308<sup>W. Main</sup> soon after the Civil War, stately and dignified with simplicity of line, had a sturdy iron fence. Laura's pony and cart were a joy to North Main children as was Harry Snell's next door. The Snell home,

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built about 1890, occupied the entire 1200 block and was the show-place of the city, with its beautiful curved plate glass windows, stone railings, stone porches, and attractive porte cochere.

The old home of Asa Moore, whose mules used to pull the cars of the early street railway, was a long, low gray brick house just south of the Williams-Sterling-Green-Alpha Gam house. Later State Senator George Stubblefield lived there; now the modern homes of Ridgewood Terrace occupy this space. Another attractive home in this block was the beautiful, well-kept, white-trimmed, dark shingle house of Dr. H.C. Hubbard; this still stands at 1416.

But many--if not most--of these addresses today carry other names; however, to me the funeral home at 914 is still George Agle's; the one at 1104 is Dr. Guthrie's, the home of my girlhood friend, Bernadine; W.L. Evans's "new" house is another Wesleyan's centers. The grocery at 1108 is where Ivory Pike once lived and later the J.J. Morrissey home; the clinic at 1006 with its lovely iron fence, massive gate, and stone corner pillars replaces the lovely square white frame house where Mrs. Ben Funk went as a bride in 1865. I just wish I could remember for you all the things she used to tell me about the early North Main Street.

The filling station at 1004 is where Kesslers lived; at

715 was Isaac Livingston's home; 901 was the old home of the Millers and later of the E.P. Sloans.

A few houses look very much as they always did: Klenm's at 806, Beath's at 810, Gratz's at 903, Cantz's at 905, DeMotte's at 902, Dr. Marsh's at 906, Humes's at 908, Mrs. Carmichael's at 910, Dobson's at 912, Moore's at 1003, Wagner's at 1011, and my old home at 1005. During the twenty-five or thirty years I lived there, thirteen physicians lived on our street; today I can find only one doctor's residence listed in the phone book.

In bygone days doctors' houses always carried their "shingles"; for years my father kept his sign lighted at night; today as no one "goes after" the doctor, there is little need to know where they live; telephones have greatly changed our customs and habits.

713 was the birthplace of Elizabeth Hayes, who later as Mrs. Carr spent all the ninety years of her life in that one block. The house still stands but has "had its face lifted" so well that no one would guess its age. About the same time--in the late fifties, houses were built at 805 and 807 by John Morehouse and Mr. Maxwell, respectively. In their places now stands a modern hospital, replacing the Kelso Sanitarium started in the nineties.

Some of the houses which still remind me of my bygone youth still carry on the tradition of happy homes although many former members of the family are absent. Some lucky people still live



in their long-time homes on "our favorite street:" Charlotte Probascio, Bessie Carr, Julius Klemm, Harry and Arthur Humes, Nellie Moore, A.T. Fagerburg, Mrs. A.W. Anderson, (and John F. Anderson;) if I've either added or omitted anybody, I apologize.

If any of you want to refresh your fond but dimming memories or to verify any of my statements, go to the library and look on the shelf for a book, Illustrated Bloomington and Normal (977.359) published in 1896 by Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Company. If you find it, I'm sure you can have a very pleasant evening laughing--and maybe even weeping a little--over the old houses, queer styles, and old friends of "away back when."

I was born in Tonica, Illinois, daughter of Hattie Morehouse and Franklin Cady Vandervort; when a year old I moved to Bloomington and in 1891 to 1005 N. Main with parents and sister Marion. Later my brother, Franklin Jr., was born there. We three went to Franklin School, starting in the old building where our mother attended. Here I <sup>first</sup> saw my future husband, Locker Hallam, as he slid down the banisters to the disgust of Miss Sallie Porter. I was in the first class graduated from the "new" Franklin School.

My later education was at Bloomington High School, Southern Illinois Normal, University of Illinois, Illinois State Normal, and Teachers College, Columbia University. Most of my life has been spent teaching in four states: Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Florida.

I have been a member of the Second Presbyterian Church for over forty years. My great-grandfather, Stephen Pierson Morehouse, one of the charter members, came to Bloomington in the early fifties.

I am again a resident of McLean County after many years of wandering and probably shall remain here, even later having my permanent address in the Bloomington cemetery, which is not a bad place, even if not on Main Street.



EAST WASHINGTON STREET

by

Grace Cheney Wight  
(Mrs. John F. Wight)

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by

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One of the earliest recollections of my childhood, is of sitting on the floor of my mother's bed-room struggling to put on my overshoes. This task, always a major operation for a young child, was rendered the more difficult because I was cloaked and bonneted, ready to go out, and also much excited. I had been invited to go sleighing with my aunt, had forgotten my overshoes and been sent back to get them.

East Washington Street, where my parents lived in the 400 block, was a gay boulevard in the winter when the snow lay on the ground for a week or more at a time. In the early afternoon, it seemed that every one who owned a sleigh and kept a horse turned out to enjoy the sport. Up and down they went from Main Street to the Illinois Central tracks - up and down and back and forth, until the short winter afternoon waned and darkness fell. Those who drove fast horses competed with each other in races and the jingle of the sleigh bells added to the gaiety of the scene.

One season when the snow lay on the ground for an unusually long time, my father, who did not keep a horse in town in the winter, and did not own a sleigh, had a farm sled built and brought into town to take us sleighing. It was made of pine and unpainted and presented a very crude appearance compared to the sleek and natty "cutters" most people drove. He took my sister and me riding one after-



noon and in turning around at the end of the course near the Central, spilled us into a snow drift at the side of the road. As I remember, that was our first and only ride. I think the clumsy sled was sent back to the country from where it came.

Always prominent in the sleighing crowd and especially well turned out both as to horses and sleighs, were four Bloomington bachelors. They were Mr. Charles Blodgett, Mr. William N. Kreitzer, Mr. E. A. Aldrich and Mr. Will Keith.

Mr. Blodgett owned the greater part of the north side of the 800 block on East Washington Street, extending from Clinton Street to the Illinois Central tracks. There he had built a number of story and-a-half houses which still stand and laid in front of them a fine walk of stone slabs. Wooden walks were general in my early childhood, and many a penny, clutched in a chubby fist was lost down the cracks. In the days when the best walks were made of brick and wooden walks still lingered, Mr. Blodgett had good reason to be proud of his improvement. He was a dignified-looking man, who wore a long beard - sandy and somewhat streaked with gray. He could frequently be seen wending his steps toward his property and, no doubt, he took pleasure and pride in walking on the best walk in town.

Mr. Kreitzer was a member of the firm of Dewenter and Kreitzer and Kreitzer Avenue bears his name. He was a fine gentleman and for many years made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Hall on East Grove Street, the parents of Judge Homer Hall.

Mr. Aldrich can still be remembered by older Bloomingtonians. He was a well-to-do-land owner and an uncle of Mrs. Dr. Jarrett.

Mr. Keith was a pharmacist in the drugstore of Mr. Ira Lackey, on the south side of the square. He kept his horse in Dr. Crist's barn on Prairie Street opposite the double barn of Dr. Rogers and Dr. Elder, which they had built together and which still stands.

In the summer these bachelors drove their horses to fine "side-bar" buggies. Although they were undoubtedly "confirmed", they occasionally used to take the ladies out to drive in the evening, with the exception of Mr. Keith. He was a "lone wolf" and seemed to find solitary solace in his fine horse and driving equipment.

In the winter when a thaw set in and in the spring and summer, East Washington Street presented a very different aspect from the gay winter scene pictured. In my early childhood there was no pavement on the street and in periods of rainy weather our native Illinois mud was very much in evidence. East Washington Street was always a thoroughfare for it was a direct route from the Illinois Central Railroad at the east to the Chicago and Alton at the west. The word



"depot" was then in use and it was pronounced "dē'-po". The baggage and express wagons and public "hacks", carrying passengers for the trains, passed back and forth. When the street was muddy these vehicles were sometimes mired in the deep ruts. There was a particularly bad place at the crossing of Washington and Gridley where the drivers would occasionally get into difficulties. This furnished entertainment for children posted at the windows. The favorite driver of the public hacks was a negro named Ab Hawkins. He was known and beloved by all the community. When not on duty meeting trains, these hacks were used to convey people socially inclined to afternoon and evening parties.

In summer East Washington Street had still another facet. Since there were no hard roads in those days, an unexpected shower could quickly convert a country road into a muddy thoroughfare. Consequently the majority of people stayed close to town in the evening and drove up one street and down another. They were observed by all the stay-at-homes, sitting on their front porches, and the elegance of the equipages and the elaborate dresses of the ladies were duly noted.

During the dry spell in the summer there was one drawback to the pleasure of driving. Since there were no pavements, the streets became very dusty. Not until the city wells were sunk, providing city water, was it possible to have the streets sprinkled. Even then only the streets whose residents paid for the service were so favored. The city sprinklers were tall tanks mounted on wagon beds with a sprinkler at the rear. They would drive up one side of a street and down the other, laying the dust. With children, they vied in popularity with the old-fashioned ice-wagon, that in hot weather stopped at nearly every door. With the advent of city water and the installation of private hydrants, citizens were able to sprinkle the street in front of their residences. To play with the hose was one of the special delights of children of the early eighties and a drenched and bedrabbled lot they would become after running through the spray and turning the hose on one another on a hot summer day.

As I grew older, I became aware of the neighborhood in which we lived. My father's house was a small brick cottage on the north side of the 400 block on East Washington Street and on the east side of our two lots, which extended on the west to Gridley Street. East of us was a small cottage which was rented. I have heard my mother say that Dr. Dinsmore, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church for over twenty years, lived there for a short time when he first came to Bloomington. All the rest of the block to the east was the property of Mr. and Mrs. J.N. Ward, early residents of Bloomington. Mr. Ward was born in Connecticut but moved with his family to Oneida County, New York and came to Bloomington in 1838. Mrs. Ward was born in Madison



County, New York, came to Bloomington with her father, Mr. Tompkins, a prominent farmer west of town, in 1842, and two years later married Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward was a heavy-set man with dark eyes and hair. He was industrious, faithful and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow-men. He was a cabinet maker and had a furniture store over Read's Hardware store on Main Street, with a side entrance on Washington Street. He was especially kind to children. For some unknown reason, the children of that day were often afflicted with warts on their hands. Mr. Ward professed to have the ability to charm them away. As he would pass the house on his way down town, we would beg him to try his skill. With a few gentle passes over our hands he would invoke the charm and shortly they would disappear.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward were the parents of three sons and three daughters but by the time I had grown to childhood the sons had already left home and were engaged in the bookbinding business in Jacksonville. The daughters, Miss Mary, Miss Franc and Miss Nettie, all taught in our public schools. Miss Mary was principal for many years of the Sheridan school; Miss Franc taught until her retirement at the Fourth Ward; Miss Nettie married Mr. Luke Miller and after his death, studied art and taught that subject in the public schools of Chicago for a number of years.

Mrs. Ward was a woman of great capabilities. She was a fine nurse whose services were often volunteered to friends and neighbors in case of illness, in a day when professional help of that kind was almost non-existent. Since she had had so much experience in rearing a large family, my mother often consulted her in regard to her children's symptoms when they were ill. When we had colds and sore throats, Mrs. Ward would be sent for. She would soon arrive and with a truly professional manner, would place a spoon over our tongues and inspect our throats to see if any dreaded white patches, indicative of diphtheria, were present. The treatment prescribed was usually a piece of fat bacon tied about the throat with a flannel cloth. I can still remember the greasy unpleasantness of the medication. No doubt it was due to Mrs. Ward's advice that in times of infections we were sent to school with little bags of asafetida - than which, there was never anything more ill-smelling - tied around our necks under our dresses. Along with these afflictions, this was also the era of red flannel.

The Ward home was an old-fashioned square frame house with a porch across the front and west side, leading to the side door. The large grounds were inclosed after the custom of the day by a picket fence. Inside, all along the front fence was a wide bed of lilies-of-the-valley. So long as Mrs. Ward lived she never failed to send me a bunch of these lilies on my birthday which came in May, and I have always gratefully associated this flower with this good friend of my childhood and youth.



On the east of the Ward lot there was an old-fashioned garden laid out in beds and walks. Every spring there re-appeared such old-fashioned favorites as iris, columbine, bleeding heart, moss roses and the spice pink. In front of the house on the street lawn there were hard maple trees. In the fall the leaves rustled down and lay in drifts on the walk against the fence. Childish feet loved to shuffle through them on the way to and from school.

Mrs. Ward was a member of the Second Presbyterian church and she and her daughters were active in church work. Miss Mary played the piano at Sunday School and prayer meeting for many years. They also took a prominent part in promoting entertainments for the benefit of the Public Library which was first organized and maintained by a Library Association. The library was located in my childhood on the second floor of the B. F. Hoopes Wholesale House at the corner of Center and North Streets as it was then called. Mrs. Galliner, a sister of Mr. Hoopes was the librarian. The library rooms were sacred precincts, and strict discipline was maintained. We stepped softly over creaking floors and spoke in whispers.

One of the most notable entertainments ever given for the benefit of the library was a rendition of the famous Breach of Promise Suit of Bardell against Pickwick, which took place on Friday evening, April 25, 1873. The program, which I hold in my hand, contained the names of the most prominent lawyers of Bloomington; some of these names have become historic. Among them are those of our vice-president, A. E. Stevenson and two governors of the State, J. M. Hamilton and Joseph W. Fifer. The list of the jurymen is made up of notables; Lawrence Weldon, foreman; J. H. Rowell, J. W. Fifer, I. N. Phillips, I. J. Bloomfield, John McNulta, O. W. Aldrich, Hudson Burr and J. M. Hamilton. A. E. Stevenson was Mr. Justice Starleigh; E. M. Prince and Charles L. Capen were attorneys for the defence; R. E. Williams was one of the attorneys for the plaintiff. Mrs. Stephen Smith was Mrs. Bardell and R. H. Holder, Mr. Pickwick. Sam Weller was Charles Shackelford. A short play followed the trial called "Poor Pillicody". Mr. C. A. Hazenwinkle, later the celebrated actor, Charles Hazwin, was Mr. Pillicody; Mrs. Price Fell was Mrs. Pillicody; Mrs. W. K. Dodson was Mrs. O'Scuttle and Miss Manie Dodson was Sarah Blunt. The Dodson family were gifted with histrionic ability. In later years Mr. Melvin Dodson was one of the leading members of the Bloomington Dramatic Club.

Mrs. Allen Withers, who gave the lots to the city for the Public Library, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Ward's and her old-fashioned barouche, with a seat in front for the driver was often seen before Mrs. Ward's door. It was driven by her old hump-backed negro servant who had been a slave. He was always known as Henry Withers and when he died he was buried in the family lot in the Bloomington cemetery.



Occasionally, when Mrs. Withers would go away from home she would leave her pet parrot in Mrs. Ward's charge. Polly and I became great friends and one day she followed me, half walking and half flying, all the way down the block to my home. My mother did not share my fondness for Mrs. Withers' pet and once when Mrs. Ward was ill and she was "tidying-up" the living-room, Polly got in her way on the floor and she swept her out of the door onto the porch. Polly, unused to such treatment, was very much ruffled both as to feathers and temper.

Mrs. Withers was the center of a little coterie of southern ladies who were relatives and friends. They had all belonged to the old Dominion. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Martha Rice lived with her. Her husband's sister, Mrs. Dr. Conklin lived in Bloomington and spent her summers in the village of Mackinaw City, Michigan, where she had a cottage. At her death she left this cottage to her niece, Miss Nellie Withers who was a deaconess in the Episcopal church and is spending her last years in a home for deaconesses in the east.

When my grandmother, who was born in Kentucky, came to visit, my mother would sometimes invite these ladies, who were also Kentuckians, for lunch. I remember being present on such an occasion in my pre-school years. Mrs. Rice was my favorite among the ladies, perhaps because she was humorous. It was the era of lavender and old lace. I was fascinated by the piece of old lace she wore on her head, festooned with lavender ribbon. In the front she had cleverly sewed a diamond ring in such a way that the ring was concealed and only the diamond setting was visible. I remember something I once heard her say. It was the custom in the south to call all young ladies "Miss". They were "Miss Mattie", "Miss Molly" or "Miss Betty" as the case might be. The custom was continued even after marriage by friends. Mrs. Rice said that after she was married, if any one who had known her before called her "Mrs. Rice", she felt that she was not a favorite with this person.

Across the street from the Ward home, on the southwest corner of Washington and McLean Streets, stood the handsome, stone residence of Dr. Cyrenius Wakefield, the proprietor of the Wakefield Medicine Factory, whose famous "Blackberry Balsam" is still manufactured and sold. To the west of the house there was a well-kept lawn and a large fountain, which was a feature in the sixties and seventies of handsome grounds.

Next to Dr. Wakefield was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fleming. Mrs. Fleming was a niece of Dr. Wakefield's. This house was in later years purchased by Dr. Frank Dewenter who made it a family residence for a number of years.

The square brick house west of the Fleming home had been built by Elisha Wakefield, Mrs. Fleming's father. It was



occupied for a time by his daughter, Jessie, who married Mr. Frank Bateman, but after her removal from Bloomington it was rented property until it was torn down to make room for the three houses built by Mr. John and W. W. Stevenson in the early 90's.

At the time of my earliest recollection this house was occupied by Col. Richard Morgan and his family. Mrs. Morgan after a long illness died there and Col. Morgan later removed to Dwight, a village which he founded and named, where he lived until his death. Col. Morgan was a distinguished man; a soldier in the Civil War, a friend of Lincoln and a civil engineer whose plan for an elevated railroad in New York City came very near acceptance. When the Prince of Wales came to this country on a visit in 1860, Col. Morgan was his host on a hunting trip in the vicinity of Dwight. His son, Mr. Edward Morgan married Miss Lucy Orme, the daughter of Gen. Orme and he was the grandfather of Mrs. E. Mark Evans.

During their residence in Bloomington, the Morgan home was the scene of many elegant entertainments. It was there at an evening party that my mother first met Mrs. Matthew T. Scott after they had come here to live from Springfield. She described her as being very beautiful, dressed in violet silk which set off her golden hair. For a time, Miss Ella Rutzer, a niece of Mrs. Morgan's made her home with her. She was gay and fashionable and attracted that element in Bloomington society, which although it was a small town, was not inconsiderable. Their balls and parties were elaborate and caterers were sometimes imported from Chicago. The marriage of Miss Ella Rutzer to the son of Governor Beveridge was a notable affair and took place at the Morgan home.

When I was about eight years old, I learned with excited anticipation that a new little girl had moved into the brick house across the street. We both attended the Jefferson school, then located on the corner of Jefferson and Clayton streets, but were not in the same room. The first day the new, little girl entered school, she came home on Washington Street and I on Jefferson to McLean, and we met on the corner of McLean and Washington. We looked each other over; what I saw was a little girl with long auburn curls, hazel eyes and a slight scar on her upper lip. Each evidently approved of the other for we cemented, what was to prove to be a life-long friendship, by jumping under one rope to-gether, there on the corner.

This was my first meeting with Rachel Crothers. We soon became constant companions. When Dr. and Mrs. Crothers moved to East Washington Street with their family, Mrs. Crothers had just begun the study of medicine with her husband. She was a very busy woman and frequently went with the doctor to visit his patients. Rachel was allowed more freedom of action than was permitted to my sister and me, whose mother had no other vocation than that of housewife and mother. It was this freedom that Rachel enjoyed that



permitted her to develop her originality, unrestrained, and it was one source of her fascination for me, well regulated as I had always been.

The Crothers household was presided over by a good-natured Irish woman with a rich brogue, Ellen; - good natured that is, unless her patience was too sorely tried; as, for example, when one day Rachel took a crust of bread and danced down the bench in the cellar, along which the crocks of milk were ranged, skimming the cream with her crust as she went. Then Ellen scolded and Rachel danced before her singing "Little Nancy Etticoat, in a white petticoat with a red nose" and I stood by in silent awe and admiration, never in my whole life having dared to defy "the powers that be."

Dr. Crothers had formerly lived near the edge of town where he had large grounds and kept a cow. When he moved to east Washington Street he brought his cow with him and built a shed at the rear of his lot for her accommodation.

One of the exciting games that Rachel and I played was that of climbing on top of the shed and from that safe vantage point, baiting the cow until we had her worked up to the point of near frenzy. Then we were afraid to get down since we had to pass the cow to reach the house. Ellen had to be summoned to the rescue. She carried us, one by one, to safety, sputtering with wrath. History does not record whether the Crothers cow gave buttermilk after such ordeals.

Another favorite game was to dress up in Rachel's older sister's skirts, which came to the ground on us and play house in the barrels of ashes that were standing in a row against the back fence. It was before the days of regular collection of ashes and people stored them as best they could until spring when men were hired to cart them away. We played that we were visiting from barrel, to barrel, trailing her sister's skirts through the ashes. A coveted "house" was the feed-box for her father's horses on the other side of the fence, where, when the doctor came in from country visits, the horses could be fed without being unharnessed.

There was one respect at least, no doubt there were others, in which I was not a satisfying playmate for Rachel. It was in the game of paper dolls. I did not care for paper dolls. I was lacking in the imaginative quality which could infuse life into them and make them talk as if they were living beings. Rachel possessed this quality to a marked degree. It was perhaps the one, that more than any other, contributed to her later success as a playwright.

I did not care for "Cousin Mamie Cook", the paper doll player par excellence. (see sketch of Rachel Crothers in this series) I soon learned that when she was visiting Rachel I was non persona grata. It was a case of two is company,



three is a crowd. I retired to my castle across the street, there to console myself with other playmates until Cousin Mamie Cook left and I was again sought out.

Rachel's dramatic talent also began to develop at this early stage. She won my mother's warm praise by reciting for us one day, standing up in our little dining room, a piece she had learned to speak at school. It was "How Betty and I Killed the Bar". She was entirely self-taught but she gave to it all the life and action that old-time favorite required.

The Crothers family lived at 403 East Washington Street for perhaps two years when Mrs. Crothers went to Philadelphia to study medicine, taking Rachel with her. Our companionship was interrupted, but it was resumed again when the family returned to Bloomington later.

The remaining house in the 400 block which has not been described was the Fitzwilliam residence on the southeast corner of Washington and Gridley Streets. Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzwilliam came here from Bainbridge, Ohio some time in the 1870's. They had a large family, three sons and three daughters. They established the Fitzwilliam dry goods store at the present site of C. W. Klemms and for many years it was the leading dry goods store of Bloomington. Mr. Frank Fitzwilliam, the oldest son, was married when he came to Bloomington. His wife and Mrs. J. C. Coblenz were sisters. Mr. Frank Fitzwilliam's daughters, Anna and May and his sons, Will and Frank, were prominent in social circles as young people. The younger sons of Mr. William Fitzwilliam Sr., Will and Cary Fitzwilliam, married but died early in life. The daughters had romantic names - Romaine, Corinne and Rose. They were beautiful and gay and dressed elaborately. The watchful eyes of little children across the street could see them going and coming - driving with their mother in the summer or sleighing in the winter enveloped in handsome furs. Both Romaine and Corinne died in early womanhood. Miss Rose Fitzwilliam became the wife of Mr. George Funk the eldest of the "Funk Brothers". They lived at the Fitzwilliam home and after the death of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam it became known as the George Funk home. Soon there were children to watch from the windows across the street - an older brother Isaac, a little girl, Madeleine, with curly hair, now Mrs. William McCullough, and a very handsome little boy, Julius.

At a very early age, I was familiar with the residents of the 300 block for at the southwest corner of Washington and Gridley streets, lived my grandmother, Mrs. William Paist, my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Marmon and my cousin, Will Marmon. The home of my father's uncle, Mr. John Dawson, was at the other end of the block. The entire north side of the 300 block was owned by Dr. Rogers, who at the time of my earliest recollection was a retired physician.



He had married a widow with one daughter, who with her husband, Mr. Joahn Humphreys, and her two sons, Edward and Howard, made her home with Dr. and Mrs. Rogers in their commodious red brick house. Dr. Rogers had snow white hair and a long white beard. He took great pleasure in gardening. He had a well kept lawn which extended from Gridley to Prairie Street. There was an occasional clump of peonies, after the fashion of the day or a flower bed. These were later to be removed in favor of unbroken grassy lawns. The vegetable garden was to the rear on Gridley street.

His step-daughter, Mrs. Laura Humphreys, had great musical ability, and was one of the earliest promoters of musical culture in Bloomington. She also was the prime mover in the organization of the History and Art Club in 1879, which is still in existence. Her son, Mr. Ed Humphreys, inherited her musical talent. He was instrumental in organizing the "Orchestral Musical Union" in April, 1887, which was first conducted by Prof. Albert Beuter, who later resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Humphreys. The first concert given by this Union was in March, 1887, and a second was given in May, 1888. The solists were Mr. Frederick Hess of Chicago, violincello; Miss Manie Dodson, soprano; Mr. Reuben Clark, Ophicleide; Mr. Frank McKee, cornet; Mr. L. E. Hersey, violin and Mr. Walworth Marsh, violin. Mr. Will Darnbrough, who later broke the bank at Monte Carlo, was one of the second violins as were also, Harry Livingston and Sammy Livingston. Miss Emma Smith and Miss Sadie Thompson were among the first violins. Miss Florence Eddy played an oboe, Will Harwood a trumpet, and Miss May Johnson, later Mrs. Frank Capen, drums and cymbals. Since I was a pupil of Prof. Hersey at the time, I had the honor of belonging to the organization, without contributing to it any musician-ship whatever. Mr. Humphreys later conducted two spring festivals, importing prominent singers from Chicago to give concerts with the orchestra, after the manner of our present Philharmonic Society.

Dr. Crist lived on the northwest corner of Washington and Prairie streets.

Mrs. Morrison, a daughter of Mr. Byers, built what was formerly known as the Morrison Flats, on the site of her father's old home.

A large brick house, originally built by Gen. McCullough, the father of Miss Nannie McCullough who married Gen. Orme, was later replaced by the Bloomington Club. Gen. Orme built a house of the same plan on the corner of East and Locust Streets which was for many years the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan was the daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Orme. The Bloomington Club bought the property from Mr. John Pollock who had lived there for a number of years.

From the brick house to East Street were several small frame houses. They were all the property of Mrs. Allen Withers. My father and mother lived in one of them for a



short time after their marriage in 1860, before they bought their home in the 400 block.

Mr. Leland, an early editor of the Daily Leader, lived in one of these houses. He and his wife had an adopted daughter, Nettie Leland, who later became the wife of Lincoln Funk, the son of Duncan Funk. About two years ago, her grand-daughter married a distant cousin, the grand-son of Mrs. Lafayette Funk of Shirley. This property of Mrs. Wither's was later given by her to the city as the site of a public library.

On the northwest corner of Washington and East streets where the State Farm building now stands, was a livery stable operated by Carleton and Kerr. The property was owned by Abram Brokaw.

And so past the stairway leading to Mr. Ward's furniture store and to what was later known as "Eagle Block", on to Main Street where the merchant tailor establishment of Mr. E. C. Hyde was located at the corner of Washington and Main Streets. Mr. and Mrs. Hyde were prominent members of the Grace Methodist church. Mrs. Hyde was a charter member of the History and Art Club. They were the parents of one son, Charles, who married Miss Lucy Myers, a resident of Washington Street, and later principal of the Jefferson school.

The First National Bank building was located on the southeast corner of Washington and Main.

Old Washingtonian Hall stood on the southwest corner of Washington and East Streets. It had originally been a Methodist church. The lower part of the building was used for the offices of the Daily Leader, of which Mr. Leland was proprietor at one time and later Mr. George B. Wheeler. The late well-known citizen, Mr. Alonzo Dolan, first came to Bloomington with Mr. Wheeler from Maine and was associated with him in the publishing business.

In the early eighties, Mr. Matthew T. Scott and other leading democrats established the first Democratic newspaper in Bloomington. It was called the Daily Bulletin and a building was erected on the southeast corner of Washington and East streets to house the new venture. Mr. John Oberly was imported from Cairo to be the editor. Mr. and Mrs. Oberly had a most interesting family of six daughters. When Grover Cleveland was elected president of the United States, Mr. Oberly received the appointment of Indian Commissioner. The family removed to Washington and three sisters are still residing in that city.

The Harlan home was east of the Bulletin building and from that point on to Prairie Street was the property of Abram Brokaw. There stood his plain little red brick house and there he and his wife, who was an Ellsworth, lived



quietly and frugally while he built up a fortune manufacturing plows.

When I became of school age and went back and forth to the Jefferson school, I became familiar with the names of the residents in the blocks east of us.

Mr. Oscar Wakefield, son of Dr. Cyrenius Wakefield, lived in the middle of the 500 block on the east side of the street and the Wakefield Medicine Factory was located in a brick building at the corner of Washington and Evans Streets. The home of Dr. Orrin Waters was across the street on the southwest corner of Washington and Evans. Dr. Waters was the grandfather of Mrs. Walter Tenney.

The home of Mr. James Clark was west of Dr. Water's. His family were prominent and two daughters, Mrs. Guy McCurdy and Mrs. Harold Gardiner are still living in Bloomington.

Mr. Clint Richardson, a cigar manufacturer, lived in a cottage on the southeast corner of Washington and McLean Streets. He later built a large house on the same site which has recently been torn down to make way for the new Wesley Methodist church now in the process of building.

In the 600 block on the north side of the street the residents were; Mr. Hardesty, Mr. Clark, express agent and father of Mrs. Walter Brubaker and Mr. Bert Kitchell, a brother of Mrs. John Walton and Mrs. Charles Perrigo, who lived to old age and is remembered by many residents. The corner house at the northwest corner of Washington and Clayton Streets was the home of the Bunnell family. A slippery elm tree grew in their yard. The children attending the Jefferson school cultivated the Bunnell children and counted themselves especially favored to receive a piece of slippery elm from the hands of any one of them.

Mr. Philip Ryan who lived on the northeast corner of Washington and Clayton Streets was the proprietor of a hardware store on north Main Street. He had a family of five daughters. One of them became the wife of Mr. Frank Dewenter, one married Mr. Martin Brennan and the youngest daughter, Mrs. James P. Quinn, is still living in Bloomington.

In a small cottage which stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Clayton streets, Miss Mary Lamb, who had come from the east with her mother and brother, carried on a private school in her home for young children. Her face was sweet and serene but being a New England spinster, she had all the firmness necessary to conduct a successful school. Among her pupils were Lewis Stevenson, Clark Toms, Lettie Scott, Fanny Cheney, A. E. Waite, Charlie McBean and Fred Robinson. Since I was two years younger than my sister Fanny, I was never enrolled as a pupil at Miss Lamb's school, but I remember visiting it on one occasion. I ploughed through

what seemed to me a very deep snow, with a shiny oil-skin bag hung by a strap over my shoulder containing my first reader in which I was learning to read at home, a slate and a slate pencil. No doubt my visit was timed for recess when Miss Lamb always passed cookies to the pupils made by her saintly little white-haired mother. Miss Lamb later became the wife of Mr. H. M. Senseney, a prominent business man of Bloomington.

Mr. James H. McGregor, a contractor and brick manufacturer, lived in the middle of the 700 block on the south side of the street.

In the early eighties, Mr. Charles Robinson, a son of the pioneer merchant and banker, Mr. James Robinson, built a home in the 900 block.

Washington Street east of the Illinois Central tracks was not developed as a residential district until sometime in the early nineties, when Mr. Lyman Graham bought a large tract of land on the north side of the street, built a handsome residence and sold off the lots to his friends.

I have attempted to describe East Washington Street from the square to the Illinois Central tracks as I knew it when a child. The only old residents who are still living on the street, to my knowledge, are; Mrs. Omar Rawson, daughter of Mr. James H. McGregor, Mrs. William L. Moore, grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ward, Mrs. Harry N. Woods, grand-daughter of Dr. Cyrenius Wakefield, and the writer, Mrs. John F. Wight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan H. Cheney.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GRACE CHENEY WIGHT (MRS. JOHN F.)

I was born May 25, 1872, in a small brick cottage which stood on the lot at 404 East Washington street. When my father built the house on the corner of Washington and Gridley streets in the early eighties, I moved with the family to 402 East Washington.

On October 19, 1899, I was married to Mr. John F. Wight, an attorney. We began housekeeping in the cottage where I was born. In 1905, this cottage was replaced by the house which now stands on the lot and which has continued to be my home up to the present time.

I was educated at the Illinois State Normal University and graduated in the class of 1891. I am a member of the Second Presbyterian church, the History and Art Club and the League of Women Voters. In earlier years I was active in the Amateur Musical Club, and the League of Women Voters.

I have one daughter, Mrs. Rudd Fleming, of Chevy Chase, Maryland, and four grand-children, Jonathan, William, Mary and Joan Fleming.

## STEVENSONVILLE

Natives of Sweden built this settlement,  
The first comers who toiled in shop or mine;  
Their imbued home loving traits evident  
In cottages adorned with flower and vine;  
A fair complexioned, blonde and sturdy folk,  
In Selma Lagerlof's pages we meet;  
Dalecaria's dialect some of them spoke,  
And others had trodden a Stockholm street.

Retaining for homeland affection dear,  
The ocean crossed, a new life was begun;  
Industrious and frugal, they prospered here;  
Their staunch spokesman was Alec Erickson;  
Many have now passed on, some moved elsewhere,  
But still the names predominate out there.

James Hart



REFLECTIONS - NATIVE FLOWERS AND BIRDS

by

Mrs. George K. Foster

REFLECTIONS  
NATIVE FLOWERS AND BIRDS

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Our home was a fine old Colonial type house at 1215 East Washington Street, which was then at the edge of town. The house was situated in the midst of a large plot of ground which had been planted with fine fruits. The fruit trees had been shipped from abroad since nursery stock was not then raised in this country.

My parents, Arthur and Delia Bell added flower gardens and tended them with loving care; - And here I learned to appreciate the flowers, the birds and the trees.

My greatest pleasure in those days was to have father hitch the horse to the old surrey with the fringe around the top, mother would fill a big basket - with a most delicious salad and sandwiches - father would add a big coffee pot which was kept for this one purpose - a neighbor or two or maybe more might join us - we would climb into the surrey and off we would go for a picnic in the woods.

Usually we drove to Twin Grove west of town or to some of the beautiful timber land south of town. Always father found a stream near by and then he would try his luck at fishing.

After the picnic meal we would wander through the timber seeking out the wild flowers and if it was the spring time we would find the small white trillium, - blood root - dutchman's breeches, - jack-in-the pulpit, violets- blue and yellow - and on the cool moist banks of the stream the hepaticas grew- the dainty Rue Anemones grew under the trees and often the wood fern with them - the valerian or Jacobs latter would be budding - and buttercups - wild columbine - the wild geranium would be there but blooming a little later in the season - The birds foot violet was always interesting to find. And in the swampy places the jewel weed grew, also the swamp marigold. Then came the blue bells - whole hill sides blue with their dainty blossoms. and if by chance one found a pink or white blue bell his joy would be complete.



Once in a while one would find the Cardinal flower - showy clusters of brilliant red blossoms on tall stems which seem to attract the humming birds.

Solomans Seal would swing her dainty wand and wild roses bloomed along the road side. The Fall season would bring rich colors in the purple asters - golden rod - beds of yellow butter and eggs - little blue eyed hens and chickens growing in gay little crowds at the edge of the timber. The flowers of the mint family, - wild bergamot- bellwort - spider - wort - red lily and yellow lily - heartsease - the primroses - the lovely shooting star - the iron weed - blackeyed susan - prairie cone flower - bouncing bet and the may apple.

These are but a few of the native wild flowers and they are still to be found where there is timber land or prairie.

There are other memories of my childhood- holiday and anniversary parties - birthday cakes - Christmas trees with the decorations from Fields some of which I still have. My first party dress made of pink taffety - And the wonderous hair ribbons which all of the girls wore because they were the style. All of these are happy memories -- but the memories I like best are those of the exquisite flowers in my mothers garden & the birds; - the bird songs - a summer shower when we stood close together under a big tree for protection.

Time did not wait - houses were built beyond our home and we no longer lived at the edge of town.

I was sent to Friends (Quaker) School - Westtown - near Philadelphia and then to study Art.

And then I came home.

George K. Foster also returned to his home in Normal, he had finished his law at Michigan and was ready to start the practice of law - his father George J. Foster was in the nursery business in Normal.

George K. Foster and I were married and we came to our present home, 510 South Clayton Street about twenty years ago. We moved the day before Christmas - The Christmas turkey was served on my big drawing board and Margaret Robinson brought a delicious pie. It was all lots of fun.

Now it was Springtime and our lawn was suddenly abloom with Spring beauties - every nook and corner of the lawn is a garden - shimmering pink and white which glistens across the lawn for many weeks.



Three magnificent forest trees are here, a great burr oak spreads its branches out in vase like form eighty feet above the ground; An old citizen told us that Lincoln once made a speech under the shade of this great tree!

Our property is part of an area formally known as Blooming Grove - It was a plot of native timber land which was situated West from the Illinois Central to Main Street - and from the South as far North as Front Street and in this grove were many forest trees. In our yard are three original trees of Blooming Grove - the ground under these trees was moist and seemed to be the natural habitat for wild flowers-particularly the spring beauty. This is true of the area where our house stands.

We have added dwarf fruit trees along the border and George Foster has budded the individual fruit trees to different varieties of apples, Red Astrachan, Red and Gold Delicious, Wealthy and Duchess of Oldenberg.

The spring blossoms attract many birds; The Illinois birds are divided into three classes permanent, summer and migratory.

About the first migratory birds to arrive are the warblers in great numbers - They reach here in late April or early May - These tiny birds arrive as a general rule by the calendar and not by the thermometer.

Their coming usually coincides with the appearance of the great army of canker worms which threaten the young foliage; Warblers are small birds with gay quick movements; their coloring is most brilliant.

The red start belongs to the warbler family also the oven bird; a trim brown bird with streaked breast and a brilliant orange striped crown - his song is very loud-almost startling.

One of the most beloved birds among migratory birds is the white throated sparrow.

It is the sweetest singer of the sparrow species - there are few bird songs at once more characteristic and more appealing than the completed song of this sparrow. They spend much of their time on the ground where they scratch vigorously like juncos. Like many of the members of its family this sparrow is a great destroyer of weed seeds.

The summer birds seem to return to the same locality each season. The robins and cat birds will come to my window sill where I fed them raisins last summer also the grosbeaks will come to the window shelf where sun flower seed was kept last season.



The wrens will investigate the wren houses near the door. The thrush and brown thrashers will sing exquisite songs from the shrubbery.

The flicker will first knock upon wood and then give his strident call. The oriole will startle us with the brilliance of its colorings. -

This locality has many birds throughout the summer - They build their nests and raise their young. I have named but a few of them.

Some birds are here throughout the year: The chipping sparrow - blue jay that master jester - and the beautiful Kentucky cardinal - the cruel starling which has become so numerous.

The woodpeckers are a joy to have as they will become quite tame.

Birds native to our locality are protectors of our vegetation. Their feathered smartness and beautiful coloring are delightful to see. And who could ask for more exquisite music than the song of a bird.

### THOUGHTS IN CEMETERY

'Tis beautiful at this season of year,  
Out in Saint Mary's quiet burial ground;  
So well tended and kept does it appear,  
That Death is chastened amid peace profound;  
Above the blooming flowers and shrubberies,  
Neat headstones solemn tranquill aspect keep;  
In "old part" beneath aged surviving trees,  
Those of the early generation sleep.

Each surmounted with cross, tall monuments  
Erect or leaning, with a date and name;  
Whose faded inscriptions give evidence  
From County Clare or Limerick they came:  
A few slabs are fallen, weed overgrown,  
With no kindred, left forgotten, alone.

James Hart



## REMINISCENCES REGARDING BLOOMINGTON PARKS

by

William R. Bach

When I was a boy, I was very fond of the parks of Bloomington. I spent many hours of my childhood in the parks, and I have many fond memories of the parks of Bloomington. I have seen the parks grow from small, undeveloped areas to the large, beautiful parks of today.

The first park I remember was the park at the corner of the city of Bloomington. It was a small, undeveloped area, but it was the first park I had ever seen. I spent many hours in this park, and I have many fond memories of it. I have seen the park grow from a small, undeveloped area to a large, beautiful park.

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## REMINISCENCES REGARDING BLOOMINGTON PARKS

by

WILLIAM R. BACH

This article is supplemental to an article written by this writer at the time of the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the organization of the City of Bloomington and published in The volume of the McLean County Historical Society.

The writer was City Attorney of the City of Bloomington when the 3 mill tax for Park Purposes was adopted by the voters of the City. Mr. Oscar Wakefield, Mr. J. B. Stevenson and Mr. Lyman Graham were the members of the Park Board under appointment of Mayor Lewis B. Thomas.

Through the efforts of the Park Board, principally of Mr. Oscar Wakefield, and the full cooperation of the writer, who had charge of all the necessary legal matters in connection with the submission, the election was decided in favor of the tax. There was not one cent of expense of this election. All of the Polling places were donated by the respective owners. All of the Judges and Clerks of Election donated their services. There was no organized opposition to the tax. The writer knows of no legal objection ever having been made by any taxpayer to this tax.

While Franklin Park had already been dedicated for Park Purposes, and Miller Park had already been donated by the contributions of the citizens of Bloomington, little except the laying out of the roads in Miller Park had been done with these Parks. A monument had been erected in Franklin Park shortly after its dedication.

The Pavillion at Miller Park was built. To build such a fine structure, it was necessary to extend the time of its building over three municipal fiscal years. In later years the Animal



House was built. There were some who thought that a building devoted to flowers should have been built instead.

The first lake at Miller Park extended only to the South Line of the Park as it was then constructed. This lake was afterwards enlarged to its present extent. The Commissioners were at first the target of criticism for thinking that a lake could be constructed in Miller Park, but not for long, as the lake had just been completed when the rain descended in such volume as to fill it full immediately. The larger lake took longer to fill.

The construction of the dam for the larger lake was accomplished in a unique and interesting manner. Elmer Folsom was the then Assistant City Engineer, and W. P. Butler was his Superior. No contract for the construction of the dam was let. Capt. Foster was Superintendent of Streets. The work was done under the direction of these men. The writer was City Attorney and attended to all legal and financial details. This dam has never leaked. It has only a puddled clay core about 10 feet wide running its entire length. The teams hauling the materials to make the dam traversed this core and packed the core so no water could pass through. No one can estimate the amount of pleasure that this artificial lake has furnished.

This article would not be complete without a reference to Edward and Mary Bomgardner who cared for the management of the Park and took care of the bathing features of the Park, and saw that the animals were properly fed.

When we mention the animals there comes to the writer's mind the herd of elk that were kept in the Southeast Corner of the Park and a buffalo or two. Also Jim, the Lion, who was nursed and brought to maturity. Jim, who was named after Park Commissioner James Stevenson, was procured from a sectionhand living at Barnes Station on the branch line of the Illinois Central Railroad. He had escaped or fallen from one of the circus wagons which was being hauled on this railroad. The wheels of the car had cut off the tuft on the extreme end of his tail. When the Commissioners and the writer first beheld him he was penned up in a chicken coop. The sectionhand wanted \$30.00 for him. The legal question then arose - Could the possessor of this wild animal sell him and convey a good title. The writer was of opinion that whoever came into possession of an animal wild by nature had the title, and it was decided to take the lion cub. The circus never made any claim to him. Mrs. Bomgardner nursed him on a nursing bottle. He grew up to be one of the most perfectly formed lions in captivity --all but the end of his tail. The tuft never did grow again. In front of the Union Station in Washington, D.C. is a group of grown lions done in stone. Lorado Taft was their creator, and, amazing as it may seem, the model that the celebrated sculptor used to make the statuary in Washington, D.C. was none other than Jim -- "Believe it or Not."



Forest Park which joins Miller Park on the South and the Municipal Golf Links on the West, was acquired by the Park Commissioners some few years thereafter. At that time the writer was a member of the Park Board with Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Wakefield, taking the place of Mr. Lyman Graham. Mr. Graham was the Manager of the McLean County Coal Company. This Company furnished soft coal to the City. Mr. Graham was an honest man. Realizing that he would jeopardize his employer's coal contracts if he remained on the Park Board, he resigned his position on the Board.

Forest Park is used for a Trailer Park. It belonged originally to Meyer & Wochner, who also owned the present Highland Park Golf Links.

O'Neil Park was named after Daniel M. O'Neil, then one of the Aldermen from the Fifth Ward. Very little has ever been done to improve this Park. It was always been used as a playground. Occasionally it has helped to take care of Ringling's Circus when it comes to town.

Withers Park between the City Library and the Bloomington Club, was given as a playground. In its center has been constructed a fountain also sculptured by Lorado Taft. This fountain was given by Sarah E. Raymond in memory of John W. Trotter.

Another park was made from land on the East side of the Illinois Wesleyan University Campus. Originally it was a part of the right of way used for the railroad tracks of the Bloomington & Normal Street Railway System. When the rails were no longer used, the land became this park at the South End and a part of the Boulevard extending from Illinois Wesleyan University Campus on the South to Illinois State Normal University Campus on the North.

Highland Park, formerly the Brewery Grounds above referred to, became the property of the City in later years and is now the Municipal Golf Course operated by Officers of the City. In the Southeastern part of the City there is another Country Club and Golf Course.

Houghton's Lake was for many years a privately owned Park adjoining the City on the South. There was and now is an artificial lake on these grounds. This Park is now owned by Mr. George F. Mecherle and is operated for the employees of his Insurance Companies and their friends, and is equipped with almost every form of amusement-appliances.

There is no public park on the East Side of the City, but there came near being. When the old fairgrounds and race track were sold at public auction, the writer, on behalf of one of Bloomington's fine citizens and a group of others, was authorized to bid this land in for a public park. The price we were author-



ized to pay was below the amount that it sold for, and that was the end of that project.

A new School Building is soon to be erected on the East Side of the City. It is to be hoped that ample playground facilities will be afforded the children of the East Side of Bloomington.

The Bloomington Country Club grounds are partly within the City. This Club has an 18-hole Golf Course where the members and their children and guests are entertained.

Immediately West of these grounds is the Bloomington High School Recreation Field. There are several privately-owned baseball fields affording playgrounds for the boys and girls of the City. Illinois Wesleyan University maintains a large recreation field where all kinds of sports are had.

The writer very nearly failed to make mention of Fans' Field owned and operated by the McLean County Farm Bureau. Here are held the Annual 4-H Club Fair and Horse Shows. It is also used by Baseball Teams in the Boys' League. This has recently been enlarged so that there are 15 acres in the enterprise. In several neighborhoods in the City small playgrounds are maintained for the younger children.

Someday the writer expects to see the right of way of the Bloomington and Normal Sanitary District, where now flows the waters of Sugar Creek, adorned with shrubs and flowers and with a suitable driveway from Normal to the Sewage Disposal Plant Southwest of the City. Also, before it is too late, a park should be located between Route 66 and the East Corporate Limits of the City.

A number of years ago a group of Bloomington and Normal Citizens, including the writer, sought to establish a joint Township Park System. The writer is the only survivor of this group of men. By the use of thousands of dollars and misrepresentation, this project was defeated. Today, every project that was planned by this group, including the Lake Bloomington project in a smaller form, except one has been accomplished.

The Bloomington and Normal Sanitary District maintains a park about its main disposal plant that is most beautiful.

The writer is proud of Bloomington's Public Parks, with every one of which he has had personal connection except Franklin Park, which preceded him in point of time.

This article I give freely and without price to the Citizens of our fair City on its Centenary Anniversary.

WILLIAM R. BACH

FRANKLIN PARK

by

Florence Fifer Bohrer



## FRANKLIN PARK

by

Florence Fifer Bohrer

It has been my happy privilege to live in the neighborhood of Franklin Park for more than 70 years. I have seen the majestic elms and lovely maples grow from tiny saplings.

Situated north and east of the center of town the Park occupies two city squares. In 1856 this land was presented as a gift to the city by three prominent citizens, William H. Allen, William F. Flagg and David Davis. The Park was named Franklin in honor of Franklin Price who was Mayor of Bloomington at that time.

Although there were no trees on the land in 1856, the city two years later appropriated \$615 for the planting of 1542 young elms and maples.

My memory goes back to 1880 when a high board fence surrounded the Park and one was obliged to climb over a stile to gain entrance. The fence was of course necessary to keep out the cows and other live stock that roamed the city streets at will. Every

family kept a cow which was driven to pasture each morning and home again in the evening.

In 1866, by vote of the people of McLean County, a monument was built to commemorate the men who had lost their lives in the Union Army during the Civil War. This monument was dedicated in 1869 and was erected in the center of the Park. The base was of limestone above which rose a tall white marble shaft and on this shaft were carved the names of the honored dead.

Around the monument was a high picket iron fence, the purpose of this was no doubt to keep the children from playing hide and seek about the base of the monument.

Surrounding the monument and pointing directly toward it were four Civil War cannon, each mounted on its carriage. Adults may have thrilled with patriotic emotion at sight of these relics of a tragic war while the children found delight in climbing over them.

In 1900 a Spanish War cannon was added. A gift from Congress it was placed south of the monument where it stood until early in World War II, the government called for metal to mould into much needed armaments.

One summer night in 1914, a stroke of lightning shattered the Civil War monument. Several life sized marble figures fell to the ground and it was pronounced unsafe and not sufficiently strong to be reconstructed. At the request of the local G.A.R., the County Board of Supervisors voted to erect a new Civil War monument and place it at the entrance of Miller Park. It may be seen today as it stands in a commanding position in the larger Park. Parts of the original Franklin Park monument were gathered together and are now located near Norbloom Avenue in Normal.



The high board fence has long since been removed from Franklin Park, broad concrete sidewalks were laid and comfortable benches in the shade of the magnificent trees have made the little Park a place of rest and inspiration for the grownups and a happy playground for many generations of lively children.

MCLEAN COUNTY SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.

On the 17th of June <sup>1869</sup> a monument, consecrated to the memory of its "fallen but not forgotten" citizen soldiers of the Civil War and located in Franklin Park, was dedicated in the presence of an immense assemblage of the people of the county. The following poem, read on the occasion, was written by Dr. A.E. Stewart of Randolph.

O marble shaft, lift up your head  
Beneath this summer sky;  
The record of our patriot dead  
Hold up to every eye!

Hold proudly up in sun and rain  
The honored names of those  
Seven hundred sons of old McLean  
Whose fate your sculpture shows.

Tell how they rallied at her call  
When War's wild bugle blew  
That piercing blast, at Sumter's fall,  
That thrilled the country through.

Say how from shop and field they came,  
From anvil, plow and plane,  
From ease and wealth and friends and home,  
Her honor to maintain.

Remind us how, for weary years,  
They bore our banner high,  
Revived our hopes, dispelled our fears,  
And brought us victory!



How, as we watched their gallant course,  
Our bosoms thrilled with pride;  
For us they fought, for us they bled,  
For us, alas, they died.

Some died upon the battle-field,  
Struck down by shot and shell,  
At Shiloh, Vicksburg, Wilderness,  
Where not? Our heroes fell.

Of slow disease in hospitals,  
Some yielded up their breath;  
Some lived to reach their homes and friends,  
Then died--a blessed death!

And some the ocean swallowed up  
Beneath its angry waves;  
And some, from rebel prison-pens,  
Went down to nameless graves!

Some in the first fierce combat fell--  
The struggle just begun--  
And some, just as the nation's cheers  
Proclaimed the victory won.

All died as brave men love to die--  
Their faces toward the foe;  
No craven's name is sculptured there!  
Our rolls no traitor show!

Battling in Freedom's holy cause,  
Each patriot hero fell,  
And left us to posterity  
Their gallant deeds to tell.

O not to ancient Greece and Rome,  
Need we for heroes turn,  
Nor sound the praise of those who fell  
At Boyne or Bannockburn!

Our heroes were our brothers, sons,  
Our lives were twined with theirs,  
And private griefs are gathered round  
Each name that record bears.

O marble shaft! long may you lift  
Your sculptured story high;  
Long may your tapering beauty lure  
The passing stranger's eye.

Yet future years shall see you fall  
Despite your sacred trust;  
Your solid base and column strong  
Shall molder into dust.

Yet shall our heroes' honored names  
Still find a resting-place  
Where sun, nor rain, nor Time itself  
The record shall erase!

We ask no leaf from History's tome,  
We crave no sculptor's arts;  
With Memory's hand we've graven them  
On the altars of our hearts!



FRANKLIN PARK - 1869

Address - Hon. L. Weldon

FRANKLIN PARK---1869

Speech of Hon. L. Weldon at the Dedication  
of the Soldiers' Monument, June 17, 1869

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Grateful in our recollections, we have assembled to dedicate with appropriate ceremony this monument to the heroic dead. This silent yet impressive memorial admonishes us as to the sacrifices which have been made that freedom might live, that social and political order might be maintained, that the blessings of a free government might descend to our children. Standing as I do between the living and the dead, and remembering what the dead have done, and realizing what the living will do, I may be permitted to exclaim, 'The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places! Yea, we have a goodly heritage!' Connected with this day are historic associations which cheer the heart of the patriot, and endear to him the memory of that Revolutionary virtue which made Bunker Hill one of the brightest spots in the landscape of human liberty.

"How shall I speak to you today of the heroic past? Human imagination is too limited in the range of beauty, human genius too meager in the resources of its intelligence, to do justice to the memory of the men whose patriotic virtues are intended to be commemorated by this offering. They fell in the bloom of their youth, and in the vigor of their manhood; but as the poet has said:

"Whether on the gallows high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die  
Is where he dies for man."



"This cold and classic pile honors the dead. Its durability of form will carry down to coming generations the names and memories of these fearless champions of liberty. And while you and I have reared this solid granite, this noble and imposing structure, we can and may rear to their memory and to our glory a monument higher and nobler than can be built with quarried stone and chiseled marble. It may be well to say--

"On fame's eternal camping-ground  
There silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards in solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

"This is pure poetry--it is a thought worthy of the genius of American literature, and as a production of the head, it is unsurpassed in its resources of patriotic conception. But, my fellow-citizens, the heart of gratitude and the hand of substantial charity are to perform the crowning acts of patriotic benefaction. There are of the living camped around and about us, the orphan, unconscious, it may be, of its desolation; the widow in the helplessness of woe; the aged parent, the staff of whose declining years has been taken as a sacrifice--these call to us by the memory of fathers, husbands and sons, to be grateful to them as we enjoy the full fruition of liberty consecrated by the blood and preserved by the valor of their kindred.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The struggle in which these heroes have fallen has no parallel in the history of mankind. Its issues involve the destiny of free institutions throughout the world. It was not a contest between nation and nation to extend the area of their empire, or to settle by an appeal to arms some question of international differences, but it was the long delayed struggle between freedom and slavery, between popular institutions founded upon broad and liberal views of men's rights, and a circumscribed and selfish policy of caste and aristocracy. Philosophically understood, the war was inevitable. The great battles of history have decided the fate of empires. The maps, not only of our own country, but of all civilized lands, are made and unmade by the terrible art of war. Not only are limitations to territory established by the God of battles, but limitations to laws, customs and constitutions.

"Victor Hugo asks: Was it possible that Napoleon should win the battle? We answer. No. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No! Because of God. Waterloo is not a battle; it is a change of front of the universe. So, I inquire, was it possible that secession should win the battle? I answer, No. Why? Because of Lincoln? Because of Grant? No! Because of God. Lee's surrender was not the surrender of a battle; it was a change of front of the



universe.

"The cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night had become the guardian of freedom; the sea was passed; the world gazed upon the scene, and the Goddess of Liberty, moved by the ecstatic inspiration of Miriam, shouted, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"To such shrines as this, my fellow-citizens, you and I should often come to teach us the lesson of patriotic devotion and moral heroism, and to impress upon us our obligation to transmit to those who in their turn follow us, that liberty and those institutions of republican equality purchased and preserved by these sacrifices. The cheerfulness with which the American volunteer rushed to the rescue of imperiled freedom, is among the most gratifying indications of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The thundering of Sumter was heard in the crowded streets of the East, upon the broad prairies of the West, and reverberating onward, it fired up the patriotic heart of the bold adventurer on the shores of the Pacific, and, with one accord, there came from the cities, plains and mountains of our Northlands, an army of heroes, such as before was never marshaled by the proudest conqueror of ancient or modern times. It was a long, bloody and sometimes even a doubtful contest. 'It is an easy matter to be a patriot in the piping time of peace, in the sunny hour of prosperity.' But, when war, discord and rebellion present their horrid forms to strike the liberty of a hundred years, it is then that the patriot shines in his devotion to his country. It is then that he rises in the majestic sublimity of the great sacrifice which he is ready and willing to lay upon the altar of that country. Patriotism "is an enlargement, and exaltation of all the tenderest, strongest sympathies of kindred and home. In all centuries and climes, it has lived and has defied chains and dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewed the earth with monuments, and has shed undying luster on a thousand fields on which it has battled.' I have said, fellow-citizens, that the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. A little over four years since, the cloud of civil war hung heavily in the zenith and horizon of man's hope. It had rained drops of tears and blood. Today that cloud is dispelled, and the sun of our glory now beams with renewed brightness, and its rays will carry joy throughout the world whenever man is to be raised up to the dignity of his creation, and whenever tyranny is to be destroyed. This is not intended to commemorate a mere military encounter between hostile armies; it has a higher and nobler mission to perform. It speaks to us of individual and national suffering, of domestic privations, of weary marches, of sieges, camps, battle-fields and death; and rising



in the heroic form of the American volunteer, it is historic of the final and glorious triumph of constitutional liberty through the patriotic devotion of the citizen soldiery.

"The hurricane, as it sweeps from the mountain-top; the gentle zephyr, as it murmurs in the green valleys; the sun, as it rises to gladden the landscape; the blooming thunder of the cataract, proclaim, as the voice of God, the freedom and independence of our country. 'Fallen, but not forgotten.' No; so long as liberty is loved, as valor is admired, as purity and nobleness of purpose are cherished, as slavery is revolting and freedom is lovely and fascinating, it may be said of these heroes. 'Fallen, but not forgotten.' The county of McLean may be proud of the part it bore in wreathing around the brow of Illinois the chaplet of immortal and unfading glory. Our sons mingled in the strife from the Susquehanna to the Rio Grande, and have left upon the record of their country's history a fame that will last as long as liberty is loved and oppression hated. What citizen or son of McLean will fail to cherish with grateful recollection the memory of Col. McCullough, with his bold and defiant heroism; Col. Hogg, with his proud and chivalric bearing, worthy of a knight; Gen. Orme, with his brave and sagacious comprehension of duty--he who sought the field, not because he loved the clang of arms, but went forth to battle because he loved his country and her liberty better than his life. I refer to these names, not because I wish to draw a distinction between them and the rest of this immortal throng, but they happened to be my intimate and personal friends. I mean no disparagement to those who have distinguished themselves when I say that private soldier, above all others, is most worthy of our gratitude and respect. His devotion to his country is unalloyed; if he perishes in the deadly charge, his name is lost to the fame of written history--he lives only in the grateful recollection of his kindred and friends. \* \* \* This monument may crumble, its inscription may become obliterated, its stony foundation may be moved in the countless ages which are to follow; but, my fellow-citizens, the traditions of liberty, the lessons of patriotism, the splendid achievements of valor with which these men have impressed their age, will be felt in the preservation of freedom until time shall be no more.

"How many ages hence shall this  
Their lofty scene be acted o'er  
In States unborn, and by ancients yet  
unknown?"

"Mr. Webster, in the dedication of the monument at Bunker Hill, looking upon the imposing structure, as its bold summit pierced the clouds, said: 'A duty has been performed! A work of grandeur and patriotism has been completed.' So it may be said of this. Upon the cold marble are carved in letters of enduring praise the names of the dead soldiers, and to this record of honest fame the child can point as a legacy more precious than a patrimony of gold and silver. My



friends, there rests upon us a fearful responsibility. Into our hands for the time being, as the family of freedom, is intrusted the jewel of liberty. If we fail in our experiment of republican government, the hand upon the dial of time is set back at least a century. For the sake of the living, the memory of the dead, and that free institutions may be transmitted to our children, this temple of freedom, this form of national liberty, must be preserved. Let us be grateful in acts of charity and kindness to the soldier's orphan and widow; let us remember how the dead have suffered that the living, in their political development, might be the pride and ornament of history; let us cherish memorials like this as landmarks of freedom, union and liberty. With all its faults, the government for which these heroes have died is the best yet established in the history of the race.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The success of the Federal arms in the suppression of the rebellion cannot be over-estimated. The triumph of our adversaries would have been the death-knell of liberty throughout the world. The fair valley of the Mississippi, richer than the Land of Promise, when the sun stood in Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, would have become the common battle-field of warring States, nations and hostile people. The Flag of the Union--the flag whose glittering stars and bright folds had been gazed upon by Washington, as he led the soldiers of the Republic--would have been driven from every sea; national literature would have been destroyed; the cherished memories coming up from the battle-fields of the Revolution would have been forgotten; ruin and anarchy would have prevailed, and the rights of the people would have depended upon the caprice of some bold adventurer, whose empire of dominion would have been reared upon the broken fragments of our free institutions. But how different the result because of the patriotic death and final triumph of these heroes--'fallen but not forgotten.'

"My friends, I would be untrue to my conviction of duty, and, I believe, to your sense of justice and propriety, did I fail to refer to the great and good man who, through the fearful storm, guided our destiny as a people. The war for independence and national existence had its chieftain, who, in the resources of his grandness and greatness, was above and beyond all others; so, too, has the second war of independence given birth to a champion worthy of the praise of all history. If the civilization should sweep westward to new scenes of triumph beyond our own country--if old and now desolate fields should be renewed in their pristine beauty; if the fox should look out from the windows of the American capitol; if our glory shall live only in history, in poetry and song--yet, amid all this desolation, the patriot in every land, the statesman of progress and the lover of true liberty throughout the world, whether he be a 'castled lord or a cabined slave,'



will worship at the shrine of Abraham Lincoln. How splendid, how pure his character; how noble and yet how unostentatious in the performance of the great work which has made him one of the most resplendent of all the heroes of liberty. Let us indulge the hope that the citizens of our country, in time to come, will imitate the example which these soldiers have left in their lives and by their deaths; and that the character of Abraham Lincoln, in its outlines of moral, social and political development, may become the standard of American Statesmanship. While we bring our offerings to the memory of the dead, we should not forget what the living have done in this great work.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The women of ancient civilization gave the jewels of their hands to save the liberty of their country; the women of our day have given the jewels of their hearts to save the liberty of their fathers. This work, as a mere specimen of art, is complimentary to the head and the hand that executed it; and as a work of the heart of the people, in the name of liberty, of justice, of humanity; in the name of the sacred cause in which these men died; in the name of the uprising of liberty and the down-trodden of tyranny, upon this, the anniversary of one of the great battles of the Revolution, I now freely offer this consecrated tomb--these ashes of the honored dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

"May the sword be beaten into a plowshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook, and may our children dedicate monuments to the victories of peace rather than the triumphs of war. May their heroes be champions of philosophy, of art, and of social and of moral reform. May we, in the spirit of national philanthropy, cherish the union of the States, the just rights of all, and the integrity of revolutionary liberty, as our highest political interest; and as we linger in the twilight of the grave, may our vision be enlightened by a free, united and happy people, one homogeneous whole, spreading the dominion of their empire from the lakes to the gulf, from ocean to ocean.

"'A union of lakes, a union of lands,  
A union of States none can sever;  
A union of hearts, a union of hands,  
And the flag of the Union forever and ever,  
And the flag of the Union forever.'"

## SUGAR CREEK

by

Abe Williams

From the Illinois Central to the C. & A.  
Sugar Creek flowed on its muddy way.  
It was a place of adventure, a haven of joy  
To many a venturesome Sixth ward boy.  
There were "punkin seed" and tiny fish called "red horse,"  
An occasional leech and crawdads of course.  
The pastures extending along its shores  
Were Walker's and Sammon's and Asa Moore's.  
In Walker's and Sammon's we played baseball  
When a big enough gang had answered the call.  
When the crowd was slim, as it was some day,  
We didn't choose sides but played work-a way,  
Maybe with one fielder and no third base.  
When the batter was out we advanced one place.  
Catching ground squirrels was another way  
To have some fun on a summer day.  
We drowned them out with water from the creek  
And they emerged all wet, all slimey and sleek.  
The North and South branches flowed on to meet  
At the bridge on Normal's South Main Street,  
That old iron bridge with its warning sign -  
Driving faster than a walk was a five dollar fine.  
From the Illinois Central clear down to Main  
Was a young sixth warder's own domain,  
His territory, his bailiwick,  
Seldom invaded by a fifth ward "Mick."  
From the iron bridge to the C. & A.  
Sugar Creek flowed in a wider way.  
There we went swimming and fishing too,  
A happy, sun burned, barefoot crew.  
In winter we wore copper toed cowhide boots.  
In summer we swam in our birthday suits.



This manner of swimming was against the law  
 But we couldn't be bothered if people saw  
 Our slim little bodies, all covered with mud,  
 As we jumped from the bank with a splash and a thud.  
 Normal's town marshal, Kelly, by name  
 Was very much irked by our lack of shame.  
 With his bright polished star he would bob into sight,  
 Seeking to catch us or put us to flight.  
 Some eagle-eyed kid, with mud on his legs and belly,  
 Would shout the warning "Here comes Kelly,"  
 That was the signal for all to obey,  
 To grab our clothes for a getaway.  
 It was easy to wade to the other side  
 Where some bold youngster was sure to deride  
 The smooth Marshall Kelly, Normal's pride,  
 And as he leisurely donned his clothes  
 Would wiggle his fingers with thumb at nose.  
 From Main Street to the C. & A.  
 Was Asa Moore's pasture in that far off day  
 Where we went swimming and skating too,  
 A happy, care free, rollicking crew.  
 We seldom ventured beyond the tracks  
 For there were rumors of bold attacks  
 On those who ventured and mixed it with  
 Some very tough gangs from the "bloody fifth."  
 .....  
 The boys of this day do not know  
 How the muddy waters used to flow  
 In Sugar Creek seventy years ago.  
 That was the "crick" about which we raved.  
 Now, believe it or not, the "crick" is paved.

Bloomington, 1949

BLOOMINGTON TREES

by

Frank W. Aldrich



## BLOOMINGTON'S TREES

by

FRANK W. ALDRICH

When the first settlers passed this way in the early 1820's they found many groves of native timber. These groves were strung along the higher ridges of land or followed the streams. They were limited in area for each year there were prairie fires when the land was dry which killed much of the young growth along the edges of these timber groves.

Illinois was never completely forested, as were the states of Indiana and Ohio to the east of us. In these states the early settlers had to clear the land and wrest a homestead from the forest, but the trees provided building material for cabins, out-buildings and fences, and also the only fuel available at that time for cooking and warmth.

In portions of Illinois there were large areas of wild prairie land as well as the convenient forests which supplied building material and fuel. The value of this prairie land for raising grain was not so apparent in the earliest days for the prairies furnished game for the family table and necessary food for live stock and good ground for gardens.

The first settlers always chose a home-site at the edge of a grove, and it was slowly that the cultivated lands extended out to the black, rich prairie. The arrivals from the eastern and southern states were more accustomed to creating cultivated fields out of cut-off and well drained timber tracts, and it was a new experience to venture out on the prairie where the land was wet until summer and where fires destroyed crops during the dry, autumn months.

The earliest settlements were not located out on the wide prairie. Mills were needed for grinding corn, the staple food

of the pioneers, and when water was available these mills were built. A store soon followed, and a settlement, or small town, became established.

In the early days little thought was given to shade trees, but as the community prospered and grew the land was divided into blocks and lots. The owners of these lots built homes and had gardens. When able, they began to make their settlement look more like the villages they had left in the older states. They began to plant trees and soon the settlements had what is called a civilized appearance. It was no longer a wilderness.

This progress took place rapidly, and during the 1830's, the time when Bloomington began its existance and received its first boom, the little settlement of Keg Grove, or Blooming Grove, became a young, hustling Bloomington.

The site for the future city had been laid out on high ground along the north edge of a grove. The original town was bounded on the south by Front street. The north edge was North, now Monroe, street. On the west was West street, now Roosevelt avenue, and the east boundary was East street which retains the same name. When the first street to the south was laid out later it was appropriately named Grove street.

The favorite trees for planting along the streets for both shade and ornament were the same trees the early residents were accustomed to back east in the old home towns. These were the American elm and the hard, or sugar, maple. Such trees were native and young stock for planting could easily be obtained. These trees are to this day the most desirable trees though some early comers chose the quicker growing and less hardy soft maples and box elders.

For yards and near houses the white pine and spruce, usually



called evergreens, were imported and planted as windbreaks or protection from the cold winds that swept the prairies in winter.

A most interesting fact is the survival of so many forest trees that were included in the area south of Grove street and east of Main street as far as the Illinois Central tracks. Much of this property was not fully opened for small home lots until a later date. The young town spread its growth more to the south and west where the land was clear and new additions succeeded each other rapidly.

If one will proceed slowly along the streets in the area mentioned they will see many fine old oaks that are remnants of the original forest that was once called Blooming Grove. These oaks were not planted by man but stand where nature placed them. Their existence to this day may be called a fortunate chance of nature.

Oaks grow slowly and have long lives and it is hoped these reminders of a forest primeval will be treasured by their owners and given the right to extend their lives into the coming centuries.

Normal, once the small town to the north of Bloomington, was for many years a separate community. Among its settlers was Jesse Fell, a name associated with the early history of both towns. Jesse Fell laid out the town of Normal and was much interested in its welfare. It was natural that such a man should seek to beautify the future cultural center by arranging for the planting of shade trees along the newly laid out streets.

The trees of Bloomington and Normal, represented by the ones that line the streets of both cities, are practically the same as may be found in all towns and cities in central Illinois.

All trees in this latitude are subject to the same hazards and the same laws of nature. The main hazards are wind and sleet.

The damage done by these elements often results in a near calamity. On several occasions the Bloomington-Normal trees have experienced these disasters. The results are clearly shown when the trees are examined in winter although nature cleverly conceals the damage when the trees are in full leaf.

The laws of nature include disease, sickness and death. These same laws apply to the human family, and the answer is the same for both trees and humans.

What is the answer?

The answer is that young trees should be obtained and planted to take the place of the ones that are sick, or dying, or dead. Start replacing now that the tree family may survive. The warning has been given. The death of all elms in the near future has been predicted by scientists. Some oaks are also on the list of trees that may suffer from a fatal disease. The future appears to raise grave problems for both municipalities and citizens.

We can hope the catastrophe will not develop, but we should take careful note that the worst has been predicted.



### JESSE FELL'S TREES

Nor Normal's wealth of shade luxuriant,  
Our thanks are due far-sighted Jesse Fell;  
Who saw to it, the slender shoots to plant;  
Whose pioneering ardor wrought so well,  
That now their growth has full maturity  
Of ordered rows, entwined arches between;  
Fulfilling the high purpose of a tree,  
As his prophetic vision must have seen.

How many pass beneath them every day,  
Perhaps unmindful of such sentiment;  
In them we see, looking around each way,  
The founder left a lasting monument;  
He would rejoice with us could he behold,  
Their sturdy trunks and spreading branches old!

James Hart

## THE WEATHER

by

Harry G. Johnson  
Weather Observer, Bloomington - Normal

The Illinois Department of Agriculture, under the direction of the State Surveyor, has been conducting a series of observations at the State Station in the city of Springfield. Records of precipitation have been kept for 25 years and records of temperature for 20 years.

For the year 1914, the State Surveyor has been conducting a series of observations at the State Station in the city of Springfield. Records of precipitation have been kept for 25 years and records of temperature for 20 years.

After his return, the weather was very much improved and a little rain fell on the 10th. The weather was very much improved and a little rain fell on the 10th.

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During the month of June, the weather was very much improved and a little rain fell on the 10th.

The weather was very much improved and a little rain fell on the 10th.



## WEATHER

By

Harry C. Johnson  
Weather Observer, Bloomington-Normal

The Bloomington-Normal Observation Station of the U.S. Weather Bureau, Department of Commerce, now located on the Campus of Illinois State Normal University, is among one of the older stations in the state of Illinois. Records of precipitation has been taken for 59 years and records of temperature for 57 years.

Prof. H.N. Pearce for many years an instructor at the Bloomington High School, was the Weather Observer for a good many years. His records back in the 1890's show a thoroughness and care which was characteristic of his life.

After his death the station was moved around quite a bit, being located on North Livingston street, Funk Bros. Seed Co., and the Bloomington and Normal Sanitary District plant before being placed on the Campus.

The Observatory station is very useful not only for local weather observations but for state and Federal needs.

Locally the records are made use of by railroads, express companys, attorneys, insurance companys, promoters of special exhibitions, etc.

As State and Federal the records are used for data in trying to work out long range forecasts, etc.

Weather Observers are furnished by the Government a maximum and minimum thermometer and instrument shelter and rain gauge for taking of precipitation.

There are in the neighborhood of 6000 of these stations in the country of which 231 are in the state of Illinois, besides a number placed by individual concerns through the co-operation of the Natural History Survey. The Pfeister Hybrid See Corn Company of El Paso, Illinois are doing considerable work at the present time.

There are 93 stations in the northern division of the state which takes from Minonk north across the state.

There are 89 in the Central Division which goes as far south as Grafton, Mt. Olive and across the state.

49 are in the southern division. There are 6 stations located in McLean County.

The Records are taken every day, giving the maximum and minimum temperatures, precipitation, (time and amount), direction of the wind and character of the day.

In the winter, snowfall is measured and the water content recorded.

There are approximately .09 inches of water in one inch of snow. Exceptionally dry snow may yield only .05 inches of water, but snow of this dryness is extremely rare in this section of the country.

In addition to the Weather Observer stations there are a number of Hydro-climatic network stations which is a nationwide network of rain-gauges. It was established in 1939 at the request of the Corps of Engineers, Department of the Army, to supplement existing precipitation stations in order to provide records of rainfall intensity which is essential in the planning of flood control and related works by the Corps of Engineers.

The Weather Bureau also takes daily river stages readings in feet on the Rock, Illinois, Mississippi, Wabash and Ohio rivers.

The Weather Bureau is under the control of the Department of Commerce and gives to the business world an immense amount of data which is very useful.

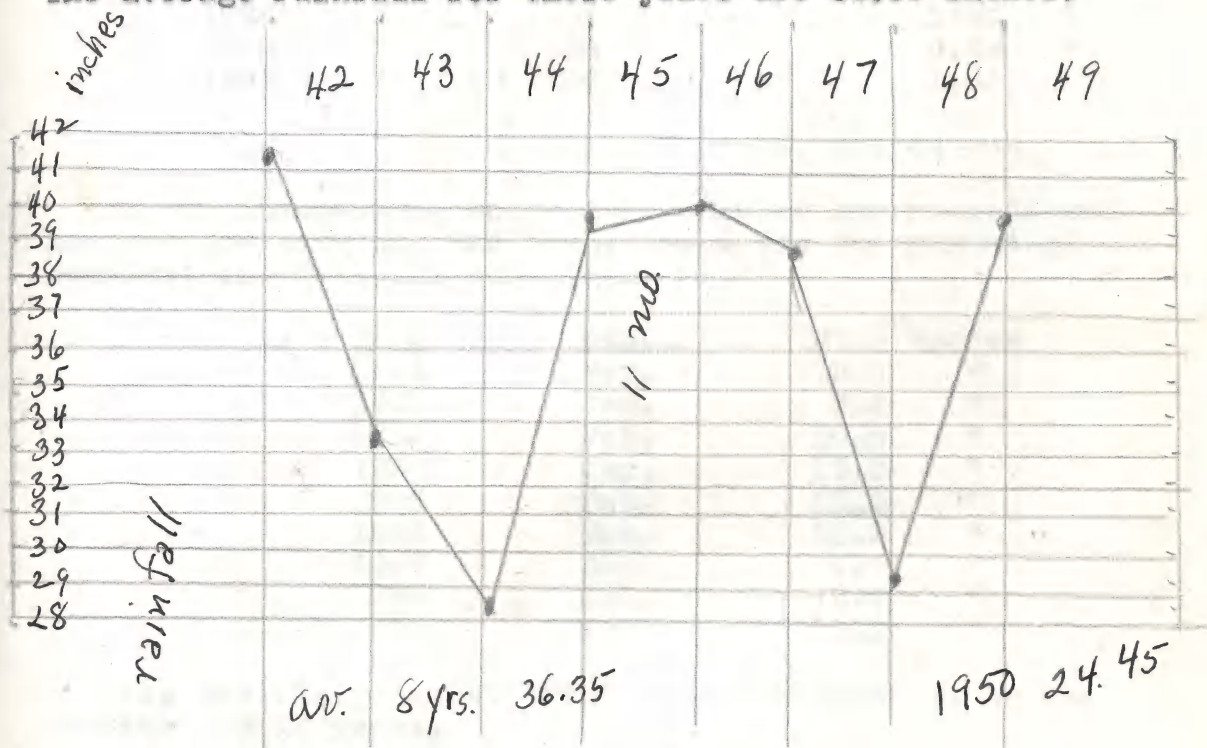
The weather in this area taken in general is rather pleasant. Sometimes we have extremes or sudden changes in temperature, causing heaving of some plants not firmly es-



tablished which is detrimental to their best growth.

The lowest temperature recorded was in January, 1918, with a temperature reading of  $-23^{\circ}$ , and the highest temperature recorded was in July, 1901, and July, 1916, when  $108^{\circ}$  was reached.

In precipitation we have had quite a range from no rain recorded in September, 1897 to as much as 13.5 inches in one month. A graph showing annual rainfall for the years 1942-1949 shows a low of 28.16 inches to a high of 41.12 inches. The average rainfall for these years are 36.35 inches.



An article in the Daily Pantagraph speaking of the weather for July 1901 had this to say (quote) "The past month has made several new records for Bloomington on the books of the local weather station. First it made the highest temperature record for a single day of  $108^{\circ}$  on the 24th. The highest previous mark on record for this station is  $105^{\circ}$  made July 5, 1893."

The next record made was the highest average maximum for one week. The week beginning July 20th made an average maximum of  $104.6^{\circ}$ . Beginning July 9 and taking the average maximum for 20 consecutive days, we have a record of  $100.5^{\circ}$  which has no parallel in the history of the local station and probably not in the history of Bloomington.

The mean temperature for the month was  $82.1^{\circ}$  or  $3.4^{\circ}$  above normal. This is another record breaker, the nearest approach to which being  $78.2^{\circ}$  in July, 1892.

We had 24 clear, 6 partly cloudy and 1 cloudy day in the month. This is a large percent of clear weather, but September, 1897 still holds the record with 28 clear, 1 partly cloudy and 1 cloudy in the month. Only 1.96 inches of rainfall in the month, but the hardest storm of the month came on the 15th, just at the middle of the heated term and its .85 of an inch of rain helped wonderfully in tiding us over to the rains of the last few days. The maximum temperature and rainfall for July in the last four years are as follows:

|      |            |     |          |             |
|------|------------|-----|----------|-------------|
| 1900 | Max. Temp. | 95  | Rainfall | 3.28 inches |
| 1899 | " "        | 98  | "        | 1.92 "      |
| 1898 | " "        | 98  | "        | 4.49 "      |
| 1897 | " "        | 104 | "        | 3.91 "      |

H. N. Pearce

It was interesting to go over some of the records and see how the snowfall has been. Here are the months of heaviest snowfall for each year.

|      |      |             |
|------|------|-------------|
| 1900 | Feb. | 27.5 inches |
| 1901 | Feb. | 10.6 "      |
| 1902 | Jan. | 9.6 "       |
| 1903 | Feb. | 10.9 "      |
| 1904 | Jan. | 16.3 "      |
| 1905 | Feb. | 15.3 "      |
| 1906 | Mar. | 16.3 "      |
| 1907 | Dec. | 9.7 "       |
| 1908 | Feb. | 13.5 "      |
| 1909 | Feb. | 15.2 "      |

This was the greatest total December snowfall on the records for 16 years.

|      |      |            |
|------|------|------------|
| 1910 | Jan. | 5.8 inches |
| 1911 | Dec. | 9 "        |
| 1912 | Mar. | 12.1 "     |
| 1913 | Mar. | 10.8 "     |
| 1914 | Dec. | 11.0 "     |
|      | Jan. | 11.0 "     |
|      | Feb. | 12.5 "     |
| 1915 | Dec. | 14.9 "     |
| 1916 | Dec. | 8.1 "      |
| 1917 | Dec. | 8.6 "      |
| 1918 | Jan. | 26.2 "     |
| 1919 | Feb. | 8.8 "      |
| 1920 | Apr. | 10.5 "     |

10 inches fell on April 3,4th.



|      |      |            |
|------|------|------------|
| 1921 | Jan. | 3.1 inches |
| 1922 | Mar. | 3 "        |
| 1923 | Dec. | 7 "        |
| 1924 | Mar. | 9.8 "      |
| 1925 | Mar. | 5.8 "      |
| 1926 | Mar. | 15.3 "     |
| 1927 | Jan. | 16.5 "     |
| 1928 | Dec. | 2.5 "      |
| 1929 | Dec. | 12.1 "     |
| 1930 | Mar. | 10.5 "     |
| 1931 | Nov. | 10 "       |
| 1932 | Dec. | 7.2 "      |
| 1942 | Feb. | 7.6 "      |
| 1943 | Dec. | 11 "       |
| 1944 | Feb. | 7 "        |
| 1945 | Nov. | 10.45 "    |
| 1946 | Dec. | 5.5 "      |
| 1947 | Mar. | 7 "        |
| 1948 | Feb. | 6.5 "      |
| 1949 | Feb. | 2.4 "      |

The month of August, 1915, was the coldest on record to date with a

maximum of 91°  
minimum of 38°  
Mean Temp. of 67.9°

The month of February, 1915, was the warmest February at the station for 22 years with a

maximum of 56°  
minimum of 12°  
mean temp. of 35.7°

The snowstorm on April 3,4, 1920, spoiled the Easter Parade. Transportation was at a standstill for about 2 days.

Sleet storm of 1924, just before Christmas Holidays, put most of the city in darkness and did unknown damage to trees and wires.

THE DEEP SNOW  
(In Central Illinois, Winter of 1830-'31.)

They told harrowing tales of the deep snow,  
How unceasing thro' days and nights it fell;  
For scattered settlers wrought havoc and woe,  
Where in log cabins they happened to dwell;  
Earth was white blanketed, the cold intense,  
The ground lay as a bleak and boundless waste;  
Huge drifts hid every sign of road and fence;  
Never had pioneers such hardships faced.

They parceled out the corn, their meager food,  
None could venture in fields to gather more;  
Helpless livestock perished in shelters rude;  
Starving timber wolves boldly came to door;  
Where numerous had been lightfooted deer,  
Few were seen in these parts after that year.

James Hart



CORN  
by  
LA FAYETTE FUNK

The development of the vast middle west was accomplished by such sturdy pioneers as Isaac Funk, who came from Ohio in May, 1824 and settled at the east edge of the timber now known as Funks Grove. His activities during the next few years led to the feeding of large numbers of livestock and the purchasing of additional land until he had built up a holding of approximately 22,000 acres. His eight sons and one daughter carried on the development of better soil drainage and management, coupled with the feeding of livestock.

The third generation continued the extensive farming. After a trip to Europe, where Eugene D. Funk studied the methods of some of the old family seed companies of France and Germany, he realized the opportunities of organizing the Funk Family into a seed company producing better quality corn and other grains for the middle west.

Funk Brothers Seed Company was then organized in November, 1901. Its early growth was developed largely through the production of selected strains through improved breeding methods of high yielding seed corn, and its achievements were well known throughout the Corn Belt. Through the study of corn drier problems the United States Department of Agriculture was interested in the establishment of a field laboratory on the Funk Farms where extensive work was carried on for many years under the supervision of Dr. J. R. Holbert.

The discovery of the principals of breeding hybrid sweet corn by Dr. Donald F. Jones of Connecticut led to the production of hybrid field corn by Dr. Holbert. The first commercial hybrids being sold in 1916 by Funk Brothers Seed Company. A period of nearly fifteen years passed during which time Dr. Holbert became affiliated with the Seed Company and an extensive educational program was carried out to "sell" the farmers the merits of hybrid corn.

Mr. Eugene D. Funk took a leading part in this development and pioneered the way for the modern hybrids of today. His sons have carried on the work and also the processing of soybeans started by Mr. Funk in 1924. This latter business has grown very rapidly and today we process nearly two million bushels annually.

The present officers of Funk Brothers Seed Company are: Eugene D. Funk, Jr., President, La Fayette Funk, Secretary, Theodore Funk, Treasurer, Paul Funk, Director, and Dr. J. R. Holbert, Director and General Manager.



Seed operations have expanded until extensive corn work is carried on at our plants at Bloomington-Normal and Mason City, Illinois, Belle Plaine and Traer, Iowa. Through our Associate organization Hybrid Corn is now produced and sold in all the principal corn states and in Canada.

Mr. Eugene D. Funk, Sr. organized the Funk Lands into the Funk Farms Trust operated by his four sons, La Fayette, Eugene D. Jr., Paul and Theodore. Extensive farming and livestock feeding is carried on each year under the direction of Theodore. Special attention has been given to the preservation of the timber at Funks Grove for the use and enjoyment of future generations.

### OUT AT TWIN GROVE

When October's crisp tang was in the air,  
And Saturday from schoolroom brought respite,  
Lighthearted boys without a single care,  
Unhurried as the birds on winging flight,  
Trudged out in country by the White Oak road,  
Or to Twin Grove timber, where walnuts grew;  
The ground covered, and branches under load,  
In best locations the young seekers knew.

With shouts they gathered in the waiting store,  
Eyed by small furry creatures of the wood;  
The heavy bulging sacks homeward they bore;  
The hulling process they well understood;  
Whose finger stains would not soon disappear,  
Displayed with pride, as no blemish to fear.

James Hart



RURAL PROGRESS

Compiled by

Lawrence W. Stubblefield

## RURAL PROGRESS

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Lawrence W. Stubblefield

The country was the birth place of many of the pioneer families of this area, especially the pioneering farm families. My father, David R. Stubblefield, was born in a log cabin in Funks Grove on April 13, 1846, the second child in a family of nine. The log cabin was located in the timber which is now known as Funks Grove. It was located near the small stream of water, Sugar Creek, which ran through the wooded area. When my father was six months old his father and mother, with their family, moved to a new home in section five of Funks Grove township. The log hewed house was located at the north edge of the timber out on the sweeping prairie. Skeptical neighbors predicted that the house would be blown away since it was located in such an unprotected spot.

My father attended the country school which was a one room log cabin in Funks Grove. A stone marker, to the west of the white church in Funks Grove, marks the site of the first log cabin school which my father attended. It was here that church services were held on Sunday. Preachers known as Circuit Riders were the traveling evangelists who spread the gospel in the early 1800's. Peter Gartwright was among those who delivered fiery sermons and who stayed all night in the log cabins of his parishoners. Many times Sunday services were held in the homes instead of the log cabin school. After attending school in this one room building, my father attended Illinois Wesleyan University which at that time was known as the academy. One building, North Hall, provided all the



educational facilities of those days.

As father grew to manhood, he helped with the tilling of the prairie soil. He often told the story of the first breaking of the prairie sod. The plow was a crude wooden piece of machinery drawn by oxen. As the soil was turned over by the single shovel plow, all kinds of wild life such as ground squirrels, snakes, and prairie chickens would seek shelter elsewhere. The snakes were considered a menace and had to be exterminated. The only method available was to pick the snake up by the tail and crack its neck by a simple snapping of the wrist. So my father was kept busy, breaking the prairie sod for the first crops.

There were no fences to enclose the fields. Cattle grazed over a large area, sometimes covering a distance as great as six to ten miles. There were no houses, nor fences in all the prairie from Funks Grove to what was known as Browns Grove. It was the duty of my father to keep the cattle within this area. How difficult a job this was, he often made clear when he would tell of the blizzards that would come to the mid-west prairie during the winter months. Horseback riders would often freeze to their saddles as they looked for the cattle that sought shelter in the timber in spite of all their efforts to keep them rounded up. Many times all the cattle would not be found until the spring thaw.

When it was time to market the cattle, they must be taken to Chicago. The cattle were driven on foot by the neighbors and my father all riding horseback. The trip would take two weeks or longer. A wagon filled with grain and supplies would be taken along with the moving caravan of cattle. Streams of water were followed so the cattle could have water as they traveled to market. The trip was a slow and tedious one because the cattle could not be forced to travel too fast for fear they would lose all the weight they had gained from feeding on the prairie. The moving caravan of cattle driven by men on their riding horses must have been a magnificent sight as they would halt at night fall and build their camp fire near some small stream and wooded area. Some of the younger members of the party kept watch during the night to keep the cattle from straying.

Although the pioneer country life was one of many hardships, some phases might now be considered spectacular. Father could describe in great detail the fighting of the prairie fires when he was a boy of ten or twelve. He was too young to help fight the fire but he was given the job of holding the riding horses of the neighbors who had ridden to the aid of his father. The horses would be tied together with the bridle of one horse tied to the tail of another horse. Sometimes he would hold as many as ten or fifteen horses as the men would attempt to keep the fire from spreading to the crops or to the small group of wooden farm buildings. So my father spent his early boyhood days.



At the age of twenty-four, in the spring of 1870, he began farming in Dale Township. During that first summer he built a home. On December 8, 1870, my father married Matilda Bower whose parents Henry T. Bower and Rebecca (Shade) Bower had moved to this country from Newton Hamilton, Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, in 1850. They moved their household goods and livestock by train to a point one mile north of Shirley, Illinois, where they unloaded their possessions at the McLelland home where they stayed until Mr. Bower bought a farm and built a home where they lived the rest of their lives.

I was the fourth child in a family of seven (three sons and four daughters). As we children grew older, each was given a specific task to do. We lived without many luxuries as there was no telephones, electricity, furnaces nor running water. My father finally installed a pitcher pump in the kitchen with a sink and drain to carry away waste water. We had a large wood burning cook stove with a copper tank in the back to heat water. This had to be filled twice a day by carrying the water in a bucket. We were each expected to do our share of the "chores" around the farm and carrying water was one of mine. It was not too long until I began to help with the actual farming. I can well remember with pride when my father let me take a team of horses to harrow a field of plowed ground. This harrow was made by cutting hedge brush and extending pointed ends of the brush through a two by six piece of lumber. The team of horses was hitched to this crude harrow and was taken back and forth across the field leveling off the ground so corn could be planted. This harrow was quite a contrast to the all steel harrow used today which is attached to a tractor. Now the operator of such equipment rides on the tractor but with the hand-made harrow, it was necessary to walk, driving the horses.

The first steel breaking plow which I used cut a furrow fourteen inches, using two horses for traction. It was necessary to walk in order to operate this plow. About three acres could be plowed in one day. In a few years my father bought a Furst and Bradley riding breaking plow which cut a furrow sixteen inches and was drawn by three horses. Even this improved piece of machinery was quite a contrast to the modern three or four bottom plows which can plow twenty acres in one day. My father and two neighbors bought one of the first wire binders built to cut and harvest wheat and oats. It is strange when one remembers the criticisms raised when this new piece of machinery was first introduced. Many farmers prophesied that bands on the bundle of oats or wheat would kill the livestock when they ate the straw. The livestock, however, were smarter than these criticizing the machinery because they cast aside the wire bands instead of eating them.

When the grain became ripe, it was cut in bundles. These were then set up in shocks and were left to stand in the field until a community-owned threshing machine was hired to



thresh the grain. This was always a long and tiresome procedure because the threshing season would often last as long as a month. Each of the farmers helped his neighbor and some times there were as many as ten farmers using one threshing machine. The bundles of grain were brought from the fields on rack wagons, then pitched into a feeder of the threshing machine. The grain was separated and measured in half bushels and dumped into a box wagon. The grain was usually stored on the farm which meant it had to be scooped by hand into bins in the barns. If there was not enough storage space on the farm it was taken to near by towns in wagons drawn by horses.

Not only did the men take part in this farming activity but the farm women also played a very active part. This meant cooking for twenty-five to thirty hungry men usually for the evening meal as well as the noon day meal. Finally only one meal was served and that was the noon day meal. Each of the women would try to have at least as large a meal as her neighbor. The typical meal would consist of roast beef, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, green beans, peas and carrots, cottage cheese, apple sauce, beets, sliced tomatoes, bread, butter and strawberry preserves. This heavy menu would then be finished off with home made pie and ice cream with cake. Iced tea would be made in a five gallon stone jar and consumed along with hot coffee. All of these activities, are merely memories now because the modern combine has taken the place of the threshing machine and threshing dinners. One or two men can easily operate the combine. The grain is hauled to the bins or marketed by truck where the grain is elevated by means of machinery. The harvesting period often lasts only a week--a far cry from the long hot month required when the threshing machine was used.

Another farming procedure has been greatly modernized and that is the harvesting of the corn in the fall of the year. Two other men and I were assigned the task of husking ten to twelve thousand bushels of corn for one season. The corn was husked by hand, a horse drawn wagon was used to throw the corn in as it was jerked from the dried corn stalk. The loaded wagon of corn was hauled to the crib where the 50 to 60 bushel load was scooped by hand into the crib. The corn huskers were paid two to three cents a bushel depending on the prevailing market prices. A real good husker could earn two and half dollars a day. Many times it was necessary to hire extra men for the husking season. These extra men often roomed and boarded in the country home. Now the corn husking is done by modern corn pickers, all operated by machine. No longer is the hired man paid by the bushel but he, too, is on a monthly salary. He lives in a modern home with running water, and electricity.

Although the farming required long and weary hours, still there were many activities which could really be classed as social and very entertaining. The neighbors were called in



and with many hands available these otherwise burdensome tasks became fun. One of the gala events was in the fall of the year when the apples were picked and sorted for storage. The culled apples and the wind falls were loaded in farm wagons and hauled to a cider mill where they were made into cider. The cider mill was owned and operated by Lorenzo Rockhold and was located on the West Washington Street Road on a farm now owned and operated by Frank C. Benjamin. It was not unusual to see ten to fifteen wagons of apples waiting their turn at the cider mill. The cider would be carried home in two or three wooden barrels from the mill. All the neighbors would come in and help peel bushels of apples to make cider apple butter. The cooked apples and cider would be boiled down in a large copper kettle hung on a pole with a fire kept burning under the kettle. A large home made wooden stirrer was used to keep the apple butter from sticking and burning. The stirrer was made with a long handle so we could stand back from the fire. When the apple butter was a deep russett color and quite heavy in consistency it was taken off the fire and was then stored in large stone jars to be used during the winter months with hot home made bread or biscuits.

Another task which was made easier with the help of neighbors was the cutting of wood to be used in the stoves. During the winter months, we would go to the timber where trees were felled or fallen timber was cut into stove lengths. After the wood was hauled from the timber to the farm, the neighbors would come "to buzz up" the wood pile. One neighbor had a wood saw which was propelled by horse power; four or six horses were driven in a circle by a boy who sat on a seat on top of the horse power. The boy who did this job was usually one of the younger children who was not strong enough to carry the logs of wood to the saw nor to carry the sawed logs away from the saw. The saw cut the logs into stove lengths but it was necessary to split the logs with an axe for use in the kitchen range. This seemed to be my job--splitting wood for the stoves and filling the wood boxes.

The helping hands of the neighbors were welcomed on another occasion--this being the winter butchering. This activity has left an unforgettable impression, perhaps because it took place during the coldest season of the winter. The boiling down of the fat over a large open kettle was one of the most difficult jobs. The fat must not be burned because the lard could not be used if it were brown. In the farm kitchen, the sausage was fried down and packed into stone jars. The hams and shoulders of the freshly butchered pork would be salted and smoked in the "smoke house" to preserve for future use. As we worked with the meat, we never again wanted to eat any pork. With the passing of a few weeks, however, a meal of baked cured ham was eaten with pleasure.

Another household task which required constant work was that of soap making. It was the duty of us children to carry



numerous gallons of water to put through an ash hopper. The ashes were religiously saved all winter from the cook stove and heating stove. During the winter months the ashes were put in the ash hopper which was made from tongue and grooved lumber in the shape of a letter V. At the bottom was a metal drain which carried the lye water to a stone jar after the water had drained through the ashes. The lye water thus made was mixed with fats and boiled together. The result was soft soap which was kept in a barrel or large wooden keg.

Not all of the country life was taken up by performing household and farm duties. I attended school in a small, one room country school. I recall several of the teachers whom I had. The best recommendation for the teachers of those days was whether he or she could handle the larger boys. One teacher stayed only one year because he was unable to cope with the farm boys. The next one who came, however, was their equal and school life settled down to the learning of the 3 R's. The school room was very meagerly equipped, usually having a black board and a globe of the world. Heating was by means of a wood burning heating stove, and lighting was furnished by flickering kerosene lamps. We studied McGuffey readers and spelling books, and learned to add and subtract from Ray's arithmetic. During the winter months, the neighboring schools would be invited for an evening spell down. All the best spellers from the neighboring schools would participate. Then, too, the school days were made exciting with the occasional box social. The girls of the school would decorate boxes, filling them with a tasty lunch. It was the duty of us fellows to buy one of these boxes as they were auctioned off. Of course, the aim was to buy the box of your favorite girl but the girls would never tell which belonged to whom. Sometimes by various methods we boys would find out which one had decorated a particular box. The bidding would be furious between two of the older boys. Sometimes the victor, after paying a large price, would discover the box didn't belong to the girl at all but his rival would be eating the lunch provided by his best girl. All was taken in good humor and fun was had by all.

We did not have so many entertainments in the early days but had a few games we played at home around the fire-side such as parchesa, tiddle de winks, checkers and lotto. At school we played baseball, mumble peg and marbles. Once or twice a month, some kindly neighbor would invite the young folks in for the evening to have a real party. The young people enjoyed those parties and quite a number of courtships and happy marriages culminated from these neighborhood gatherings. Most of our entertainment was home made fun and centered in the community in which we lived.

Sunday school and church were regularly attended. Small community churches served the people of a farming community. Our family attended such a church at Covell. My father served



this Methodist community church as superintendent of Sunday School for many years. The minister was usually supplied from the group of students studying for the ministry at Illinois Wesleyan University. As was the usual case, it was difficult always to support the small country church but some of the loyal members such as my father would dig a bit deeper into their pockets to make up the deficit. Homecomings were held each year at the church as were numerous suppers and parties. All of these activities included many of the neighboring families who brought large baskets of food.

During the fifty years I farmed there were many changes in methods of production. Probably the most important factor resulted from World War I. In 1914 Illinois farmers were content to use horses for power, much labor was done by hand as there was no scarcity of manual laborers. The cost of hiring enough labor to complete a task was not prohibitive. As the United States became involved in the war and man power was depleted farmers were forced to use machinery to get the crops in and harvested. The years 1916, 1917 and 1918 saw a revolutionary change in farm methods. Since there was a shortage of labor it was necessary to purchase machinery to do the tasks formerly done by hand. Tractors replaced horses, corn pickers, tractor drawn replaced husking, combines shortened the process of cutting and harvesting wheat and oats.

A new crop was introduced about this time to fill an industrial need. The soybean had been raised in China for 5,000 years but was produced in quantities for the first time on Illinois farms during the war period to provide much needed oil.

Since the crops had to be planted, cultivated and harvested with less man power many changes were made in plant breeding. The season for corn maturation had to be speeded up hence hybrid corn was produced for shorter seasons, adaptability to climatic conditions, sturdier stocks for straighter corn so that pickers could be used more efficiently. This was the beginning of one of the newer farm industries. The breeding and production work involved in producing hybrid corn is now an industry all its own. Experimental plots are raised under different soil, fertilizer and climatic conditions until it reaches perfection. The seed from such plots is planted in larger acreages until quantities of seeds of certain strains can be sold. The very best seed corn sells for \$10.00 a bushel now whereas the early pioneer farmer went into his corn crib shelled off some kernels of corn and planted them to test germination. The seed was then shelled from the cob and planted. The present seed, purchased in a sack, has been properly bred, pollinated, picked, stored, dried, treated for various diseases and then sold for planting.

Wheat production has also changed. It was found by our experimental stations that land in Illinois could be used to better advantage so wheat produced had to show a better yield



per acre or be replaced by other crops. The bearded wheat has been replaced by beardless wheat. Oats produced per acre has been increase by the same careful breeding of seed. A production of 20 to 30 bushels per acre has been replaced by 75 to 90 bushels per acre.

Fertilizers, phosphate, limestone, rotation of crops, strip farming, grassed water ways, terrace farming, multi-rose hedges to prevent soil erosion have all tended to step-up the quantity and quality of grains produced to the place where we now face the problem of huge surpluses. This has to be governmently regulated by the American Agricultural Association which specifies the number of acres that can be produced. This seems vastly different from the urgency of the early twenties to produce more and more.

Livestock raising is also a highly specialized industry. Dairy stock is bred to produce milk containing more butter fat. Beef cattle likewise are bred to fatten properly so that the steaks we have on our tables are top grade. Swine are raised with a definite purpose of pleasing the consuming public. Our government, the agricultural colleges, and various farm organizations are continually looking for ways and means of improving the products of the soil.

Many newer crops are being produced on our farms. The large canning companies have caused huge acreages of sweet corn, garden peas, green and lima beans and tomatoes to be raised on a large scale in McLean County. Popcorn is another new crop that is produced for industry. These, so called vegetable garden crops, are now produced for a new industry which used to be cultivated for each families consumption and not to be sold on the open market.

As our population increases many new industries have developed. Poultry, both chickens and turkeys are bred for the market and not for just the private home use. The hatchery, the egg laying industry, the production of fowl for the table is again a newer branch of the farm program aided and encouraged by our Farm Bureau, the agricultural colleges and the government.

Modern farm life has probably seen the greatest change through the use of electricity. Farm buildings are lighted, milking machines, water pumps, elevators for grain are all run by such power. The farm home has an many conveniences as the city homes. The home freezers for preserving and storing of food, the electric refrigerator, stoves, water heaters, electric cleaners, clocks, irons and even the automatic heating systems are all dependent upon this source of power.

The radio, the telephone and the airplane have a place in the farm program now. Market reports can be heard hourly,



grain may be sold by telephone communication and the airplane is used to speed up the delivery of farm perishable produce. This makes the storage of grain less necessary on the farm. Many products can now be raised and quickly transported to the consumers table that used to be raised only for the family to eat and preserve.

The insects that destroy crops are now treated by airplane spraying and dusting. The corn borer, grasshoppers, cinch bugs are menaces that did not bother the farmer fifty years ago. Now the farmer has to be scientifically trained or informed so that he knows and can use all the latest methods of combatting these pests. Weeds are treated not hoed to kill them. Many farmers use the services furnished by the agricultural colleges to keep up on the new methods of caring for and preserving crops.

I want to praise an organization that has done much to help the farm industry, for such it has grown to be, and that is the Farm Bureau. The 4-H clubs foster interest in the boys and girls who will be our farm leaders of tomorrow. The Farm Bureau spares no time nor money in experimental work to improve farm products and life.

The home, the church, the school, the farm industry has all been very much changed in my lifetime but the memories of the good times remain with me. As I grew older, I left the farm to attend Illinois Wesleyan University for three years. In November 1904, I married Susan Hougham who moved with me to a farm four miles west of Shirley. To this marriage two daughters were born. Elizabeth Leota, Assistant Admissions Director of Illinois Wesleyan University, and Louise Matilda, head of circulation of Nicholas Murray Butler Library, Columbia University, New York, New York.

As the years progressed we saw the many new improvements and developments in the agricultural life that I have described. Helping to circulate a petition, we saw the first installation of rural mail service in McLean County. The next new innovation was the telephone which was built by a Dr. Patch, practicing physician in Stanford, Illinois. Gravelled and hard surfaced roads helped to knit farming communities together. The automobiles brought speed to the methods of transportation. Electricity was added to the modern conveniences of the country life. In the 1940's, when industry and labor was working to produce as much as possible, women worked in the fields, drove tractors, farm trucks and did other labor just as their sisters on the assembly line in the factory. So the farming activities have developed from an age of all hand labor to one of modern steel machinery requiring only one or two men to operate.



# THE STUBBLEFIELD FAMILY

Robert Stubblefield )  
Great Grandfather )

Sarah Funk )  
Great Grandmother )

John Stubblefield )  
Grandfather )

David R. Stubblefield )  
Father )

David Houser )  
Great Grandfather )

Matilda Bower ) L.W. Stubblefield  
Mother ) Susan Hougham

Elizabeth Dillman )  
Great Grandmother )

Elisannah Houser )  
Grandmother )

) Elisabeth Stubblefield  
) Louise Stubblefield

### ARROWSMITH BATTLE FIELD

A small stream twisting among well tilled farms,  
Remnants of grove where utter peace prevails;  
Yet two centuries ago war's fierce alarms  
Echoed here, so declare the history tales,  
Of how the Fox warriors made a last stand,  
Against the French and their tribal allies;  
Besieged and hunger pressed, the little band  
Perished bravely in nocturnal surprise.

Weapon fragments, bones and strange bullets found,  
To claims of antiquarians lend support;  
Oldsters point faint traces of earthwork mound,  
To fix the site of early Indian fort.  
Save these, the busy plow has left no sign.  
Earth scars hidden by waving grain benign.

James Hart



The Bay Camp on Lake Bloomington is a beautiful spot for a vacation. It is situated on the east shore of the lake, and is a very attractive place for a family or a group of friends to spend a few days. The camp is surrounded by a dense forest of trees, and the water is very clear and blue. The camp is a very comfortable and convenient place to stay, and it is a very good place to enjoy the beauty of the lake and the surrounding country.

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EAST BAY CAMP ON LAKE BLOOMINGTON

by

Vera M. Snow

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## EAST BAY CAMP on LAKE BLOOMINGTON

The proverbial "good old days" of East Bay Camp date to the summer of 1930 when a small group of campers laid out their sleeping bags on the south bluff of Wampum Inlet off Squaw Basin on Lake Bloomington.

The site was leased from the City of Bloomington in 1933. A corporation charter was applied for by a group of local citizens under the name of Community Camp Associates. The purpose of the association being to provide camping facilities for youth in Bloomington-Normal and vicinity. The board has been headed by Mr. B. F. Hiltabrand, Sr. since its organization. Others of the board were Mr. Carl Vrooman, Mrs. Hazle B. Ewing, Mr. Ralph Heffernan, Mrs. R. C. Baldwin, Mr. E. M. Evans, Miss Vera Snow, the Mayor of the city of Bloomington and the chairman of the Ministerial Association.

While the Community Camp Associates is the official title of the corporation, East Bay Camp is the name by which all campers and friends know it. In the early days the news reporters soon became discouraged with attempts to make presentable headlines with Community Camp Associates; the final result: East Bay.

Since its beginning, East Bay has been under the direction of Rev. Frank L. Breen who has given much of his time to camping for youth in church and educational groups. Miss Vera M. Snow has been the Business Manager throughout the years.

The first permanent buildings were built by campers, their parents and friends. Girl Scouts under the leadership of Miss Mary Kraft made candy and sold it to raise funds for one of the buildings. Camp Fire Girls and Y.W.C.A. members contributed both labor and funds for building.

In the mid 1930's denominational groups in the state began developing church youth camps. Their search for adequate facilities brought the Methodists, Baptists, United Brethren, Lutherans, Presbyterians and others to East Bay. Now, almost every major church group in the state has a part of its regular camping program at East Bay each summer. Others who held their first camps at East Bay have moved on and established their own grounds and equipment. Five thousand young people and their leaders are served at East Bay each year.

Another major interest at East Bay is the Limberlost Children's Camp sponsored by the Bloomington Kiwanis Club and the Bloomington-Normal Community Chest. One hundred youngsters from the two communities are chosen through the schools to attend the two week camp held in August each year.



The Nellie E. Parham library which serves both East Bay campers and citizens living around the Lake is to our knowledge the only one of its kind in the state. This branch of the Withers Public Library of Bloomington was built by the Library Board under the leadership of Miss Nellie Parham, Librarian.

The service of which East Bay is most proud is the assistance it has been able to give young people in completing their education. The staff of about forty is almost entirely college age men and women. They are able to earn enough to help see them through the following year and at the same time receive training in foods service, recreation leadership, and religious education. Academic credit has been given students by the University of Illinois, Illinois State Normal University, Illinois Wesleyan University and Taylor University in Indiana for camp work completed under school leadership. A regular session of the summer school of Illinois State Normal University was conducted for three years (1939-41) with students participating and observing camper programs.

East Bay has grown through out the years through the friendliness and cooperation of those sharing the facilities. There has been no income except from camper fees. These have been kept to a minimum in order to permit a greater number of children to have camping experiences. The fact that East Bay Camp is recognized throughout the state as a leading camping center is a tribute to the folk who have given so much of themselves for youth.

Vera M. Snow

## LAKE BLOOMINGTON

Along the banks of sluggish Money creek,

The Pottawatamies made their last stand  
Before they scattered, new abode to seek,

Yielding to stronger claimants for their land;  
While faintly echoed their defiant yell

A ringing axe sounded the woodsman's toil,  
And quiet like a spreading mantle fell,

As ploughshares furrowed through the loamy soil.

A century goes and man's ingenious skill,

Again an even vaster change has wrought;  
Wood, valley, stream obedient to his will,

This wide watery expanse in being brought;  
Around whose shores oaks rearing high in sun,  
See their reflections in Lake Bloomington.

James Hart



AVIATION IN BLOOMINGTON

by

Art Carnahan

## AVIATION IN BLOOMINGTON

By

Art Carnahan

Many people seem to believe that aviation in Bloomington started with the establishment of the old Bloomington airport, located north of Normal in the year of 1927. To the best of my knowledge, credit for owning the first airplane in Bloomington should go to Harvey Wurzburger, who now operates the Six Points Garage. Mr. Wurzburger learned to fly in St. Louis, and in May of 1923 his enthusiasm for the sport led to his purchase of a Curtis JN4D. As there was no airport at that time, he flew his plane from a farmer's field located south of the city.

Rogers Humphreys was another who owned an airplane in the early twenties when they were considered a rare item and before a real airport was established. Mr. Humphreys was extremely



active in stimulating interest in aviation during the years that he resided in Bloomington, and served an important part in its advancement.

Flying activity in about 1925 was conducted from a field six miles east of Bloomington, on Route 9, which was known as Sweeney's pasture. There were no hangar facilities, and the owners simply tied their airplanes out in the open. Several fields that were large enough and level enough were used for airplane landing strips by local flyers and by "barn-stormers". Forman's field was one of these, and was used on occasion by John A. Brokaw, who was one of the first military pilots from Bloomington.

In 1925, a barn-storming troupe known as the Gates Flying Circus came into Bloomington. With them was a pilot named Basil Sims, who remained in this locality and instructed others to fly. It was at this time that I became interested in flying. Those who remember Basil, will be sorry to learn that his flying career was ended while he was testing aircraft during World War II.

In the spring of 1927, the late Herman A. Will opened the first authentic airport in Bloomington. It was a 72 acre tract of land, approximately four miles north of Normal. The Bloomington Flying Club was organized shortly thereafter. Among members of this club were Jack Simmons, Jack Bell, Charles O'Malley, Victor Neiryneck, and Mr. Will. They purchased a JNA-4, or "Jenny", as it was more commonly called. This was an open cockpit, bi-plane, and powered with an OX5 motor.

Flying activity increased rapidly and many airplanes were in use. James Ingram, moved to Bloomington bringing with him a Hiss Standard airplane. Vernell "Red" Irwin purchased his own Waco 10 in the late twenties. Louis Horn bought a Travelair. Ferdinand Schad and Leo Jackson added another Travelair; Carl Klawitter and Clarence Axtell were joint owners of a Super Swallow; and Ben Snyder was a Jenny owner. In the summer of 1929, the Pantagraph purchased their first "Scoop", which was a Waco bi-plane. The Illini Air Transport, owned by Mr. Parkhill added a Stinson SM8A to the group. Archie Baldrige, who is still actively engaged as a pilot and flight instructor, owned an OX5.

Benny McMillion, Eddie Brooks, Tommy Woods, Wilbur Haker, George Goff, Ray Loomis, Henry Crutcher, Claude "Mullie" Kendall, Walter Young, Lander Van Cundy, J. R. McIntosh, Herbert Parker, and Charles Zweng were among those who either owned airplanes or shared an interest in ownership. Roger Humphreys owned a Waco 10, as did Franklin "Juggy" Kemp. Bill Bennett had a Monoprep. Glen Langdon and Dwight Leeper were owners then who have continued their interest in aviation and own their own aircraft at the present time. Walter W. Williams added a six-place, closed cabin, Stinson-Detroiter and G. Ermond Mecherle a four-place Monocoach. These were among the first closed cabin airplanes. Undoubtedly I have unintentionally over-looked some names in this group, although I sincerely hope not.

The Daily Pantagraph, and Mr. Davis Merwin, himself a pilot, are to be highly commended for their active interest in aviation.



Scoop I, purchased in 1929, was flown by Jack Bell until his death in 1930. I then took over the piloting of Scoop, and continued in this capacity until Scoop the IVth, a cabin stinson was sold in 1941. Scoop was used in making tours of Central Illinois, and sometimes for the delivery of special editions; but principally for aerial picture coverage on major news events in this locality. These pictures were taken with the Pantagraph's own equipment, and by staff photographers, which was a record for aerial photographic coverage that few other newspapers in the world could approach. I do not know the exact number, but am sure that the aerial photographs that Frank Bill, now Farm Editor of the Pantagraph, has taken would be numbered in the thousands.

In 1930, a glider club was organized under my supervision, with twenty members on the roll. This was the first and only non-mechanically powered aircraft in Bloomington. It was quite a novelty at that time, and presented a new interest in aviation.

Although feminine interest in flying has developed in recent years, the first woman from Bloomington to solo an airplane was Marguerite Mecherle.

A history of aviation in Bloomington would not be complete that didn't recall the activities of the late Dr. Harry L. Howell. Dr. Howell and Dr. Watson Gailey served as the aviation medical examiners for many years and were both interested in the advancement of aviation. Dr. Howell organized the first local chapter of the National Aviation Association, and served as its first president. He was a familiar figure at the airport for years, and often accompanied the pilots on

their trips. His ambition to solo an airplane was almost realized, when illness prevented it.

Bloomington aviation interest was not only making local headlines, but was showing itself nationally in the early thirties. Owen Tilbury designed a very small racing airplane, powered with a Henderson motorcycle engine. He was assisted in the building of the plane by Clarence Fundy, Clarence Rousey, and others with the interest and the urge to work for fun. This tiny airplane, with a fifteen foot wing span, was entered in the Chicago All American Air Races. It was a great thrill for those who built it and for myself, as pilot, when it became nationally famous by winning the Polish Trophy. This race, for 115 cubic inch engines, did a great deal toward encouraging the manufacturers to develop small cubic inch engines with low horsepower.

The Monocoach, owned by G. Ermond Mecherle also made its mark in the national aviation history. I flew this ship in the Cord Trophy race from Los Angeles to Cleveland, and was accompanied by Herbert Morpew, as mechanic. There were almost 170 contestants, and we finished in third place. Flying this same airplane I also won the Italian trophy race at the Miami All American Air Races. The Coach won many other races, and exhibition flights but the two I have mentioned were the outstanding national honors received.

Many nationally famous pilots have used the facilities of either the old or present Bloomington airport. Among them are General James Doolittle, Clyde Pangbourne, Roger Q. Williams, Clarence Chamberlain, James Hayslip, Arthur Goebel,



Len Povey, Joseph C. Mackey, Roscoe Turner, Frank Cordova, Amelia Earhart, Arthur Davis, Harold Neuman, Harold Johnson, John Livingston, Benny Howard and Mike Murphy.

In April of 1931, it was learned that Century Air Lines were interested in using Bloomington airport as a regular stop between Chicago and St. Louis. The next few months were busy ones for Mr. Will and the aviation committee of the Association Commerce. Additional acreage had to be obtained and 35 acres were leased from the Bertram estate, making a total field acreage of 113. Improvements were made on the airport, and passenger service was finally inaugurated in October of that year. Many interested citizens donated to the fund necessary for the additional land lease. Passenger service continued for several months, with as many as eight stops at the airport daily. Due to a very wet winter in 1931 and 1932, the field became too soft for use by the heavy airplanes, and the service became irregular depending on field conditions. Century Airline, was acquired in 1932 by the Aviation Corporation, now known as American Airlines. Various improvements in the field were requested by this new company, and in a final inspection of the facilities it was determined to be inadequate. As a result of this decision, passenger service was terminated.

As the early thirties were very insecure economically speaking, a great many owners sold their airplanes and flying activity was at a low ebb. Aviation interest was stimulated somewhat, when the present Bloomington Municipal Airport was made possible due to Civil Works Administration, which was a phase of the recovery program. It encouraged the construction of municipi-

pally owned airports. The Association of Commerce Aviation committee, and John B. Felmley, McLean County CWA chairman; recommended to the city council that Bloomington take advantage of this plan. Through the efforts of Mayor Wellmerling, the city council, and many, many interested citizens this development became a reality.

The present Bloomington Municipal Airport was dedicated on Sunday, October 28, 1934. 60,000 people, one of the greatest crowds in Bloomington history gathered on and around the airport to witness the dedication. 83 airplanes took part in the activities, and automobile traffic was blocked for miles in all directions.

When the airport was dedicated, work had been completed on two diagonal asphalt run-ways, and the present hangar had been completed. Airlines expressed a desire to use the field for passenger stops, and a franchise was held by Chicago and Southern and American Airlines to use the facilities. Apparently the major airlines have never thought that Bloomington had a sufficient volume of passenger business to warrant a stop, and the field facilities were always determined to be inadequate.

Private flying, as it is called, was showing an increase in activity in 1936 and this continued until just before World War II. Among the Bloomington locality residents who owned airplanes during this period were Lewis Probasco, David Davis, Walter Williams, the Daily Pantagraph, Robert Davis, Russell Teutsch, Reed Johnson, Charles Zweng, Leo Jackson, Harold Medbery and George F. Dick, III. It would be impossible to list the many hundreds who took flying lessons during those years.



In 1940, the first flight training program sponsored by the federal government was started. This was called a Non-College Civilian Pilot Training Program. The Association of Commerce acted as the local sponsor of this program, and David Davis was appointed by them to serve as the co-ordinator. The ground school training was given at the Bloomington High School, with Harry Adams and Roy Hostetler acting as instructors. Flight training was given at the airport by Carnahan Flying Service.

Following the Non-College program, a very similar program went into effect, namely the College Civilian Pilot Training Program. Students from Illinois State Normal University and Illinois Wesleyan University were enrolled, and the ground instruction was given by university staff members.

In 1942, the government could see that a need for flight instructors was in view, and Commercial Pilot Refresher and Flight Instructor Refresher courses were established. The ground instruction for these was conducted at the airport. Pilots for these refresher courses were sent into Bloomington from other sections of the state.

In August of 1942, a pre-glider flight training program commenced. This was the first program where the students were actually inducted into government service. These trainees were trained in elementary flight before entering glider training at a regular Army base. An ample supply of glider pilots was obtained in a short time, and then another type of program went into effect.

A group of Navy V-5 cadets arrived in April of 1943, for their elementary flight training. The first class of cadets was housed

and received their ground school training at Illinois State Normal University. They were moved to Illinois Wesleyan University within a short time in order to make room for a Navy V-2 program at Normal. The V-5 program was under the supervision of War Training Service and the Navy. Navy officers were in residence. Approximately 1000 boys received their elementary flight training in Bloomington on these government programs. Flight training for the Navy continued until July 1, 1944.

Following World War II, airplanes were again available for purchase by the private pilot, and the airplane was seen as a practical means of transportation for people in business. The Paul F. Beich Company, Steak-N-Shake, Inc., Lutz Canning Company, and the John Felmley Company were some of the business concerns to purchase their own aircraft. Among the private airplane owners using their planes for both business and pleasure were Arthur Concello, Franklin Parker, J.J. Woltman, E.W. Gilbert, Dr. B.H. Eckard, Oliver Luerrson, Howard Fisher, Wilbur Smith, Helen Greinke, Glen Langdon, James Tuley, David Davis, Robert Davis, Russell Teutsch, Harold Medbery, Emory McClure, Phil Auth, Elmer Bane, George Warsaw, Coke Heller, Gilbert Hines, Glen Bagby, Fred Wissmiller, Dewey Varboncouer, Jesse Barker, Jack Streeper, and Donald Schlosser. While all of these are not residents of Bloomington, they are from the immediate vicinity. There has been a trend during the past few years for farm owners and farm tenants to erect one place hangars and have their own landing strip on the farm. McLean County has a very active group of Flying Farmers.

In September of 1946, a flight program was offered in conjunction with GI training. Private, Commercial and Flight In-



structor courses were all given. Enrollment was good for the first two years, but gradually decreased until the contract was terminated in 1949 due to lack of interest by those eligible for the training.

The most recent improvement at the airport was the completion of a concrete runway, and a paved apron in front of the hangar. This was made available through an improvement program sponsored by federal, state and city government. The city of Bloomington purchased additional acreage to make the runway extension possible, and as their share of the expense.

Ozark Airlines have very recently been granted a route which is including Bloomington as a stop for passenger and airmail service. It is hoped that this service will be available before the end of this year, 1950. It will be the first time that the Bloomington Municipal Airport has had airline service, and if it develops as planned, it will be another step in the advancement of aviation in Bloomington.

### MERNA VILLAGE

It has a pleasant and poetic name,

    This village set in scene of rural peace;  
Like the green island whence its founders came,  
    Whose industry here had goodly increase;  
As home-builders and tillers of the soil,  
    With simple ways of life they were content;  
And there were diversions to lighten toil,  
    As youth indulged in evening's merriment.

Its beautiful church of imposing size,

    With tiny hamlet clustering around;  
An ardent ancestral faith typifies,  
    In their descendants numerous still found,  
Seen far across the quiet landscape wide,  
Merna's slim spire surmounts the countryside.

James Hart



HOME TOWN EDUCATION

BLOOMINGTON SCHOOLS

1900 - 1950

by

Edith V. Muxfeld



## BLOOMINGTON SCHOOLS

1900 - 1950

by

Edith V. Muxfeld

As the Century opened, I was a Junior in High School. The building located at Monroe and Prairie Streets was completed and dedicated January 1, 1897, and the Class of 1900 was the first class to graduate from the new school. My class, the "Naughty Ones", was the first full year class to enter. Superintendent Van Petten had his office on the first floor in the tower room. Our High School Principal was Mr. Edwin Boyer. Our activities took the form of basketball, glee clubs, and clubs which met once a week with some teacher. These were Debating, Art, Camera, Dickens, Mythology, Electric, Astronomy and Shakespeare.

That was the day of color rushes, and much rivalry between classes. I remember one such rush between our Senior boys and the Juniors, which took place in the big assembly room at the east end of the building. Mr. Boyer stood on the platform with his finger on the bell, ready to stop proceedings when it got too hot. The class leaders sometimes entered the building at night to put up their colors as a surprise to the other classes. Once our boys got our colors up on top of the flag pole on the tower of the building. Clifford Keiser was the daring hero of that episode.

We had some excellent teachers, many being graduates of large universities, but they did not stay longer than one or two years. Miss Joyce Adams, our English teacher, Royal Sanders, history; Miss Ruth Moore (sister of Mr. John Moore), who now lives in Chicago, Freshman English; Miss Sara Clark, Latin; Luella Rankin, Algebra and Geometry; and Mr. Pearce, who taught Science until his retirement, are some that I remember especially.

High School courses were cut and dried. They were the Classical, which included Greek and Latin; the Latin-Scien-



tific, which had four years of Latin, two of German, and all the sciences except zoology; and the General, which had four years of English and those subjects that would fall in a Commercial course. About my year (1901), a few electives were added.

Another contrast would be in our clothes. We wore long, floor-length dresses and high shoes, and our hair either braided or on top of our heads. When I taught in the country, I still wore long dresses and coats. Even in the 20's, little girls wore long black stockings and high shoes, and the boys knickers and long stockings.

#### EDWARDS SCHOOL

After graduation, I attended Normal University. I taught in the country and in the town of Colfax, then came into Bloomington in 1906 to teach in the new Edwards School, built in 1903. Miss Libby Ongley was the principal. This building was a departure from the old type of school, being made of a light brick, with three floors, a gymnasium and auditorium on the third floor. It was named for Dr. Richard Edwards, one time president of I. S. N. U. Miss Flora Theis was principal later, and Miss Effie Munson is principal now.

Mr. J. K. Stapleton was Superintendent, and Miss Mary Mack was Primary Supervisor. This supervision was very strict. Regular visits were made, and explicit directions and instructions on what to teach and how to teach it. Class work was beginning to loosen up a little. Seats were still fastened down, and the children stayed in them, but some activity was taking place. We had music -- mostly rote singing -- art according to instruction, mostly still life, and hand work. One year for Christmas, my fourth grade made hair receivers, using a good quality of burlap. Two squares were overcast together with embroidery floss. In the center of the top was a circle to which we basted a reed, and overcast this with the same thread. Two pieces of floss attached to the corners were to be used to hang the contraption. One of my slowest boys made the best looking one.

#### LINCOLN SCHOOL

After two years at Edwards, I was transferred to Lincoln School, which at that time was one of the old schools. Miss Lillie Dexter was the principal. I had had her for my seventh and eighth grade teacher at Jefferson, so enjoyed teaching under her. Miss Loveday Nelson, who is still living here and is 93 years old, was my neighbor across the hall. Miss Dexter was principal at Lincoln for thirteen years. She retired in 1917 after thirty-four years of teaching. Miss Anna Croskey succeeded her. Mr. Raphael Freehill is now principal.



Miss Mary Kromer replaced Miss Mack as Primary Supervisor about 1907. She continued in this capacity for twenty-two years, retiring in 1929. She was a very pleasant person to work with and gave the teachers more chance to have some ideas of their own, but there was still the close supervision. One year at Lincoln, I had a straight fourth grade room that was divided into two classes. Instead of spelling as we have it now, we used a paragraph taken from "The Nieblelungenlied", which the children learned to write from dictation. I was trying to find a paragraph in the story that Miss Kromer had told me to take, when she walked into my room, looked around, and said, "What! no class reciting?" What would she think today?

#### EMERSON SCHOOL

The old Fourth Ward School, located at Taylor and Evans, was built in 1857. At one time the High School used the top floor. A new building was erected at Clinton and Bell Streets in 1907, and occupied on January 6, 1908. A farewell to Old Emerson took place December 10, 1907, with a number of old graduates, principals and teachers taking part. Miss Carrie Zolman, the principal, announced and Opening Reception and Bazaar to be held at the new school on December 17th. She rated the new school as the best made, the best arranged and the finest school building in the city. Supt. Stableton said he wondered if the next fifty years would make as great changes in building as the last fifty, and if in 1957 this new Emerson would be considered as out of date as the old one was. Miss Zolman was principal for fifty-one years.

The new Emerson was built when the Association of Commerce had opened a new addition around Williams' Oil-O-Matic Factory. It was another third story building with a gym. The attendance has never been as large as expected; only about nine of the twelve rooms were used. About two years ago, two rooms were remodeled to make a playroom and auditorium. The third floor gyms have been abandoned wherever they were built.

#### IRVING SCHOOL

Irving School, with Miss Katherine Kelley as Principal, was built in 1904, patterned after Edwards School, though made of red brick. Again the auditorium was on third floor, with stage and dressing rooms. The school soon became overcrowded. About 1921, I went to Irving to assist the eight grade teacher, Miss Josie Hulva. There were sixty-five pupils in the eighth grade room. At that time classes were promoted every half year. I taught my classes on a little balcony off the second floor. Sometimes I took them to one of the dressing rooms on the third floor, and sometimes we just sat on the stairs. (Two years later I assisted at Edwards and used the balcony there -- but I did have a blackboard and a screen to shut us off from the hall!)



Irving School is now a Junior High School, with Miss Ruth Ahlenius as principal. A new gym and addition to the building is being built. The old Dr. Albert Meyers' home to the west now belongs to the Board of Education, and has been used by the kindergarten.

#### OLD JEFFERSON

The old Jefferson School was located at Jefferson and Clayton Streets. I started my school life there, continued through third grade. Then we moved to Springfield, later to Chicago, and I returned to Bloomington to finish seventh and eighth grades at Jefferson. Miss Alpha Stuart was principal, Miss Lillie Dexter, seventh and eighth grades, and Mrs. Lucy Hyde sixth grade.

#### WASHINGTON SCHOOL

In 1896 a four room building was erected at the corner of Washington and State Streets to take care of the pupils in the first four grades who lived east of the Illinois Central tracks. The railroad crossing was at street level, so it was thought best to avoid the danger for small children. Mrs. Lucy Hyde became the principal. This was the beginning for Washington School, which is now having its fourth addition built.

Washington is now the east side Junior High -- this year being the first for the ninth grade to stay there instead of transferring to the Senior High School. To make room for this added grade, and because the population of Bloomington is rapidly moving to the southeast, a new school is being built on Oakland Avenue which will take care of kindergarten and the first six grades.

Miss Jennie Zolman became principal of Washington School in 1898, and very efficiently directed the school until her death in 1936.

Beginning with the four rooms built in 1896, two on each floor, the school had four more rooms added in 1905 to house all eight grades. As the school population moved on east, a fireproof section of four more rooms, an office on the first floor and a teachers' room on second, with a south stairway and a balcony room for supplies was built in 1924. When the Junior High program was started in 1940, the largest and most modern addition was built. This contained classrooms, a large gymnasium with showers, music rooms, a library. Shops and cafeteria are in the basement of the old building.

The building of the Junior High section was quite an experience for the teachers and pupils, because it was done while school was in session. The children were fascinated. First several big elms on our playground to the south, were cut down and the roots dug out. The digging was done by a huge shovel and crane, powered by a motor, which the children named "Nellie".



(From a Daily Pantagraph clipping:) "Nellie was not a steam shovel, but she huffed, puffed, tugged and grunted to the unbounded delight of the children. She snuffled first along the south side of the building, biting out yards of earth. After holding the pupils to chores as long as possible, the teachers would declare a watching period. The children swarmed to the windows to learn what old Nellie was doing. Between grunts, Nellie's steely voice sang a song of honest endeavor. When Nellie's strength was pitted against the deeply rooted stump of a once towering elm, it was a titanic struggle. Several times it seemed too much for Nellie. She teetered groggily. She nearly upset herself. But finally the stump's resistance was broken, and it was dragged out like a great octopus, accompanied by the cheers of the children. Everyone was sad the day Nellie's work was done, and she waddled off down Washington Street on her caterpillar feet to other herculean tasks."

After Nellie's work was done, the walls were erected, and much of the inside work finished; then came the worst part. The whole south wall of the old building had to be removed and the two parts joined. This was done with electric drills, and the noise was terrific. Teachers in the south part of the building had to devise all sorts of methods to get any work done. Miss Ethel Lee Buchholz worked out a project in which her fourth grade class spent part of the time outdoors watching the building, getting samples of material used, then returning to their room to draw pictures and make reports. Those of us fortunate enough to be on the north side of the old building, took in as much of the work as we could, but we could follow our regular program fairly well. Mr. Z. H. Dorland was principal at that time, followed by Mr. W. Earl Lee, the present principal.

#### JEFFERSON SCHOOL

In 1915 construction was started on a new High School on Washington Street between McLean and Evans. The old High School Building on Monroe and Gridley was remodeled, and in 1919 the Jefferson School was moved there and the old building torn down. The Board of Education still owns the lot, which is used by the high school classes for games.

This move made Jefferson School a center for boys taking manual training, girls for cooking, and the print shop also had room there. (See Mrs. Brokaw's story). There was also a room for children who were unable to attend regular classrooms. This was first in charge of Miss Clara Simmons, and later Miss Nelle Clancy. I once asked Miss Simmons, how she got along with so many odd ones, and she replied, "Well, there are times when all we can do is sit down and laugh! That seems to clear the air, and we can start again."

The Jefferson people, with Miss Leilah Emerson as principal, were very happy in their remodeled building. Then



during the period of depression and unrest, in March of 1932, early in the morning, a fire that was thought to be of incendiary origin completely destroyed the school. By the time the teachers and pupils arrived for school, there was nothing but ruins left. A few days later, Holy Trinity Church was burned in the same way, and a fire was discovered in "Old Main" at I. S. N. U. in time to extinguish it with little damage.

Some interesting facts about the Jefferson Fire: The outside temperature was two degrees above zero. The blaze was discovered by the janitor, Mr. John Ford, as he made his regular tour of the building. The Fire Department was called at 6:30 a.m. The building was a raging mass of flames by the time they arrived. Nine lines of hose were strung, and water poured into the building. Water froze all over the building and trees. Branches broke under the weight of the ice. While the fire raged and the ice formed on everything outside, a pot of ferns in the first floor window remained unscorched and waved in the breeze.

A new modern building was erected and the students entered for work in the second semester, 1933. In the meantime, pupils were distributed among Bent, Emerson and Franklin, with their teachers. They had no books, sat on camp chairs, and were generally uncomfortable. The other schools donated all the extra books they could find, and the youngsters brought all their old texts and gave them to the cause.

#### BENT

The old Hawthorne School was getting to be a fire hazard, so in 1924-25 a fine new building was erected to the north of the old one, and named for Horatio G. Bent, who had been President of the Board of Education for a number of years, and then became Business Manager. The type of building was new, called the Elizabeth type. It has two stories above a basement story which is largely above ground. The boiler and fuel rooms are entirely outside the school proper. The kindergarten has a small kitchenette and a mother's club room, and the entrance is from an outside terrace. The gym and auditorium are at the rear and will seat 800. Bent is now a Junior High, with Mr. William Anderson as principal.

#### SHERIDAN SCHOOL

The old Sheridan had only four rooms at first, then four more were added. Mrs. Ella Price was principal for nineteen years. She always taught first grade, even when principal. Many people remember her as their first teacher. She retired in 1931. Miss Marie Summers, who was a teacher at Washington, became principal in the fall of that year and remained there almost as long as Mrs. Price, seventeen years. Miss Lou Reed preceded Mrs. Price.



In the fall of 1948 Miss Summers asked to be relieved of the principalship and to be re-instated as a regular teacher because of eye trouble she was having. She is now teaching sixth grade at Emerson.

Miss Summers says that Sheridan School was still using the old building when she became principal. Tho there were unused rooms in the school the fifth graders transferred to either Edwards or Bent, according to their choice, for the rest of the eight grades. After the new building was occupied in mid-winter of 1935, a grade was added each year until eighth grade was reached. They had three eighth grade graduating classes, then the junior high program went into operation, so they dropped back to six grades.

One interesting happening Miss Summers tells is, that when the old building was torn down, a cupboard in a corner was pulled out. The blackboard, behind it, had not been removed when the cupboard was built. On the blackboard, behind the cupboard, was written, in a fine Spencerian hand, a full program for a day's work. The writing was still easy to read. Mr. McDowell was much interested, but no one could be found who knew who had written the program.

Miss Summers is most appreciative of the wonderful spirit shown by the patrons of the school and the fine support they give the teachers. But I think the people should appreciate such fine principals as Mrs. Price, Miss Summers, and Mr. Elwood Wheeler, who gave up the supervision of grade instrumental music to become principal of Sheridan School.

#### SARAH E. RAYMOND SCHOOL

The Sarah E. Raymond School was originally located at 1408 West Grove Street. It was a small brick building housing four classrooms of grades one through five. After having finished these grades, the children were transferred to either Irving or Edwards School. In 1932 the present modern structure replaced the old school and grades one through eight were then included. A public opening was sponsored by the P. T. A. and about five hundred citizens inspected the school plant. With the opening of the Junior High Schools the seventh and eighth grades were sent to Irving School and the present set-up includes about two-hundred fifty pupils in the Kindergarten and first six grades.

The school was named after Sarah E. Raymond who was Principal of the High School and later city Superintendent. During her period of service many improvements and additions were made in the schools. Miss Raymond married Capt. Fitzwilliams, a Chicago merchant, and removed to that city.

The Parent-Teacher Association has been very active and progressive throughout the years; Mrs. Frank Hilhaus was the



first President and was chosen when the group organized in 1917. Mrs. Charles Oliver, Mrs. Otto Johnson, Mrs. Mamie Barclay, Mrs. Henry Daul, Mrs. W. C. Anderson, Mrs. Carl Peplow, Mrs. E.E. Beatty, Mrs. L. Potts, Mrs. E.D. Trainer, Mrs. Carl Selberg, Mrs. Wm. Boyles, Mrs. Harry Bendschneider, Mrs. H. Cunningham, Mrs. Arthur Barling, Mrs. Loren Brucker, Mrs. Elvin Strong, Mrs. Cleve Hand and Mrs. Beverly Bradshaw have served as leaders of the Association. The aim of the group has been constant from the time of its organization: "for every child, the highest advantage in physical, mental, moral and spiritual welfare".

Recent principals of the school are: Mrs. Bernading Moratz Collins, Mrs. Barbara Egger Lennon and the present principal, Miss Mary Henderson.

Each February the Parent-Teacher Association pays tribute to those who have helped build the present organization. During the past year the women who had served as Presidents met and formed a unique organization: "The Past Presidents' Club of Raymond P.T.A."

#### FRANKLIN

Franklin School which had been the old First Ward School was rebuilt in 1899. At the present time, it is the oldest school building, as the first Washington Building has been absorbed into the collection of additions that make today's school. In 1945 the furnaces were repaired, stokers repaired, hardwood floors laid. Like all the rest of the schools, Franklin has had to use the basement for class rooms. A very fine library has been established. Mr. C. W. Chambers was custodian for thirty years, retiring this last June, 1950. Though an old school, it has always been shining. One could look out in the hall most any time of the day and see Mr. Chambers with a duster, or mop. This year a much needed community room has been added, which will provide a recreation room, with stage and kitchen, and a meeting place for PTA groups. It can be turned into two class rooms if necessary. Miss Orilla Sykes was an early principal, followed by Miss Louise Siebert, Miss Frieda Schaeffer, Miss Lois Green and Mrs. Dorothy Busbey. Miss Seibert was principal from 1890 to 1928.

#### SUPERINTENDENTS

Mr. Stapleton was Superintendent from 1901 until 1926. His term saw many changes. The new High School on Washington Street, enlargement of the High School faculty, many new courses introduced, were among them. Supervisors for the elementary grades, music, domestic science, art and manual training, were others. He was followed by Mr. S. K. McDowell, who served until 1935. Dr. James Lindsay served for only a short time but effected many changes. He placed men as principals where there were vacancies. He visited class



rooms personally, and had a check system for every teacher. Each teacher was given a sheet with certain items typed on it. When Dr. Lindsay came, we gave him our sheet which he marked and returned. Many teachers were disturbed by seeing him mark down something during a class recitation. Following Dr. Lindsay came Mr. Paul Cossard in 1938, and he in turn was succeeded by Mr. George Wells in 1941, our present Superintendent.

#### MR. S. K. McDOWELL

Mr. McDowell became Superintendent in 1920. He proved to be an excellent administrator, considerate of his teachers and interested in the children. He guided the schools through a period of financial straits and unusual hardships. He has been living in Bloomington since his retirement, and has always been interested in school happenings. Just recently, he has gone to live with his son in Chicago. He is now 86 to 87 years old.

Trouble started in 1926. At that time, a change was made in the taxation system -- property valuations were reduced with the result that the school income from the State Distributive Fund was much less than was needed. To meet this reduction, kindergartens, Band Director, Domestic Art, Penmanship Supervisor, Art in the grades, Agriculture, and Printing were dropped from the curriculum. Another cut in the State Fund made it necessary to drop Music Supervision, Music Appreciation, Swimming at the High School, Physical Education in the grades, School Nurse (the health program had begun about 1928), and the Penny Savings Bank program.

The Penny Savings Bank Program had been in existence for about twenty years. The last ten years were under the supervision of Mrs. Mary Davisson, of East Market Street. She visited the schools once each week, had her table out in the hall, and the children brought their money to her and deposited it in regular bank fashion. She then deposited it in a down-town bank. No interest was paid on the savings, the idea being learning to save. The yearly deposits amounted to between \$7,000 to \$8,000.

From March, 1932, the teachers were paid in script instead of pay checks. These were negotiable at the Peoples Bank and certain firms were willing to take it at full value. The Piggly Wiggly chain was one of them. The teachers did not encounter too much hardship, and we were fortunate that it did not last any longer than it did. In many other cities, all over the country, teachers received script for a long period of time. Grade school commencement was abandoned, and our salaries were cut ten per cent for the following year. Our contracts read "The Board would pay by warrants if necessary, and could terminate the contract at any time that such action was necessary because of lack of funds."



During the year 1932-1933, the Tax Payers League made things unpleasant for the school people who were asking for an increase in the tax rate so that the schools would not have to be closed -- something that was happening in many other places. This tax increase was allowed at a referendum submitted to the voters in April, 1934.

During this period the government was trying to provide work for as many people as possible. One of the agencies was the Public Works Administration, known as the PWA. Late in 1933 this Agency approved a loan to the Bloomington Board of Education by which they would receive Federal Aid of \$202,350 as a twenty-year loan, and \$67,650 as a gift. This loan was used to build the new Sheridan and Lincoln Schools in 1935, a much needed addition to the High School, and repairs to the other schools. From this time on, affairs began to improve, and were on the mend.

#### MISS MATTIE BISHOP

One person who had much to do with the Bloomington Schools was Miss Mattie Bishop, who was Secretary for the Board of Education for forty years -- through the terms of Superintendents Stapleton, McDowell, Lindsay, Gossard and Wells. In June 1948 she retired. She was given a farewell reception and presented with a wrist watch from the school personnel.

#### ADOLPH MOLS

Another familiar and popular figure from 1903 until 1942, was Adolph Mols, physical training supervisor. He visited each school every two weeks, and taught the exercises which the teachers were to teach daily for the next two weeks. These were entirely calisthenics. Then at least every two years, at the end of the school year, he conducted a Field Day at the Ball Park south of town. This was made up of mass drills of from 2,000 to 3,000 children, pyramids, dumbbells, Indian Club, Flag Drills, Maypole Dances and Ladder Pyramids. All was done to band music.

He had an unique method of teachings, and kept up a constant stream of little jokes. The children scarcely took their eyes off him during a lesson. After his retirement in 1932 he became Attendance Officer until 1942, when he went to live in Chicago, aged 80.

#### REPORT CARDS

After Miss Kromer resigned, Miss Bess Hayden was our Grade Supervisor until her death. She was responsible for a change in the report card system. Up to this time all grades were in figures. This was now changed to letters, using A, B, C, D, E, and F. It was a great pleasure to work with Miss Hayden. She always found something nice to say when she came visiting.



Miss Ethel Burris, who is now on the I.S.N.U. Faculty was our Supervisor until 1936, when Miss Ruth Clendenen came to us. Report cards were again revised. Miss Clendenen worked with a committee of mothers and teachers, who evolved a card that used the letters "S" for Satisfactory and "U" for Unsatisfactory, with a long list of citizenship items to be marked for each child.

The office of Grade Supervisor was abolished about 1946, and the principals are expected to supervise the teachers. Another report card that the principals worked out was so complicated that few patrons could make head or tail out of it, so a new one was made up by a committee of teachers which was, and is, quite simple: just a check for Satisfactory and a minus mark for Unsatisfactory work, with the usual citizenship items. Sounds easy, but very hard to do and still keep up the child's ego. We have had committees on report cards every year, and still no one is satisfied. It seems to be one of the biggest problems.

### SPECIAL EDUCATION

In 1936, three ungraded rooms were established at Irving School while Mr. William Anderson was principal there. The three teachers were able to give individual attention to these youngsters who were unable to keep up with the regular grade work. As this work developed, certain subjects in High School were "starred" as being possibilities for those pupils who wished to enter High School. This program has become a Special Education program with teachers and specialists from I. S. N. U. co-operating, Financial support is received from the State.

A sight-saving room at Edwards was established in 1939. At Jefferson a class for crippled children, one for primary grade maladjusted, and one for upper grade maladjusted, were provided. All these classes have been transferred this year to the new Special Education Building at I. S. N. U., where teachers will be trained for this purpose.

### MUSIC

The music program, which had been dropped in 1926, was restored in 1936. Supervisors of music in the early days were Miss Irene Bassett, Miss Ross and Miss Mabel Glenn, who has been associated with the Kansas City Schools since she left here.

Miss Frances Kessler conducted the Music Appreciation Classes, coming around with her victrola and records of various kinds, and teaching the children to listen for rhythm, phrases that were alike and different, and to recognize good music. Since the Junior High has been established, Miss Kessler has taught the music at Washington and is in



charge of a very fine library used by the whole school. Mrs. Albert Spiers was our last music supervisor before the subject was dropped. When music was re-established, Miss Helen Rothgeb became supervisor of music in both High School and the grades. She has brought the subject to a very high level. Later another teacher was placed in High School to take full charge, and Miss Rothgeb has given full time to the elementary and Junior Highs.

Instrumental music, under the direction of Mr. Charles Newton, has reached top rating. Students from I.S.N.U. and Illinois Wesleyan do much of the teaching in the grades, getting their student teaching by this means.

#### MR. PAUL GOSSARD

Mr. Gossard was Superintendent of Schools from 1938 till 1944. When he left in the summer of 1944, the Pantagraph had the following editorial:

#### "Gossard Brought Schools to Crossroads

"Mr. Gossard is leaving Bloomington to become Superintendent of Schools in Quincy, Massachusetts. One has to know what conditions were prior to this arrival to appreciate what his quiet, diplomatic methods have achieved. The most outstanding accomplishment has been the growth of interest in public school education. The school difficulties traced back to the depression and lack of money. Two referendums were presented. The first failed, the second carried.

"Choosing a successor is a matter of grave importance. The right successor can carry the Bloomington schools forward swiftly. The public is ready for bold planning and major action."

The successor chosen was Mr. George Wells. How well he has filled the requirements will show up in the latter part of this volume.

#### DOCTOR REAVIS

Beginning with this period of Mr. Gossard's term, more and more classroom teachers were consulted, and committees formed to study and report findings to the whole faculty. The Association of Commerce appointed committees for the improvement of Bloomington. One of these was Better Schools. A citizen's committee was invited to meet with the Board of Education and the teachers for discussion of ways and means. It was decided to invite an expert from the University of Chicago, Mrs. W. C. Reavis, to come here to study the situation. Dr. Reavis was director of Field Service for the University of Chicago. This was in March of 1944. He came to Bloomington to begin the study of twelve questions presented by the Board and Mr. Gossard. He visited all the schools and held conferences with teachers, citizens, and Board. He gave brief answers to the questions given him. The Board then picked those needing immediate attention,



and Dr. Reavis took these back to Chicago for further study. He returned in April and addressed the teacher's group on the need of an up-to-date curriculum in the post-war period. He emphasized these problems: (1) evaluation of much material destined to find a place in the curriculum, (2) the elimination of much out-moded material, (3) thorough revision of the objectives of education, (4) improvement of methods of teaching and administration, (5) evaluation of extra-curricular activities, and (6) establishment of a new partnership between school and community.

Before going on with what has been accomplished as a result of these recommendations, I will pick up a few items of interest during these years.

### TEXT BOOKS

About 1942-43 the rental system of text books was started. This has proved to be very satisfactory. More texts and supplementary materials could be secured in this way at a very small cost to the parents. The change in the type of text book has been most remarkable. We all remember the old readers with few pictures, and those mostly black and white, the print small and often faded-looking. Today's books are profusely illustrated in bright colors. Even arithmetics and workbooks have many pictures. The print is larger, blacker, with more white space between lines. We might recall some of the old favorites, such as The Sunbonnet Babies, Overall Boys, the Beacon series, the Free and Treadwell books, The Story Hour, Gates Readers, Work and Play, and Ginn and Co., Cyr Readers. Today's books have many of the same stories revised for easier reading.

### ART

Miss Maude Smith supervised art in all the schools for many years. When the subject was dropped in the grades she continued to teach it in the high school until she retired in 1939, after twenty-two years. Supervised art was re-established in the grades in 1943. Miss Rose Parker is at the head of the department. She is called a consultant now. The teachers go to her with their art problems or ask her to start the type of work they wish to do. She will spend a half a day or longer with each teacher who wants her, beginning and overseeing the project.

### PROMOTIONS

In 1940, mid-year promotions were abolished, doing away with A and B classes. Eighth grade commencement had already been discontinued. Now students will leave sixth grade for Junior High, then after three years there will continue on into senior high school, making twelve continuous years. A Junior college may develop some day.



## HIGH SCHOOL

I have not been in close contact with the high school so may not be able to record some facts that should be remembered. The change from the old building on Monroe to the new one on Washington was made in February, 1917. The entire student body marched to the new home. E. L. Boyer was still principal but he resigned at the end of that year.

The building was soon crowded. An addition was made under PWA. Students attending numbered from 1000 to 1200. Courses include college preparatory, commercial, home economics, shop, industrial arts, fine arts, dramatics, retail selling and automobile driving.

For several years classes in retail selling have been taught. Students spend half a day in class and the remainder in actual work at the stores.

One of the special interests is the Short Story Club organized by Miss Grace Inman in 1917 to develop creative writing. Each year the Merwin silver cup has been presented to the winner in a short story contest. Juniors and seniors are eligible to try out for the club. Candidates must write and impromptu essay or short story. Their admittance depends on the merits of their work.

The club is limited to twenty members. The pin, designed by Davis Merwin, is a miniature gold quill and inkstand with the initials S S C engraved on the stand. Also presented each year by Paul Rhymer are the Rhymer medals. Paul was a former club member and is the author of the radio script "Vic and Sade".

Warren Goodier was high school principal for twenty-two years, retiring in 1940. To all students he was "the Duke". He went back to his old home in New York state, where he died in 1944. P. C. Kurtz became principal and still holds that office.

The first Aegis, published in 1897, was a monthly paper written and edited by students. It is still issued but is more on the newspaper order than the magazine form we used. For a number of years an annual bound volume has been published, containing pictures of all the students and faculty, with stories and poems and history.

About two years ago the Board purchased and remodeled a residence across the street from the high school for administrative offices. This gave the high school some much needed room. Sending the ninth graders to the junior high will give more room. A number of teachers who taught freshmen studies have been transferred with them.



## GEORGE N. WELLS

Mr. Wells came to Bloomington from Elmwood Park, where he had been superintendent for fifteen years. He very quickly divided the entire faculty into committees which met at the high school once or twice a month. We usually spent an hour in committee, then had a general meeting where committees reported any action taken, and the whole group discussed and either accepted or refused the suggestions. Each year some committees were eliminated and others took their places. This continued over a period of five years.

The Pantagraph had said, "The public is ready for bold planning." At the risk of making this paper unnecessarily long I am going to quote from a Progress Report that Mr. Wells had printed and sent home by each child in school. Following the recommendations of Dr. Reavis, a firm of Chicago architects was hired to make a survey of the physical set-up of the schools. They made eight recommendations of things that should be done in the next twenty years.

### PROGRESS REPORT

On what the people said they wanted, in 1944.

#### I Administrative leadership

- 1-2 Curriculum committees have met at regular intervals during the past five years. A co-ordinator of curriculum has been appointed. (Lois Green)
- 3- A method for evaluating the services of the faculty had been worked out.
- 4- In-service training has been extended.
- 7-8 Salary schedules revised to be based on training and experience. Equal pay for men and women and married women accepted.

#### II Services added

- 1- Kindergartens 1945
- 2- Vocational training
- 3- Adult education developing
- 4- Sound projectors for each school
- 5- Physical education integrated under a supervisor and a director of athletics.
- 6- Special education
  - Sight-saving class
  - Orthopedic class
  - 4 classes for exceptional children
  - 2 bed-side teachers
  - Speech correctionist (Geraldine Fergen)
  - Social adjustment counselor (Kathleen Jarret)
- 7- Expanded music program
- 8- Art re-established
- 9- Driver training in H.S.  
There are now twelve special teachers and 300 pupils under them.



### III Building

- 1- All old fastened-down seating has been replaced by movable furniture, lighting has been improved, rooms painted in pastel shades.
- 2- Improvements made in buildings
- 3- Residence at 504 E. Jefferson remodelled for administrative offices
- 4- New sites
  - 40 acre Grassfield site
  - 10 acre Oakland siteDr. Albert Meyer property for Irving School

### IV Program for next 5 years

- 1- Complete addition to Irving (done)
- 2- Add 4 classrooms to Bent (done)
- 3- A new school on the Oakland site (done)
- 4- An all-purpose room at Franklin (done)
- 5- Field house for high school physical program
- 6- Shop for high school industrial program
- 7- New grade school on the Grassfield site

The above report was made in March of 1949. In december of the same year a fine brochure, entitled "These are Your Schools" was distributed to each child in school. It was made up entirely of pictures taken in the schools by Mr. Chester of the high school faculty. Every school was represented by several pictures, the no schools were named.

### ACCOMPLISHMENT

As 1950 comes to a close, part of this progress program is almost complete. The addition to Irving has six classrooms, a gymnasium, library, music suite, cafeteria - community room. It is in use this fall. Bent has one addition on the south and one on the north. Each one had a double classroom with a small "library lounge" for social study classes. It is about ready for use. Franklin annex is a large community room. Oakland students are being taken to other schools by bus.

These new schools answer the question, "Have the schools changed in fifty years?" Green blackboards, pastel walls, bulletin boards, modern blonde furniture. The large classrooms have a stage and an accordian-type curtain to separate it into two regular classrooms. Built-in bookcases that form a three foot high shelf along the outside wall, and tile floors are other features.

### TRIPS

For some time children have been taken on all-day trips to see real life instead of reading about it. Trips to Springfield, Chicago, New Salem, Funks' Grove, farms, dairies and bakeries have been enjoyed. Many short trips to the McLean



County Historical Society, telephone office, library, fire station, and Withers Library are made. This fall the teachers themselves are going to take a day off and visit various factories and business houses in small groups. The teachers have been suggesting for some time that the Board buy a bus which could be used for these excursions. Now the Board owns two buses. To be sure they are being used to transport children to schools too far for them to walk, but there is hope for the future.

#### CURRICULUM PLANNING

This year (1950-51) the whole faculty will be working with a team of experts from the University of Illinois. These men worked with a committee of teachers and with the different building faculties last year. The program is expected to develop a modern curriculum and will require a period of years. Just before school closed last June the whole school force was taken by bus to Allerton Park for the day. Lunch was provided. A most interesting program was given including plans of the Bloomington committee, talks by the U of I people and by school men who had tried the plan our schools are looking forward to.

#### CONCLUSION

In conclusion, I want to pay tribute to the various Boards of Education that have served Bloomington through the years. They have served well and faithfully. They have made good use of funds allowed them. Teachers' salaries are now where they attract the best talent. Sixty dollars was the maximum salary when I began teaching. Now the minimum is at least two hundred. The Board has adopted the Adult Education program, which is growing very rapidly.

The schools have finally accepted the fact that they must take care of all the children of all the people, and with Adult Education, of the people themselves.

In writing this paper I have tried to be accurate in facts and dates. Some mistakes may have been made which are unintentional. The schools are on their way somewhere. Happy landings!

THE DAYS OF THE SCHOOL PRINTSHOP 1913 - 1922

by

Etta Walker Brokaw



## THE DAYS OF THE SCHOOL PRINTSHOP 1913-1922

By

Etta Walker Brokaw

Many of us remember the tall fine gentleman, Mr. J. K. Stableton, who was Superintendent of schools here for a number of years. He understood boys and appreciated their need for activity in both work and play.

While Edwards School was being built Mr. Stableton had Stanley Taylor, a high school student, teach my sixth grade boys how to set type and use an old press that was in the building. Then I took a case of type in my own room and let the boys set type in their spare time. When Edwards School was finished, the next year, we had a real printshop in the southwest corner of the basement. We had a press, type cases, and tables for proof reading. Mr. Alonzo Dolan, of the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Company, gave us a lot of type and typecases that he was going to discard. He also let us have all the scrap paper we needed at a low price. He took me all over his

plant and had the head of each department explain his special work.

Our principal, Miss Goudy, was interested in this printing program because of her relative, Frederick W. Goudy, the nationally known type designer. So for the first half of the year she took my classroom, and I just taught printing to boys from the nearby schools. As soon as Mr. Stableton got another teacher for my room I taught only the printing.

The boys in each class knew what to do. All work was left in order before leaving. The incoming class lined up outside the door. Each chap was given his assignment, picking up where the other boys had to leave it. We thought it wiser to use a hand press, so two boys worked on the press, one to turn the press and one to feed. Some were assigned typesetting, some took proof, others read proof and distributed type that had been used by the previous class.

The boys knew that every bit of their work was being used in the schools. They made copies of arithmetic problems, tests in various subjects, poems, programs for special days, the P.T.A. year book or monthly programs. Special colored paper and special type made these attractive.

One year, the High School boys won in a big basketball tournament. The Pantagraph had printed a full report of the game with the pictures of the boys. Nearly everyone on the team had been through the printing course. When they came over to tell me about it I suggested that they print a small booklet with the pictures of the boys and the paper's comments. The Pantagraph loaned us the cuts and the boys worked after school to complete some very attractive basketball booklets.



One day, Dr. Richard Edwards, for whom the school was named, came to see us. He thought we were doing some fine work. Not long after, he sent two frames for resewing books and some adjustable bookbinding presses. We did a lot of rebinding for the high school library.

One summer I went to the "Stout Institute" at Menominee, Wis. for the summer school of printing. All of the girls in our rooming house were taking Home Economics. Some of the men were taking both printing and Manual Training. The printing course was thorough and I had to work to be accepted as a printer. We were all teachers from New York to Montana and from the Ohio River to Canada. When the printing instructor read his grades my name was second on the list.

When the new high school was built in 1915, the old building on Monroe Street was remodeled for the Jefferson School. The print shop was moved to this building and located in the superintendent's office in the tower room, first floor. Now printing was given all sixth grade boys and they came to this shop from all over the city.

The print shop was working while the building was being remodeled. Finally the noise got the best of us and I phoned Mr. Stableton that he had better rescue us. The boys were printing a large program to be used that night, and setting type for the next week. Mr. Stableton said there was a room over at the high school if I could use it. I could- immediately. The press boys kept on with their work. Johnson's big truck soon arrived. Type cases were carefully piled in by the boys. I went over to plan where to put things, then back for another load. The press ran on until the last program was printed.

We were all proud of the boys. Not a class missed its working schedule.

The boys printed a booklet, called Bloomington, Our Own City for Miss Kromer. This was made up of historical stories written by some of the teachers of Bloomington. One very lovely booklet was "War Poems for Children" written by Miss Louise Kessler for the benefit of the war funds during the first World War. It was illustrated with a photograph of Mary Margaret O'Malley as a child, dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse.

Before holiday time designs for Christmas cards and gifts came from the Art instructor. I would collect the fine scrap pile at the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Company. Lovely paper and colors. I adjusted the scraps to the card designs and used the special typecase that Mr. Dolan had given us. By this time we had secured some lovely border designs for this special type case. The boys were very proud of the results.

The idea of a school print shop is to teach the boys that good honest work is worth while and an honor to him who does it, while careless work is dishonest. In the past years I have had the joy of seeing and knowing the results of the print shop. It is a joy to meet old print shop people and learn that they have been successful. One former printshopper told me that he had been a Forty Acre boy who saw nothing in school that he would need when he was old enough to get a job. He was playing hockey every chance he got. Then in sixth grade he landed in the print shop and found something he could learn and use outside of school. The printshop was surely worth while.



In November of 1932 the Jefferson School was completely destroyed by fire and all the print shop equipment was a part of its ashes. I had resigned previously to be married.

BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL  
Seventeenth Annual Commencement  
June 11, 1886



SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT  
BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL  
The Daily Pantagraph - June 11, 1886

Contributed by Etta Walker Brokaw

Durley theater was crowded long before 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, with the friends and acquaintances of the graduating class of 1886. Nearly every one in the house brought beautiful flowers, both cut and growing, and by the time they were all seated the house seemed lined with brilliant and sweet-smelling blossoms. The immense audience sat contentedly through the whole long programme, and although packed in and warm seemed to enjoy every minute.

On the stage was the happiest and hottest lot of beings imaginable. Secure and happy in their freedom from school restraint, they all bore with them essays or orations designed to teach their parents and friends how to live. And each and all rose before the elderly people who formed a majority of their audience and told them how best to live and manage to produce the best effects. And the people who had dandled the graduates when infants, took the lectures and suggestions in good part and with sublime good nature. It is a way that all graduates have, this lecturing of their elders, and it is to be expected.

Upon the stage were seated the graduating class, Prof. Henninger and the teachers of the High school. The superintendents and members of the board of education, Rev. Dr. Bennett and Judge Reeves.

At a few minutes after 2 Rev. Dr. Bennett pronounced the

invocation and was followed by Miss Agnes Keating, who gave as an instrumental solo "Recollections of Home." The selection is a beautiful one and was rendered with exquisite expression.

Miss Flora Kerr delivered the salutatory, entitled, "The Actual and the Ideal," and endeavored to demonstrate to her hearers the difference between the two. She spoke clearly and distinctly, and was rewarded at the close with many beautiful bouquets and sundry square parcels, suggesting poems and candy. Little Maggie Cole and Clint Teneick acted as flower bearers, and completed their arduous task gracefully.

Miss Rena M. Teneick looked very charming as she came forward and read her essay about "Echo and Silence." Her flights into fancy were pretty, and her sound remarks were emphatic and directly to the point. Her voice had a habit of breaking, but otherwise was clear and distinct.

"Individuality" was the theme of Miss Clara Dickenson's oration. She was self-possessed and made her gestures with ease and promptness. She was favored with very many flowers.

Miss Rhoda Johnson, the colored girl about whom so much interest has centered took for her subject, "Life's Battles," and if she attacks her life's battles with the intelligence and force with which she did her subject, she will go through life with flying colors. Her essay was one of the best of the day, and delivered with earnestness and ease. That she had plenty of friends in the audience was testified by the many bouquets and baskets laid at her feet.

Miss Hattie E. Ball delivered an oration about "Copyrights," which was listened to with attention and proved to be well worth of it.

Mr. William Johnson orated upon "Mechanism." His pose was easy, his gestures easy and graceful and the thought of his oration good.

A vocal solo, "The Lost Ship," by Misses Grace Goodfellow and Lizzie Miller, now made a pleasing diversion from the waves of eloquence that had been sweeping over the audience, a sort of island where the weary brains might rest a moment and enjoy themselves. Miss Goodfellow has a superb soprano voice and was well accompanied by Miss Miller.

"Hobbies" was Miss Belle L. Graham's subject upon which she essayed. She told about the people who are never satisfied, who want to revolutionize the world and run it according to their own ideas. Miss Graham's essay was full of telling and pithy sentences and showed much thought and careful preparation. She spoke in a firm, clear voice and was plainly heard all over the house.

Miss Lizzie Miller gave an oration upon "Fame" which was



one of the best efforts of the day. The young lady was perfectly self-possessed and especially graceful with her gestures. She looked very pretty, and had a composed, graceful stage presence not usual in her first appearance. She received a great deal of merited applause and was fairly swamped in flowers. Indeed, by this time the stage had become so covered with the offerings to the graduates that a small army of boys was deputized to carry them off and stow them away until the close of the exercises.

Mr. Wilbur Atkinson then delivered an oration, taking for his subject "Mammoth Towers." The subject was a massive one, but Mr. Atkinson showed that he was fully able to handle it and get from it all the good lessons that it contained.

An essay, "An Enigma," by Miss Grace W. Rugg followed, and although she experienced great difficulty in keeping her place on the papers she held, she created a good impression and received the usual amount of flowers.

An oration, "Our Voyage," by Miss Emma Jacoby, was a forcible and pleasing part of the programme. She spoke slowly and clearly, so that the full import of her essay was plainly heard.

A chorus of twenty-five voices, "Father, O! Hear Us," was next on the programme. It was very pretty, the students singing together perfectly. They were drilled by Prof. Seibel, who considers this chorus one of the finest they could have attempted. The solo parts were sung by Miss Lizzie Miller and Miss Belle Graham.

"To Please the Multitude" was the subject of an oration by Miss Jennie C. Zolman. If Miss Zolman was trying to please the multitude before her she may be proud of her success, for every word was listened to and the applause testified that her thoughts found "an answer and an echo" in many hearts.

Miss Lottie Sickles decided that "Today" was a good subject for an essay, and by the time she had finished the audience fully agreed with her. Her essay was well written, and it is safe to assume that many hours were spent over it before it arrived at the state of perfection in which it was given to the audience.

Mr. Charles Coe came forward and told us all about "Architecture"--the architecture of souls as well as homes. His delivery was good, and he was listened to with attention.

"National Sentiment" was the subject of an oration by Miss Anna M. Krider. She looked very charming in her pink satin dress, and won friends in the audience even before she had spoken a word. She made an able plea for the honoring of dead privates as well as dead generals, and hoped that that wish would soon become a "national sentiment." She received some fruit as well as the usual flowers and mysterious boxes.



Miss Estella I. Brooks gave as an oration "Life's Music," and called the people's attention to the beauties of life that in the everyday work of life we are apt to overlook.

"Beauty" was the subject of Miss Etta M. Walker's essay, and she was present as a sample of the article--and a good one, too, she was in her white, soft dress. Her essay was well written and delivered in a pleasing manner.

A vocal trio by Misses Belle Graham, Estella Brooks and Lizzie Miller, entitled "Let Our Boat be Swiftly Gliding," was pretty, and was much enjoyed.

"1885" was the novel subject taken by Miss Mary Brewer. She treated it in a novel manner, but in one that gained and held the attention of everyone in the house. She told what had been done in 1885 and hoped as much for 1886.

"Creation's Summit" was what Miss Catherine Fogarty talked about. She spoke loudly and gave the inflections that would best suit her composition, which was interesting and pleasing.

"Evolution of Opinion" was an oration by Edward O. Marsh. He delivered it in an emphatic manner, which forced everyone to believe that he meant exactly what he said, and did not propose to have his opinion changed by anyone. It was in many respects a political address, and was a pleasing novelty on that account, especially as it was delivered in a strong and distinctive voice.

To Miss Anna McCoy were awarded the first honors of the class and she delivered the oration and valedictory entitled "To Be". Her thoughts were very pretty and were clothed in pure English. She is possessed of an especially easy and graceful stage presence. Her delivery was clear and distinct and her pronunciation and emphasis excellent. As she pronounced in clear, measured tones, audible in every part of the house, the words which should scatter the class, a shade of sadness fell on the audience, and they felt, in a measure, the solemnity of such an occasion to the band who for four years have traveled their school way together. She addressed the board of education, the teachers, the schoolmates and her closing remarks to her classmates were exceedingly pretty and appropriate. The valedictory was, as it should be, the feature of the day.

The presentation of diplomas by Hon. J. Jacoby assisted by Miss Sarah E. Raymond followed, and the graduates one by one stepped forward and received their roll of parchment, which took from them all chains and launched them forth into the world as men and women.

The closing chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," has made its appearance at school commencements as far back as the "oldest inhabitant" can recollect; but that does not prevent it from being



a suitable, and, when given as well as yesterday, a musical treat.

Rev. William Ball pronounced the benediction, after which the huge audience filed slowly out and the graduates gathered up their gifts with a new sense of importance and a half-regret that the long-looked-forward-to day had come and gone, and now for them there would be no more Commencement days.

Of the class of '86 only one, Miss Alice McCoy, completed the English and Latin course. The English and German course was completed by Wilbur Atkinson, Edward Marsh and Charles Coe. The English and part of the German course were taken by Belle Graham, Mary Brewer and Anna Krider, and simply the English course by Misses Catherine Fogarty, Hattie Ball, Rhoda Johnson, Lizzie Miller, Lottie Sickles, Clara Dickenson, Estella Brooks, Emma Jacoby, Rena Teneick, Flora Kerr, Grace Rugg, Etta Walker, Jennie Zolman and William Johnson.

The costumes of the young ladies were more than usually elaborate and beautiful. Not only the custom-honored white, but delicate tints of satin in cream, rose color and blue, made some of the exquisite graduating robes.

The class of '86 dispensed with the usual reception which it has been a time-honored custom to give to their friends. Instead of the reception it is understood that they have purchased twenty-three volumes of desirable books and presented them to the high school. Very sensible and novel was the idea, and they will live in the memories of their schoolmates after the recollections of one evening of music and dances would be forgotten.

And so has ended the seventeenth annual commencement of the Bloomington high school--ended amid smiles and flowers and happy young voices.

Of the essays and orations, as a whole we can say that they were above the average. Of course there was the usual allusion to the "broad ocean of knowledge," "the untried footpath," and the "limitless lapse of time," but then that is to be expected, and there never was, or never will be a graduation without some of these high-flown and doubtful meaning sentences. It is as necessary as the flowers and the applause.

It is not likely that the class of '86 feel any great sorrow at being clear of school shackles, but in the future, when cares weigh heavily, they will look back to the tenth of June, 1886, as the dearest, delightfulest, hottest day of their eventful lives - the day of their graduation.

MEMORIES OF FOURTH WARD SCHOOL

by

Byron Von Elsner  
(Brother of Litta)



## MEMORIES OF FOURTH WARD SCHOOL

By

Byron Von Elsner

(Letter contributed by Mrs. Wylie R. Dimmett)

Byron Von Elsner, Chicago, depicts a picturesque school when he tells of his early days at the old Fourth Ward, now Emerson. His letter, given below was sent to Mrs. Eylie R. Dimmett, of 418 East Grove street and comes in answer to Mrs. Dimmitt's invitation for him to attend the recent reunion of the old Fourth Warders.

The letter is a gem in pen-painting. While it brings vivid memories held dear to many of Bloomington, it also reveals the artistic touch of Mr. Von Elsner and recalls his high abilities to his many friends in the city. The letter follows:

Chicago, Ill., July 27, 1925

My Dear Cousin:

Your letter with invitation to the reunion of the old Fourth Ward School students reached me after much delay as I have been absent from home for a considerable time. I regret exceedingly that I was unable to have been present as it would have given me great pleasure.

The stress of years has somewhat dimmed my eyes and dulled memories of many interesting happenings of more than forty years ago. Still, in retrospect I can view with clear gaze the

old six room red brick buildings which to my youthful eyes loomed larger than the combined buildings of Yale and Harvard universities. I can hear the jangling insistence of the warning school bell--sometimes swung by the sturdy gnarled hand of old Pa Vandervoort--and I can visualize the scampering barefoot boys and squeaking, pig-tailed girls bounding toward the worn, splintered entry steps. At the top of these steps I can see, silhouetted through the mist of years, the tall, dark-clad figure of she whom I remember as Miss English and whom you no doubt, are more familiar with as Mrs. Merritt. There was austerity in the manner in which she stilled the almost irrepressible tumult of vivid boyhood expression, yet despite the sternness there lurked in the offing a kindly tolerance for youthful, effervescent spirits and a comforting radiation of a spirit of fairness to the ne'er-do-well and strong commendation for ambitious effort.

And through the mist I can see again the squirming line of young devils who drove to incipient hysteria strong hearted Addie Wertz, Miss Anderson and the angelic Sallie Porter (my first teacher).

I can see the gangling legs and searching black eyes of Dick Little, now famous as a war correspondent, story writer, toastmaster and satirist. Dick's only glimpse of war at that time were gained through intense perusal of Beadle's celebrated dime novels which he voraciously read concealed within the pages of McGuffey's 4th reader. And, kicking Dick on the heels, I can see yellow haired Lew Kurm, the financial bulwark of the boys' division. He had 50 cents a week spending money, which on the average was just 50 cents more than any one else had. Next came deliberate J. D. Temple, followed by Harry and Howard Green and the inimitable "Shorty" Noble--acrobats extraordinaire. Back of "Shorty" I can see a handsome boy, barefooted, it is true, but with a nice clean rag around a protruding big toe--yes, it is debonair Ed. Perrigo. Memory's camera shows George Kates, cartoonist Dick Wood, Guy McCurdy, Homer Hall, "Reddy" Brand, a left-handed hitter and a gentleman, Old Jake Houser, the Babe Ruth of the 4th ward stars, Johnny Stack, "Mack" Purcell, "Jewy" Friend, and he was a friend, "Lut" FitzHenry, who was a better judge of somebody else's grapes than he now is of Blackstone or Coke, "Skinny" Dwight Moore, Bert Bowlby, Tommy McCoy, Ben Fell, the Forman boys, Joe McGetrick and last, but not least "Sug" Ellis and "Rat" Connors.

Ah, me I turn the camera toward the east and see troops of girls, fat and spindly, demure and vivacious but all pigtailed and rougeless. I can see beautiful Laura McCurdy, vivacious Lettie Scott, level-eyed Clara Ewing, whom I never forgave for beating me in geography, Kitty Herken,



Gussie Parks, Mazie and Lillie Little, Lula Cooper, Nellie McVey, Bessie and Emily Creber, social buds of promise. The fresh cluster of Noble girls, Cora, Hattie and Carrie Green, of whom it can be said of Hattie and Carrie that had they so desired they could have out-rivalled their illustrious brothers as acrobatic performers.

The camera clicks and I madly jump the fence from our house across the way and plunge through the door with the last expiring tinkle of the old school bell. And with another click of the camera the vision fades; and in the place of happy retrospect there comes the grim materialism of the today, every day wine-press. Yet 'tis good to have the fragrant gift of memory; to lay down the ploughshare and once again drift back to days when the sky was ever cerulian blue, where it never rained, where God gave the snow just to make snowballs and ice. Albert street hill, and when the old 4th ward school enclosed in its four walls those your heart can never quite forget.

Byron Von Elsner.

**GRADE SCHOOL TEACHING - A COMPARISON**

by

**Bernice Stapleton Leach**



### GRADE SCHOOL TEACHING - A COMPARISON

The 1902 model school was as different from the present-day adaptable school, so-called, as day is from night. Education has moved along enormously in the last twenty-five years. The fundamentals in education, such as spelling, reading, arithmetic and grammar, are important. No one can deny that. In 1902 we drilled on these subjects until pupils knew each lesson each day.

The claim today is that knowledge of fundamentals alone cannot guarantee individuals competence or resourcefulness in coping with tomorrow's world problems. Today the idea is to make pupils feel at home, to be happy just as we did, but in a much different way. We had a fixed number of minutes for a certain subject. For instance, a certain time was set for writing from a writing-book, a splendid idea because many teachers today are poor writers. We also spent a fixed number of minutes on spelling, etc. (High school pupils today, as a whole, are very poor spellers.) This method is considered out of date. Today pupils have no writing period but write about something as best they can. In this way the teacher thinks they learn to use correct English for she stops to correct it if it isn't right and that is the way pupils learn their grammar and writing today.

In 1902 we drilled over and over on correct use of various words. If pupils misspelled words or didn't use correct sentences as in grammar, we drilled them again and again until they knew how to spell and write correctly.

The theory today is that each child is taught separately according to his ability. This is a good idea, but how can a teacher of thirty-five or forty pupils do this? Our 1902 model taught a handful of subjects, emphasizing drill over and over in these subjects, but schools today provide at least three or four times more subjects, using less time on each one, claiming that this prepares a pupil for a more useful life.

In 1902, we teachers expected the home to take care of many sides of a child's life as to manners, social learning, spiritual. But today the school tries to take on the complex job of trying to develop the body, mind, spiritual character and emotions. The school assumes all responsibilities.

In 1902, we had quiet and order at all times. I remember a girl who consistently whispered and kept her class disturbed so that she was taken to the office and spanked. That was really the starting of making her a wonderful student in deportment as well as in her schoolwork.

I imagine the goal to be desired is the happy medium between the 1900 model and the 1949 model.



BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Secretary's Notebook  
Junior Class, 1902 -3

by

Isabel M. Vandervort

BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL,  
SECRETARY'S NOTEBOOK  
Junior Class, 1902-3  
(Freshmen in 1900)

Written by

Isabel M. Vandervort  
(Mrs. Locker Hallam)

BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL  
E. L. Boyer, Principal

Juniors 1902-3

Dwight Akers  
Frank Adams  
Carl Baldrige  
Dixon Brown  
Harold Chaney  
Oliver Christy  
Wm. Conklin  
Harry Dixon  
Ned Dolan  
Edgar Doyle  
Paul Grady  
Adelbert Gabbert  
Dudley Guthrie  
Charles Haitz  
Fitch Harwood  
Robert Howes  
Otto Kline  
Robert Kreplien  
Harold Loch  
Henry Mandler  
Frank Mason  
Curtis McCain  
Edwin Knapp  
Dick O'Connell  
Albert Rader  
Jay Rodgers  
James Ryan  
John Shantz  
Carter Stowell  
Carl Tappe  
Mont. Tyson  
Wm. Williams  
Lee Herrington  
Fred Grant  
Rudy Brown  
Horace Soper  
Mabel Brock  
May Bengal

Helen Benson  
Edith Bereman  
Bernadine Brand  
Bernice Brock  
Macel Dean  
Elsie Camp  
Nell Churchill  
Edna Carroll  
Hazel Coates  
Louise Cole  
Edna Cunningham  
Cora Deneen  
Mae Dyer  
Grace Engle  
Pay Farrell  
Grace Fuller  
Bernadine Gee  
Mae Gibeaut  
Mary Gilliland  
Zola Green  
Eva Hall  
Ina Harber  
Lillian Hoffman  
Eva Hileman  
Mary Johnson  
Jessie Johnson  
Mildred Jones  
Elvira Irving  
Kathryn Karr  
Edith Kirkpatrick  
Emma Kleinau  
Jessie Hill  
Vinta Hartenbower  
Maud Lindley  
Selina Levy  
Mabel Lutz  
Anna Lash  
Eva Lash

Erma Means  
Edna Mahaffey  
Laurastine Marquis  
Mary Marquis  
Carolyn Marsh  
Myrtle McCain  
Mabel McCarty  
Nannie Morgan  
Gertrude Morse  
Alice Parker  
Lucille Parmelee  
Maurine Phillips  
Alice Pitts  
Lucille Read  
Etta Roe  
Irene Ropp  
Adra Ross  
Frieda Schaefer  
Gretchen Schaefer  
Goldie Sharples  
Anna Shade  
Jennie Tanner  
Ethel Thompson  
Florence Thompson  
Isabelle Vandervort  
Lillian Wilcox  
Flora Warlow  
Grace Wells  
Mary White  
Leala Wilcox  
Florence Williams  
Florence Kienzle  
Emma Yarp  
Bessie Becker  
Jean Conover  
Frances Kessler  
Julia Mull



Sept. 23, 1902

The class of 1904 met in Miss Cobb's room after school, Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1902. The meeting was called to order by Dick O'Connell, the temporary chairman and "Robert's Parliamentary Rules of Order", were adopted. The class then elected their officers for the coming year. Horace Soper was chosen president, Dick O'Connell, vice president, Montgomery Tyson, Treasurer, Louise Cole, Secretary.

The President appointed a committee of four; Mary Johnson, Edna Mahaffey, Lucile Parmelee and Etta Roe to bring the suggested class colors in for inspection at the next meeting. Being no further business the meeting adjourned.

Louise Cole,  
Secretary

Sept. 29, 1902.

The Junior class met in Miss Cobb's room at noon on Monday, Sept. 29, 1902. There was a large number of the class present and the meeting having called to order by the President, the minutes were read. The suggested class colors had been secured and were held up for the inspection of the class. A vote was taken which made "Orange and Black", our class colors. Being no further business the meeting was closed.

Louise Cole,  
Secretary

Oct. 22, 1902

The Junior class met in Miss Cobb's room at noon, Oct. 22, 1902. There were about eighty-five present and it was decided that we each give ten cents towards buying flowers to send to the family of Adelbert Gabert who died on the night of Oct. 21. The President appointed a committee of Leala Wilcox, Elsie Kemp, Montgomery Tyson, Ned Dolan, and May Gebeau, to attend to the matter.

Louise Cole,  
Secretary

Nov. 12, 1902

Our class met in Miss Cobb's room on Wednesday, Nov. 12. The meeting was called to order by the vice president. Four yells were placed upon the board, three of which were chosen by the class. It was suggested by Lucile Parmelee that we decide on a class flower. The president appointed a committee of May Bengal, Eggar Doil, Carolyn Marsh, Goldie Sharpless to attend to the matter.

Louise Cole,  
Secretary

The yells chosen are:

1st.....Rickity zis boom bah!  
Who can get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap  
Juniors! Juniors! boom - boom - bah! rat  
1904 rah - rah - rah

2nd.....Hi lope lipe lope lipe lope lore  
We are the class of 1904

3rd.....Hidey Tidey rickety rack  
Hurrah for the orange and the black  
Howdy Rowdy, Seniors sore  
We're the class of 1904.

December

The junior class met in Miss Cobb's room to plan for a bob-ride. It was decided that one bob(ride) should be ordered and each person should pay fifteen cents. The crowd was to meet at the homes of Dick O'Connell and Horace Soper.

Louise Cole  
Secretary.

December

The class met in Miss Cobb's room. It was decided (to) that each should give 10¢ towards buying flowers to send to Zola Green, who is one of our class mates who has lost her father.

Louise Cole,  
Secretary

February 4, 1903

The junior class met in Mr. Sanders room at noon. The meeting was called to order by the President who suggested that our class give a party to the Seniors in March instead of in April. A vote was taken by which it was decided that the party should be given in March. It was also decided that the date should be some time in the last of March. The President appointed Dick O'Connell (as a) to make arrangements with Mrs. Cooper about the hall for the night.

Secretary.

February 6, 1903

Class met in Mr. Sander's room to practice yells for the basket-ball game.

February 10, 1903

Our class met in Mr. Sander's room. The meeting was called to order by the President, Dick O'Connell gave an account of his interview with Mrs. Cooper. It was put to vote to see whether we should have an eighty-five dollar party including the dinner and a dance or the sixty dollar party including a dance beginning at eight o'clock, with only light refreshments. It was decided to give the eighty-five dollar party.

Etta Roe suggested that the class have a party at Adra Wertz's the following Friday night. It was voted to have it and make it a "hard time" party. Each one was asked to pay 10¢ toward refreshments and a committee of May Bengel, Lucile Parmelee, and Grace Wells was appointed to help Adra to attend to them. A committee of Alice Pitts, Edna Mahaffey and Flora Warlow was appointed to provide games for the evening.

February 27-

The President having called the meeting to order announced



that each in the class would be expected to pay \$1.50 toward giving the party. It was also decided (to) by a vote to invite the senior class as a body. The President appointed Etta Roe and Ned Dolan to help the treasurer to collect. Laurestine Marquis was asked to (ma) make the invitations for the party. It was decided that the Sunflower be our class flower.

March 11

The class met and was called to order by the President. It was decided by vote that the Junior class should not have a reception committee at their party. It was also decided to sing a song the night of the party to the class of 1904. It was also voted to give seventy-five cents to have the song printed. The President asked that if anyone had any games to loan to notify him.

Monday, February 29

Our class met in Mr. Sander's room. The President said that he had heard of the death of Mary and Jessie Johnson's mother on Saturday night and had sent flowers for the class to their home. He said there was some money in the treasury and by paying five cents each, the bill could be (payed) paid but by paying ten cents each there would be some money left in the treasury for any other such need. The meeting was closed.

The first senior meeting was held October 6 at three o'clock in Mr. Sander's room. Mr. Boyer called the meeting to order and called the roll. He suggested our adopting "Robert's Rules of Order. After this he left the meeting in the hands of Dick O'Connell. The Class then elected their officers for the coming year. Ned Dolan was elected President, Florence Rienzie, Vice President, (an) Montgomery Tyson, Treasurer, and Isabel Vandervort, Secretary. The motion was made and seconded to adopt "Robert's Rules". The boys wished for a meeting afterwards to practise yells so as this concluded the business the meeting adjourned.

Isabel Vandervort,  
Secretary

On noon of October 12, the Seniors had a meeting in Mr. Sander's room to consider a hayrack ride and marshmallow roast. It was decided to have it Wednesday, October 14, at Orendorf Springs, and Montgomery Tyson and Carl Baldrige were appointed to see about the hayracks. A committee of Edna Mahaffey, Carolyn Marsh and Isabel Vandervort were appointed to see about the eatables. The motion was made and carried to ask Miss Eldred and Smith to go as chaperones and a committee of Etta Roe, Bernadine Brand and Lucile Parmelee were appointed to ask them. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel Vandervort

At noon of October 13, the seniors held a meeting in Mr.



Sander's room. Mr. Stapleton came and gave us permission to have our hayrack party. He also told us that he hoped our class would have a happy pleasant year and that no trouble or rowdyism would occur. He said he would gladly give us permission for any party which did not interfere with our school work and which would be a credit not a detriment to the school. He then left the meeting in the hands of the President. The committee reported having found one rack at \$4 and the others at \$5. Two racks were decided to be sufficient. The meeting places were arranged to be at Edna Mahaffey's and Dick O'Connell's at 7 o'clock. After this the meeting adjourned.

On October 20, the seniors met in Mr. Sander's room and the class pin committee was appointed as follows: Louise Cole, chairman; Florence Kienzle, Adra Ross, Fitch Harwood and Dick O'Connell. We decided to have a Hallowe'en party on Friday, October 30, and the committee on arrangements was appointed. Chairman, Carolyn Marsh, Montgomery Tyson, Oliver Christy, Irene Ropp and Nannie Morgan.

On October 26, the seniors met in Mr. Sander's room. It was here decided to all dress in sheets and pillow cases. Miss Eldred, Clark and Smith were chosen for chaperones. The names of Frank Mason, Etta Roe and Carl Baldrige were added to the committee on arrangements.

I.M.V.

On October 29, the senior class met in Mr. Sander's room and Oliver Christy read the lists of girls and where they might meet to go together. Montgomery Tyson (On October 30, the seniors met in) told us that he had tickets which we should buy at 25¢ apiece and present at the door. He also told us that we could secure Hanna Hall for \$5. Some one proposed that the juniors be asked to join us in the party but it was decided to have by ourselves and to invite Lucile Hallam, Maurine Phillips and Edna Cunningham who are fourth year pupils who are members of the Junior class.

I.M.V.

On October 30, the seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room to decide whether we should wear our sheets to the hall or put them on afterwards. It was decided to masquerade on arriving there. At this the meeting adjourned.

On November 16, the seniors and juniors held a joint meeting in Mr. Sander's room to decide about giving a party after the football game. There was some difficulty in getting an evening suitable to all but finally Wednesday, November 18, was agreed on. The committee on arrangements was appointed as follows: Etta Roe, chairman, Oliver Christy, Isabel Vandervort and Edmund Elder and Olive Loar.

Isabel Vandervort  
Sect.



On Monday, November 30, the seniors met in Mr. Sander's room to decide on class pins. Louise Cole, chairman of the committee reported having picked out the three which seemed the best all around. Roy Jones represented the company sending two of the samples and told us that the company would deal fairly with us. After considerable talking and discussing it was voted in favor of the shield pin, to be made in Roman Gold, 14 kt., at \$2.00.

November 24, the seniors met for a few moments at noon and the committee for the class play was appointed consisting of Dick O'Connell, chairman, Carl Baldrige, Carolyn Marsh, Alice Pitts and Lucile Parmelee.

Isabel Vandervort  
Sec.

On Tuesday noon, December 2, the seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room. After the meeting was called to order by the president the motion was made, seconded and carried to reconsider the decision of class pins, owing to the fact that only a few of the class were present at the final decision. It was also moved and seconded to have the names of those who were dissatisfied, but finally was recalled. The motion was made and carried that it should take a two-thirds majority for deciding again. The same committee was asked to look farther for pins. The chairman and Fitch Harwood declined to serve and Montgomery Tyson was appointed chairman and Otto Kline to fill the vacancies. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort  
Secretary.

On December 14, the seniors had a meeting during first hour in Mr. Leavitt's room. Mr. Boyer called the meeting to order and signified his willingness to our having a bob-ride. He also spoke about the junior colors being painted on the walls and said he thought no member of the class was responsible for that. He then left and Ned took the chair. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were all suggested but finally Wednesday evening decided on. It was decided to meet at Eva Lashes at 211 E. Mulberry. A committee of arrangements was appointed consisting of Lee Harrington, Frank Mason and Curtis McCain.

On January 5, 1904, the seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room. Montgomery Tyson, chairman of the pin committee asked for some instructions. How many pins to bring before the class of the 30 sent. Eight was the number decided on. It was also decided that Roy Jones who represents a Chicago firm would not be admitted to the decision meeting. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort

January 8, the seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room to decide on their pins. Only 41 were present this not being 2/3 of the class. The motion was made that the others were not interested and we should continue the business. The



motion which had been made concerning the two-thirds majority was withdrawn and also the second. The eight pins were fastened on a piece of cardboard and numbered. They ranged in price from \$1.90 to \$3.75. After taking the vote by ballot 35 votes or 2/3 were in favor of No. 1 for \$2.25. The motion was made and seconded and carried to have a meeting next Friday at which to hand in names and money. As this concluded the business the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort.

February 4, the seniors held a meeting at noon in Mr. Sander's room. After the meeting was called to order the question was brought up of renting caps and gowns for graduation. It was decided to think on this for a while before deciding on a question of so much importance. Dick O'Connell chairman of the class play committee, reported that after reading about thirty plays of all descriptions, they had decided on a funny one, "What Became of Parker". It was discussed having the play in the opera house as this would hold more people and not necessitate buying any more scenery. A committee consisting Edgar Doyle, Fitch Harwood and Frank Mason was appointed to see about the price and what arrangements could be made. Captain Rowell was named to be considered for our class speaker. A committee was appointed to investigate and see the board about who we should choose, made up of Florence Kienzle, Stanley Taylor and Teala Wilcox. A motion was made to have a party on Valentines day or thereabouts but nothing done owing to the lateness of the hour. At this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort

February 8, a meeting of the Senior class was held at noon in Mr. Sander's room. The meeting was called to order by the Vice-President and was to send flowers to Edna Cunningham, one of our class, who died February 7. The motion was made to spend only \$5 for the offering. Each person was asked to pay ten cents and if any was left to pay for the plays which were ordered. A committee of Etta Roe, Oliver Christy and Carolyn Marsh was appointed to select the flowers.

Isabel M. Vandervort.

February 11th. The seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room and the president read us the invitation to the junior party to be held at Cooper Hall, March 5th, at six o'clock. The motion was made and seconded to have a party near Valentine day but was not carried. Mr. Gilliland, Dr. Denlinger and Captain Rowell were suggested for class speaker, and the committee was told to decide. As this was all the business the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort

February 18th. A meeting of seniors was held to discuss the classplay. The play has been selected and approved by Mr. Boyer. The characters were then chosen. Mr. Boyer did not like them all so they were changed accordingly. Then Mr. Stabelton did not like the play and he and Mr. Boyer now ask that we look farther. A committee of Dick O'Connell and Frank Mason went down and asked Mr. Boyer up. He told us that they objected to the play on account of length and some of the



moral tone. He suggested two very good plays to be read and considered. It was left with the committee to decide what should be done.

Thursday, February 25, the seniors held a meeting. It was called to order by the Vice-president owing to Ned's illness with the measles. Mr. Roy Jones and Irwin Livingston spoke in behalf of the Wesleyan banquet to be held that night. The tickets were \$1.00 each. They hoped that enough might go to have a table decorated in B.H.S. colors. On such short notice this could not be arranged for. We were entitled to one delegate, John Shantz and Dick O'Connell were nominated, but John was selected by a majority of votes. After this the meeting was adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort, Secretary.

March 3, Thursday, the Seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room. The President wanted us to be present promptly at 6 o'clock at the junior party. A motion was then made to have the senior play on two nights and have reserved seats. This was carried and it was then voted to ask Mr. Boyer before taking to the school board. Stanley Taylor was appointed Business Manager with Montgomery Tyson and John Shantz as Assistants. Oliver Christy was appointed Stage Manager. The motion of wearing caps and gowns which had been brought up sometime ago, was voted on and decided by a majority not to adopt them. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel M. Vandervort

March 17. The seniors held a meeting at noon to discuss several matters. We were told to begin to think of class night. The committee on class songs was asked to report next meeting. A committee of Frank Mason, Montgomery Tyson and Henry Mandler were appointed to select some new yells. The names of Adlai Stevenson and Col. D. C. Smith were proposed for class speaker. The scenery used for last years play was voted to be reprinted and used again. A committee of Edgar Doyle, Frieda Schaeffer and Frances Kessler, Otto Kline were appointed to look into the matter of having 1904 caps. The Senior Aegis was mentioned and suggested to retain the same business manager and Editor-in-Chief. The question of music for the senior play came up and voted to allow not more than ten dollars for each night. The question of how to reserve the seats for the play came up and finally decided to reserve the middle rows at 35 cents and the wings to sell at 25 cents. After this the motion was made to adjourn.

April 19. The seniors held a meeting at noon. The first topic was the Senior Aegis and it was voted to give the manager \$35 for the number. The class speaker committee reported as having asked Adlai Stevenson and obtained his consent to speak at commencement. It was voted to have a country literary society for class night. The motion was made not to reconsider this except on the motion of the affirmative side. The committee on arrangements was appointed as follows:



Dwight Akers, Laurastine Marquis, Alice Pitts, Fred Grant and John Shantz. The motion was made and carried not to have senior caps. A committee of Etta Roe, Nannie Morgan and Harold Chaney were appointed to see about the senior party.

Isabel V. Sec.

April 22. The senior class held a meeting at noon in Mr. Sander's room. The committee of arrangements for the party reported on Friday, April 20 and May 13, as the only Fridays possible and the 13th was decided on. The Decoration committee was appointed as follows: Nannie Morgan, Etta Roe, Oliver Christy and Lee Harrington. The Program committee also: Stanley Taylor, Otto Kline, Carolyn Marsh and Lucille Parmelee. It was decided to have an assessment of \$50 for the party besides what is in the treasury. It was decided only to invite the President and wife of the Board. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel V. secretary.

Tuesday, May 3. The seniors held a meeting in Miss Cobb's room. Mr. Boyer spoke of desire of the Board for simple white dresses. He desired the names as should be put on the diplomas. After this he left and the President took charge of the meeting. John Shantz was appointed business manager for class night. The Business Manager made a report of receipts for Senior Play and turned \$108 to Treasurer. Ned urged enthusiasm and attendance to the Jr.-Sr. baseball game this afternoon.

I.M.V.

Monday, May 9. The seniors held a meeting in Miss Cobb's room. It had previously been decided only to invite the President of the Board and wife, but here it was re-decided to invite the entire Board. Mr. Stableton then came in and asked us to appoint a reception committee to help make people feel at home. Ned appointed the committee as follows: Stanley Taylor, Harold Chaney and Otto Kline, Alice Parker, Anna Shade and myself. Mr. Stableton also said that owing to the illness of his mother, he would be unable to entertain the senior class as heretofore, but he would like to send out flowers for the tables. It was voted to have class night on May 31. The Tuesday previous to commencement. It was decided to allow six invitations to a person and if more were desired they could be obtained for about 8 cents. After this the meeting adjourned.

Thursday, May 19. The seniors held a meeting. The President called the meeting in order and read the names as they are to be on the diplomas. It was then voted to have class night tickets 15 cents. A committee of Oliver Christy, Frank Mason and Maurine Morgan were appointed to see about class pictures. It was suggested to have a skating party but this was voted down. The invitations are five cents extra for all over the first six. After this the meeting adjourned.

Respt. Submitted

Isable M. Vandervort



Friday, May 20. The seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room. The motion was put to reconsider our decision of the price of class night tickets and carried. The motion was then made to compromise the 15 and 25 and have it 20 cents. This motion was carried. The treasurer then made a report of the Senior play money and an estimate of what will be needed for all expenses. This is about \$150. After this the meeting adjourned.

Isabel Vandervort  
Secretary.

May 23. The seniors held a meeting in Mr. Sander's room. Mr. Carl Behr, President of the Alumnae Association invited us to the Alumnae reunion at Houghton's Lake, June 17. This year's class has the privilege of electing officers for the coming year. It was then decided to meet at four and (play) practice our class night songs. The secretary was directed to write a letter of thanks to Mr. Stableton for the flowers at the party.

Isabel Vandervort

May 25. The seniors held a meeting at noon in Mr. Sanders room. Mr. Boyer came in and invited us to the H.S. after the commencement. He told us to be there a little after seven. He then left us and we elected the following officers of the Alumnae Association. Frank Mason, President, Fred Rommel, Vice-president, Montgomery Tyson, Secretary and Dwight Akers, Treasurer. The slips to be used at Roll call class night were then distributed and the meeting adjourned.

Isabel Vandervort.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

by

Frances Kessler



### PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

My first contact with the music department of the Bloomington Schools was soon after my family moved to Bloomington where I entered high school as a Junior. Miss Irene Bassett was supervisor of music, teaching in the grades and conducting Girls Glee Club in the high school. I was soon playing the accompaniments for the glee club, and in the spring of my senior year I was going to the grade schools with Miss Bassett to play for groups preparing for Eighth Grade Commencement.

Knowing how difficult it is now for a music teacher to have a pupil excused from another class for even a few minutes, I cannot understand how I was permitted to miss so many classes at that time. Surely my work suffered - in fact, not long before Commencement I was stunned by the casual inquiry of my Fourth Year Latin teacher as to whether I needed my credit in that subject for graduation, and the suggestion that if I did, to get to work! I graduated but my grades certainly dropped that last quarter.

I returned to the Bloomington schools in 1909, this time as a teacher in Edwards School, and found that Miss Bassett was still supervisor. However, she retired at the close of school in 1912, and that fall Miss Mabelle Glenn, of Monmouth, Illinois, became supervisor.

There were two trends in public school music during the first years following Miss Glenn's arrival, and she was quick to sense them and to include them in our schools. First was what was called Music Appreciation, or listening to music. Introduced by the Victor Phonograph Company who had a core of experts traveling all over the country demonstrating these lessons in public schools, colleges, clubs etc, the idea was adopted by many school music supervisors, who combined these lessons with the vocal lessons.

Miss Glenn went a step further, and induced the Board of Education to hire a music teacher whose principal duty was to give these lessons in the grade schools, and to teach Music History and Harmony in the high school. I was the person chosen for that position, and as far as we



know, Bloomington was the first city in the United States to have a special teacher of Music Appreciation. In other places the appreciation had been taught by the music supervisor.

These lessons stressed listening instead of singing. Each school had a phonograph, and with the guidance of the teacher the children listened to recordings of good music, and learned to understand and enjoy it. As there were no text-books on the subject, we had to learn through experimentation, and altho' we made many mistakes, it was extremely interesting to watch the gradual but steady growth and development of interest and knowledge of this phase of music education.

Another "first" for Bloomington was the concert courses in the schools. Very soon after I began my work we arranged for a series of three or four concerts a year for the children, selling them season tickets for a nominal sum. Some of the attractions that I remember we heard through the years, were the St. Louis, Minneapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Detroit symphonies, the New York String Quartet, Guy Maier, Princess Wahtawaso, Mr. Olds the bird-call imitator and Darwin Bowen, boy soprano.

About 1920 our first high school band was organized. The Rotary Club presented the High School with about \$5000 worth of instruments, some of the boys bought their own, and John Skelton, a nationally known trumpet player who lived in Bloomington was hired to teach the band several nights after school. Mr. Skelton was a splendid player and teacher, but had had no experience with boys, so it became my job to sit through each rehearsal to keep order while Mr. Skelton did the directing.

Miss Glenn had begun orchestras several years previous to the band, so by 1920 we had a good-sized high school orchestra and grade school orchestras in most of the buildings.

In 1921 Miss Glenn resigned to become Director of Music in the Kansas City Schools, and her place was taken by Miss Lucille Ross, of Ypsilanti, Michigan. A full-time instrumental teacher was hired for the High School, and, later, one for the grade instrumental music was added. A vocal teacher for grades to assist Miss Ross came next, bringing the number of our music faculty to five.

Both band and orchestras grew in number and in efficiency. Miss Ross was determined to have uniforms for both the high school organizations, and these organizations earned most of the money for the uniforms themselves.

All of the supervisors that we have had, felt, I believe, that the most important phase of the teaching of school music is the vocal music, for it reaches all of the children. Therefore, most of their time and effort has been devoted to it. With few exceptions, the room-teachers have taught their own music, under the supervision and direction of the supervisor who through lesson outlines, teachers' meetings and special help to some, has directed and improved the teaching.



The successor to Miss Ross, who resigned in 1928, was Miss Carrie Ruffner of Beloit, Kansas. Miss Ruffner continued with the policies of her predecessors, and music in the schools improved each year. Many boys and girls were enrolled in both grade and high school instrumental classes. The bands, orchestra and choruses were the largest and best that we had had, and the vocal work in the grades was excellent.

However, this all came to an end in the spring of 1932, for the Board of Education because of financial difficulties removed music, as well as several other subjects from the curriculum. For several years there was no music in the schools, except that which some of the classroom teachers taught, with of course no supervision.

In the fall of 1936, the board re-instated music to the degree that one supervisor, instead of a staff of five, was elected. She was Miss Helen Rothgeb of Quincy, Illinois. It was her task, and not an easy one, to start from the beginning and bring back the proficiency, interest and reputation which the Bloomington schools had formerly enjoyed. Later, Mr. Charlie Newton became supervisor of instrumental music and a band in High School started again. Soon interest in grade school bands was aroused, and a grade instrumental man was added to the staff.

When Junior High Schools were begun in 1940 a part-time teacher of vocal music was placed in each building and a vocal music teacher in the high school. This last year another instrumental instructor who devotes most of his time to the teaching of string instruments, was added to the music staff in anticipation of having an orchestra once more.

Our music staff is now larger than it has ever been and we feel that music is resuming its rightful place in the lives of the Bloomington girls and boys, and that they are showing interest and development comparable to other communities.

A GOODLY TREASURE  
(On William K. Bracken's Lincoln Collection.)

Because Lincoln to our city was bound

By close professional and friendly ties,  
That such treasured collection here is found,  
Befits our heritage, in scope and size;  
It achieves more than mere hobby's pursuit,  
Valued beyond pecuniary worth;  
Of years of patient search it is the fruit,  
From love of one who ennobled the earth.

His likeness at each period, young and old,  
In frames, photographs, souvenirs we view;  
And countless books in which his life is told,  
Rare faded volumes alongside the new;  
His handwriting; features in sculpture cast--  
Greet us from window where he often passed.

James Hart



"A MIND CONTENT ---"  
MENTAL HEALTH IN McLEAN COUNTY  
by  
Margaret O'Malley Young

"A MIND CONTENT----"  
MENTAL HEALTH IN McLEAN COUNTY

By  
Margaret O'Malley Young

Years of growth have been characterized in McLean County in greater industries and in bigger buildings, in greener fertile fields and smoother faster roads. There are countless examples of material and physical growth and of social and scientific welfare. I speak here of a field not so well known perhaps but one of vast importance to the individual and thereby to all things contingent on him, that of mental health. "A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

Did you happen to see, only a few weeks ago, the picture of a particular young man who has been such a success in his business and in the life of our community? And did you happen to read the story about the girl from here who is fast becoming such a noted career woman in New York?



I knew that boy and girl; I knew them when the hope of a successful future life for the boy was blocked, almost blotted out by the grim diagnosis of a learned psychiatrist that "here is evidence of serious mental illness---" and when a colleague said of the girl, "she has very little chance of adequate adjustment unless---".

"Unless----" And that was a challenge answered by a community awake only through a small band of workers but workers who gave enough of their time and energy to establish a means wherein help could be given to emotionally disturbed children and adults. Help which in many cases, not all, turned the tide for many an adequate adjustment in personal or family life.

In the last quarter of a century this County has been given a fine unusual service through Illinois State Departments. Some twenty-five years ago a traveling behavior clinic was sent to Bloomington by the Chicago Institute for Juvenile Research, one of the foremost organizations of its kind. After a dozen years or so of periodic examinations they issued an ultimatum to the effect that they believed their work, chiefly the diagnosis of behavior problems in children, was not as effective as it should be in as much as there was a need for an organization to carry out their recommendations and further promote the service. This led to the organization in 1937 of the McLean County Child Guidance Clinic. The Community Chest and the Bloomington Board of Education provided with the state the main financial support. Since that time there has usually been a social worker and, for a while, a psychologist, on the regular staff. The Institute for Juvenile Research has continued

to send psychiatrists and other staff members to carry on the work.

Judge Homer Hall, Dr. Samuel Ratcliffe, Mrs. Cora Frink, Mr. William Hammitt, Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mr. Harry Melby, Miss Mary Southwick, Miss Helen Smith, Mrs. Arthur Tompkins, the superintendents of the Bloomington schools were among the first supporters of this movement and many of them have continued through the years to give freely of their time. There are many others who have served on the board and who should be credited with the establishment of this service which is seldom to be found in as small a community as this.

The need for and the benefits from a mental health program are more widely known each year as the intricacies of the human mind become more understandable and there is a greater awareness of them.

I write primarily of the Child Guidance Clinic for it was there that I spent many years. It would be good to tell you of the many interesting situations which came to us; the very brilliant little boy whose stammering caused him such social chaos, the five year old angelic-looking cherub who terrorized the whole neighborhood to prove he wasn't a 'sissy', the girl from the proud rich family who stole regularly from the downtown stores, the boy who feigned illness after illness because of an abnormal fear.

Nineteen hundred and fifty finds other very important developements in Mental Health and related fields. Chief among these is the Illinois Plan for Special Education in which this district is pioneer land for wondrous studies of many kinds of disorders.



There has not been much fanfare for this important phase of our Community living. Underlying this is the sad story of necessarily limited services but despite limitations and in contrast to the majority of localities this district should be very proud of the fact that something has been done in the field of Mental Hygiene and that there are among us people who have the vision and the understanding and the good heart to work towards offering more ways to the "Mind content---".

MARGARET O'MALLEY YOUNG

Autobiography

I don't remember what kind of a day it was on January 20th, 1912 but then, as I was the second child born to Kate Costello and Charles O'Malley, it wasn't too important an occasion. My mother had been born in Bloomington and lived there all her life and my father had lived there since his youth as he was born in New York City. Of the grandparents, three-fourths were straight from Ireland, the other one from England. I never knew my father's father but the rest of them were an integral part of my growing years.

My father, Charles O'Malley, was in business for many years with my grandfather in a men's clothing store, "Costello & O'Malley" on North Main Street. I grew up around "the store" with my father's clerks being used as the equivalents of the modern baby sitters as they went along with me when, during the first World War, as a small Red Cross nurse, I



was in parades or pageants or otherwise performed in local benefits and Y circuses. Now it's still "The store" because I'm married to a pharmacist and a drug store gives us our living.

We have four children -- Miriam is just about eleven and Michael is eight, Stephen four and Mark two. It seems so simple to sum it up like that all in one sentence. There is so much between the words -- all the dynamics, dynamoes and dynamite of four healthy children!

My education was quite liberal in a sense. I went to schools of my church, St. Joseph's Hall, St. Mary's and Trinity High School and then to the Methodist Illinois Wesleyan where I was graduated in 1933, and from there to a Jewish settlement house in New York City where having been awarded a scholarship I worked as part of the course of study at the National Recreation School. The next academic stop was at the New York School of Social Work which led me to my first real job in the tempestuous, crime-filled, impoverished, emotional Red Hook area of Brooklyn where I was a caseworker. When I think now of some of the situations in which I became involved in those days I shudder. Then I loved it. Certainly it was "material for a book" and perhaps someday the encouragement of our very best family friends, the Kesslers, may lead to some such event!

Perhaps, so far as excitement in positions was concerned, I was comparable to the adage of frying pan and fire for my next job was at the Illinois State Prison for Women at Dwight. There I acted as social worker and recreation di-

rector and to say a multiplicity of things came under those titles is an understatement. My shoulder was host to the weeping of sinners as well as the struggling of those who felt sinned against. I put on a play, for example, of the Christmas story wherein the three Kings were all in prison on murder charges, one of the shepherds and a beautiful angel who hovered over the crib were drug addicts, the Virgin Mary had been, believe it or not, committed on a directly opposite charge.

In 1937 I came "home" to start up the Child Guidance Clinic spoken of in my article and decided shortly thereafter to get in on the ground floor where experience was concerned. I was married in November, 1938, my husband being Orville Young, a native of Bloomington, a graduate of the University of Illinois Pharmacy school, and associated with Hayes drug store. A year later Miriam came along and the Voice of Experience became louder. It was about then that I did some studying at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago and at Illinois State Normal University and broadened my horizons in the field of psychology. Later during the second World War I went back occasionally to the prison at Dwight and did testing for them.

Gradually I began giving up my employment--it is much easier to give advice when one has no children, or one or two--- There are four little Youngs.

I always enjoyed the outside activities of the community and among those in which I worked were the Community Players, Day Nursery (incidentally my mother has been on the board of the Booker T. Washington Home for over twenty-five years),



my sorority (I am an Alpha Gam), Penwomen, Quill Club, Red Cross, Cancer and Community Chest activities.

We moved to Lexington in 1945 but it seems that we didn't leave anything behind us as we maintained our interests and kept our friends, and have just added our good associations there in Bloomington with the good ones here.

The history of the Trinity Lutheran School is a story of faith and service. It began in the early days of settlement when a group of pioneers gathered to build a place where their children could learn the ways of their fathers and mothers. The school was born out of a deep conviction that education was the key to a better future.

Over the years, the school has grown and changed, reflecting the needs and aspirations of the community. It has been a place of learning, growth, and discovery for generations of students. The teachers have been dedicated and caring, striving to provide the best possible education for every child.

# HISTORY OF THE TRINITY LUTHERAN SCHOOL

by

Arthur E. Hohenstein

The first church service was held in the early days of settlement. It was a simple service, but it was a step towards building a community. The church became a place where people could gather, worship, and find comfort in their faith.

The church grew and prospered, and the community around it flourished. The school was a natural outgrowth of this growth. It was a place where children could learn the basics of reading and writing, and where they could be taught the values of honesty, hard work, and respect for others.

Over the years, the school has continued to evolve. It has added new subjects and programs, and it has adapted to the changing needs of the community. But its core mission remains the same: to provide a quality education for every child, and to instill in them the values that will serve them well in life.



## HISTORY OF THE TRINITY LUTHERAN SCHOOL, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

The fathers of Trinity Lutheran Church of Bloomington, Illinois, realized the necessity of a thorough religious education for their children if they wished them to be well-informed, loyal, devout Christians and law-abiding citizens. Therefore, when the congregation was organized, a Christian Day School was started at once. At first, school sessions were held in a rented hall and later in the church. The first pastors served also as school teachers.

In the Spring of 1865, Teacher J. Backhaus, later professor at the Lutheran Normal School in Addison, was called as the first teacher of the congregation. Teacher Backhaus stayed only two years, and then Candidate Brase was called and taught from 1867 to 1873 in the old church and from 1873 to 1879 in the south school. Because the attendance had greatly increased, the congregation decided to build two schools, one on the south side, corner Lincoln and Main Streets, and one on the west side on West Chestnut Street. Teacher Brase taught in the south school and Teacher Marr was called to teach in the school on the west side. As the attendance grew in the south school, Miss Lisette Bormann (Mrs. Wm. Behrmann) was engaged as second teacher of the south school. In 1879 Teacher Brase accepted a call to Crete, Illinois, and Teacher A. Stahmer was called as his successor, and he faithfully served the congregation for twenty-six years. In 1879 Teacher Marr also accepted a call, going to Indiana, and Teacher Fehrman was called in his place.

When Miss Bormann resigned in order to become the wife of Mr. Wm. Behrmann, Mr. E. Riedel, son of Pastor Riedel, took her place in the south school. When Mr. Fehrman was called away, Mr. C. Appel was called to the west side school and later on took Mr. Riedel's place in the south school.

The location of the school on West Chestnut Street did not prove to be advantageous and therefore the school was moved to a lot on the corner of Jefferson and Allin Streets which the congregation had purchased. At this locality the school made rapid progress. When Mr. Appel, upon his own request, had been transferred from the west side school to the south side school, Mr. L. F. Rittmiller was called to the west side school. Under his able leadership the school soon had such a large enrollment that a lady teacher, Miss Agnes Gotsch, of Springfield, was engaged as second teacher. When she resigned in 1890, Candidate A. H. Bueltingsloewen was called. After Mr. Appel, the second teacher of the south side school, had accepted a call to Lafayette, Indiana, Mr. H. Biermann was temporarily engaged and later on Mr. H. Christoffer was called.

After due deliberation the congregation decided to consolidate its two schools. The property at 700 block South Madison Street was purchased for \$3,750.00, including the residence that was on the property. There the new school was built and dedicated on October 30, 1892. Before the new school had been dedicated, Teacher Christoffer had accepted a call to Chicago, and Teacher Kanke took his place. The attendance at the new school grew to 380 pupils, the largest number in the history of the school. Teacher Stahmer taught the upper grades or Room I, Teacher Rittmiller Room II, Teacher Bueltingsloewen Room III, and Teacher Kanke Room IV. The school property on West Jefferson Street was sold for \$2,050.00 in 1897.



For a number of years the school continued to prosper under the able leadership of Mr. Stahmer, but gradually on account of distance and other reasons, the number of pupils began to diminish rapidly, and when Mr. Kanke resigned in 1899, the congregation decided to reduce the school to three classes. This situation overcrowded the remaining class rooms, worked hardships on the teachers and pupils, and in the end proved to be very detrimental to the school. The school now passed through a period of trials and tests. Owing to overstrain in the schoolroom and due to a chronic throat trouble, Mr. Rittmiller felt that sooner or later he would be compelled to give up his chosen calling and presented his resignation in the spring of 1902. The congregation very reluctantly accepted his resignation and thanked him wholeheartedly for his eighteen years of faithful service. Now Mr. Bueltzingsloewen was promoted to Room II and Mr. J. F. Reuter, a graduate of Addison Normal School, was called for Room III.

It seemed at this time that the school should not remain undisturbed, for in 1905 Mr. Stahmer's health began to fail. Owing to the many responsibilities as principal of the school and many other time and nerve absorbing duties in the congregation, he felt that he could no longer successfully carry on his work. Therefore, at the end of the school term in 1905 he, with a heavy heart, tendered his resignation which the congregation accepted with many regrets. For over twenty-five years he had diligently served the congregation, instructed the youth in the saving truths of the Word, and did his part to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

It was rather a task for the congregation to find a suitable man at this time to take over the upper grades of the school and assume the responsibility as principal. A call was extended to Mr. Carl Marquardt of Vernon Center, Minnesota, who accepted and was installed into office on October 22, 1905. Mr. Marquardt proved to be a very capable man for the position, and he succeeded in raising the standard of the school, so that at the end of his fifth year of ardent labor, he succeeded in preparing a class for the city High School. This outstanding work of Mr. Marquardt accredited our school and this accreditation has been maintained by his successors unto the present day.

At the time when Mr. Reuter accepted a call to Chicago, the enrollment had increased so much that the congregation decided to divide the lower room into two classes and employed two lady teachers to take charge—Miss Hattie Richter (Mrs. Krause) of Peoria, and Miss Martha Hohenstein, daughter of the Rev. O. L. Hohenstein. There was much rejoicing at this time to know that the school had again emerged from a three-room to a graded four-class institution.

When Miss Hattie Richter resigned in 1910 to become the wife of Mr. Emil Krause, Mr. S. C. Brauer, a graduate of the Lutheran Normal School at River Forest, was called to take her place.

Mr. Marquardt received a call as professor at Bethany Lutheran College, Mankato, Minnesota, and asked for his peaceful release at the close of the school term in 1911.



Among the several candidates for the vacancy, the congregation unanimously voted to extend a call to Mr. J. F. Ruecklos, then principal of St. Peter's School in St. Louis. He accepted the call and was officially inducted into office on October 1, 1911. At first Mr. Ruecklos taught grades six, seven and eight, but through his untiring efforts the number of pupils in the eighth grade increased from year to year so that it became necessary to divide equally the classes among the four teachers with two grades in each room.

When in 1914, Mr. Brauer accepted a call to Strasburg, Illinois, the congregation re-employed Mrs. Hattie Krause as teacher of grades three and four.

In January 1916, Miss Martha Hohenstein's health began to fail so that she felt she had to give up her favorite work of teaching the little folks. As she had endeared herself to her pupils and co-workers, the congregation regretted to release her and expressed the sincere wish that she might soon regain her health and strength. But the Lord had willed it otherwise. After sickness of but a few years, He called her to her heavenly home where she found rest from her earthly toil and labors. Mrs. Linda Thietje Schultz became her successor. Other ladies who subsequently taught the primary grades are: Miss Mary Peters, Miss Marie Oesch, Miss Ruth Sieving, Mrs. Paula Maas Meier, Mrs. Carolyn Becker Fienen, Miss Luella Pralle, Mr. John H. Wiegand, Mrs. Magdalena Proft Schalk, Mrs. Evelyn Schnack Hillmer, Mrs. Helen Brei Bloedel, and Mrs. Lois Rosenwinkel Beyer.

In March of the year 1928, Mr. Buelzingsloewen was threatened with a complete nervous breakdown and upon advice of the Board of Christian Education asked the congregation for a leave of absence. This request was granted with the hope that he would soon regain his strength. But as the condition of his health did not make it advisable to return to the nerve-consuming school work, he tendered his resignation the summer of 1928. This condition was very much deplored by the entire congregation and a hearty vote of thanks was extended to him for his thirty-eight years of unselfish and faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord. Although Mr. Buelzingsloewen resigned from active school work, he continued to render special services to the church, including the directorship of the Church Choir. For many years he served on the Central Illinois Board for Young People's Work and on the Board for Christian Education. He was taken to his Heavenly Home on December 17, 1943.

Mr. J. F. Briel, of Dundee, Illinois, became Mr. Buelzingsloewen's successor and was called in 1928 to become the teacher of grades five and six.

Following the graduation exercises at the school in June 1945, Mr. Ruecklos suffered a stroke which incapacitated him for further service in the school. He fell asleep on October 19, 1946. For thirty-five years, Mr. Ruecklos had been the faithful teacher of the upper grades and the efficient principal of the school. Besides his many duties connected with the school and as Superintendent of the Sunday School, he served the Central Illinois District as a member of the Mission Board, as President of the Teachers' Conference, and as member of the District Board for Christian Education.



In 1946, the congregation called Mr. Ernst A. Prochnow to become Mr. Ruecklos' successor as school principal and teacher of grades seven and eight.

For several years, the school has had a kindergarten. Mrs. Joseph Blake taught the kindergarten until the end of the school year in 1949. Since the fall of 1949, the kindergarten has been in charge of Mrs. Lois Beyer, a former primary grade teacher of the school.

Increased enrollment necessitated the addition of another teacher in the primary grades in the fall of 1949. This increased the faculty to the following six members who are now (May 1950) faithfully serving the school:

Mr. Ernst A. Prochnow (Principal)  
Mr. J. F. Briel  
Miss Janet Ranzau  
Miss Anita Scher  
Miss Lela Bartels  
Mrs. Lois Beyer.

The present enrollment is 160 pupils.

Rev. Walter E. Hohenstein is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church.

Extensive repairs were made to the school in 1921. For many years, however, there was a desire to have a new school with a parish hall. This dream was realized in 1941 when a modern school building and parish hall was erected on the site of the old building. The building was dedicated on March 2, 1941. The cost, including equipment, was about \$80,000. The debt which was on the new building was fully paid three years later.

The Trinity Lutheran School lays the foundation for intelligent church membership and good citizenship. It gives the children an excellent education in the elementary branches of knowledge and ably prepares them for high school. But above all, through its religious instruction and a Christian training, it gives them that which is more important than all earthly wisdom, that is, the heavenly wisdom.

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## COUNTY SCHOOLS

by

William B. Brigham

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by

William B. Brigham

Pioneer Schools: Early settlers who came to the groves of McLean County had an abiding faith in their Creator. Many came from pioneer settlements in other states where need for some form of schooling was apparent. Subscription schools were soon opened here in cabin homes, wherever there was a number of children in need of teaching, with parents paying a set amount for each child.

The Illinois Legislature passed a law in 1825 to establish free schools, but the citizens of the state could not understand why they should be taxed to provide education for other people's children. This opposition to the law developed to such an extent that the tax provision was repealed at the next session of the legislature two years later.

After 1837 a state school fund was created by interest on sale of public lands and distributed to the schools of the state on the basis of pupil attendance as evidenced by schedules which teachers kept. Similarly, interest from the sale of the sixteenth section and income from the sixteenth section comprised the Township School Fund which was distributed on the same basis as the State Fund. These small amounts were bolstered by money from local taxation (15¢ on the \$100 assessed valuation of real estate if approved by two-thirds of the voters). In most instances only a part of the cost of maintaining schools was thus raised, so early log schools were built by personal contributions and not only housed the school but were used for religious meetings and neighborhood gatherings. Pioneers deserve much praise for their interest and liberality in maintaining the early schools.



Free School Law of 1855: Until 1850 settlements were in the woodlands of McLean County but with the advent of the steel plow for breaking the tough prairie sod, reapers becoming available to harvest the grain, and railroads providing accelerated transportation of farm products to markets, there was a rapid movement of farmers to the open prairies. 1855 brought the free school law with the provision that townships could organize school districts with elected boards of directors who had the power to levy taxes for building school houses and hiring teachers. In a few years new school buildings dotted the landscape of the entire county.

State School Fund: At that time the interest that made up the State School Fund was supplemented by a two-mill tax on all assessed real estate which was levied annually until 1872 when the Legislature made a yearly appropriation for the State School Fund of one million dollars each year, and it was doubled in 1915, providing four million dollars annually to "aid" schools in the state. This sum, plus the interest on sale of public lands, remained constant until 1929 when the Legislature again voted to increase annual aid to schools to \$10,000,000. In addition to financially assisting school districts, this money also had various local uses: All or part of the salary of the County Superintendent of Schools was paid from the fund since 1839; for a time tuition of high school pupils living outside organized high school districts was also paid from this revenue; and, in later years, funds were withheld from school districts not meeting standard requirements.

A state law of 1923 set closer restrictions on the distribution of these moneys by granting additional state aid to districts employing better trained and experienced teachers, with special aid granted to districts of low assessed valuation or unusually large enrollments. At present to qualify for state funds, a school must be recognized by the state as having well trained teachers, good equipment, and more than six pupils in average daily attendance during the school year. State aid continues to increase in importance for in 1948 an annual appropriation of \$33,000,000 was made for educational purposes, and an all time high of about \$50,000,000 was set aside for distribution to Illinois schools in 1949. At present the money for state aid comes from part of the 2% sales or occupational tax in Illinois.

Teacher Qualifications: Teachers of pioneer schools did not have to meet any legal requirements. Parents willingly signed subscription lists for prospective teachers who came to the settlements seeking jobs--many were young men from the East who conducted excellent schools. When the state fund was created in 1837, teachers who kept schedules and had passed the examination given by the school trustees received additional pay. Abraham Lincoln presented the following resolution to the State Legislature in 1840, "Resolved, that the Committee on Education be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a law for the examination as to their qualifications of persons offering themselves as school teachers, that no teacher should receive any part of the



public school funds who shall not have passed such examination." Five years later Mr. Lincoln's suggestion was enacted into state law, whereby teaching certificates were granted to persons of good moral character who could properly teach Orthography, Reading in English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States. These examinations were conducted by the County School Commissioner who issued certificates to successful candidates. In 1867 the Commissioner was replaced by the County Superintendent of Schools who likewise handled certification of teachers in a worthy manner. By 1870 many local young people with high school or a few weeks of Normal School training qualified as teachers, while, in the better rural schools, groups of young people were prepared to take the teachers' examinations. In 1914 a new law created the Illinois State Examining Board for Teachers' County Certificates, which prepared questions, graded papers, and otherwise cooperated with county superintendents of schools in licensing the teachers. Certificates to teach in the elementary schools were issued to persons who successfully passed the examination, or they were granted without examination to those who had one year of training in a recognized Normal School. Under these rulings, many bright young people were encouraged to enter the teaching profession and the supply was greater than the demand. In 1929 certificates were issued without examination to high school graduates who completed two years of Normal School, or those with one year of professional training were permitted to take an examination. This law did not appear to discourage those really interested in being teachers. At the demand of certain educational groups, soon the Legislature was calling for high school graduates to secure four years of professional training without examination before they were qualified to teach. Only persons who had completed two years of work in a recognized teacher training institution were permitted to take the teachers' examination. Enacted into law in 1941 at a time when World War II was getting under way, these increased requirements plus the "easy money" in lines of work with little preparation discouraged young people from entering the teaching profession and resulted in a critical shortage of good teachers, a condition which still exists. Illinois is one of many states yet issuing emergency certificates to people who will accept teaching positions--persons without any or as much training as deemed necessary two decades or more ago.

Courses of Study: Learning in early schools was largely a matter of following the textbooks for no one had heard of a course of study. In 1885 John A. Miller, then County Superintendent of McLean County Schools, issued the first course of study for rural and village schools, a publication which outlined a definite program and plan of promotion for pupils. The county office issued monthly examinations on the work outlined and final tests were given to upper grade pupils to determine their fitness for an elementary diploma to begin life's work or enter a high school. The first Illinois Course of Study was adopted in 1889 and was revised at times to conform to newer laws and



better practices in teaching. With the last revision coming in 1925, county school superintendents of the state in 1935 requested the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to again revise the course of study or prepare a new one. Without delay the Superintendent appointed a curriculum committee to study needs of schools and to prepare what would best serve as an outline of work and classroom procedures. By 1940 four bulletins were issued, following many conferences and discussions by educators throughout Illinois. These curriculum guides were not practical for all schools and had not met the original demand for a revised course of study, so in 1946 elementary schools were provided with a publication, entitled the Illinois Curriculum and Course of Study Guide, prepared and issued by the office of Vernon L. Nickell, Illinois Superintendent of Public Instruction. This offering more nearly meets the needs of elementary education but many feel that the schools should yet follow a more definite teaching program in order to equip our boys and girls with the minimum essentials.

Textbooks and Teaching Aids: Teaching aids and standard textbooks were unheard of in pioneer schools. Not long after the free school law of 1855 went into effect; quill pens, home-made ink, crude hand-built furniture, and painted blackboards gave way to factory made products, but the sheepskin erasers and hickory sticks lingered for some time. Since school directors had the authority to select the textbooks for their schools, they were besieged by agents offering the latest in books, maps, and globes. In 1895 County Superintendent of Schools, John S. Wren, called a conference of directors to discuss a uniform county book list to be submitted to the many rural and village districts for their adoption. This plan was approved, and, with the exception of a few larger towns the list recommended by the county superintendent was followed.

School Improvements: With the appointment of U. J. Hoffman as Rural School Supervisor of Illinois by Francis G. Blair, Superintendent of Public Instruction, plans and suggestions for the betterment of Illinois country schools was soon forthcoming. Then came the era of Standard Schools--those which met state requirements in heating, lighting, ventilation, equipment (furniture and teaching aids), water supply, and toilets. Fifty-one McLean County schools were on the standard list by 1912.

The State Legislature passed a Sanitation Law in 1917, requiring the county superintendents of schools to order certain funds withheld from districts that failed to meet requirements for a standard school. This law with "teeth" soon brought all schools in McLean County up to standard. In 1937 a plan was put into effect by the state office calling for the recognition of schools with much the same requirements as those for standard schools, except that a large number of points toward recognition could be earned by the employing of teachers with training in recognized teacher training institutions and/or experience. Better equipped schools were rated as superior. A modification of



this plan is in effect today in Illinois and an increase in the state supervisory staff permits annual visitation of a majority of the elementary schools of the state, in addition to the required annual visits by the county superintendents.

Games and Recreation: Games played in rural schools at recesses and noons included bull pen, drop the handkerchief, duck on the rock, dare base, black man, steal clothes, London bridge, one-eyed cat, peg and awl, ante over, jack stones, crack the whip, hide and go seek, baseball, farmer in the dell, and leap frog. If you do not know how to play them, ask your mother or grandmother. These games required little or no materials, while elementary school children of today are usually furnished with such equipment as teeter totters, swings, slides, jungle gyms, and merry-go-rounds. Play is now supervised as required by state law under specially trained or instructed physical education teachers.

High Schools: Training beyond the "fifth reader" was seldom undertaken by teachers of pioneer schools, though the practice of offering "higher school" work, in such subjects as the teacher was prepared to teach, was common in early schools of the county. Smaller towns and villages frequently offered two or three year high school courses under one teacher with no definite standards. In 1912 J. C. Hanna was appointed State High School Visitor and it was not long until there were certain requirements for recognition of high schools by the State of Illinois. Included were teacher training in subjects to be taught by that teacher, a course of study, teaching helps, laboratory equipment, and libraries. For many years young people living in rural districts attended nearby high schools, paying their own tuition, until a law was passed requiring common school districts to pay tuition of all high school pupils residing in it. Objection from taxpayers resulted in the enactment of another law, requiring county superintendents to pay high schools for non-resident pupils from the distributive fund (state aid). Districts maintaining high schools then objected, so a Non-High School Act became effective in 1917 whereby all territory not included in districts maintaining four-year high schools was organized into a district for taxing purposes, revenue from which paid tuition of pupils residing therein.

Under the Township High School Act, Bellflower Township High School was organized in 1905. The Community High School Act of 1919 designated that a high school district in one or more townships could be organized into community high school districts and modern high school buildings were erected in many towns of the county with the result that high school attendance increased from 1807 in 1917 to 2782 in 1927. Visitors from the University of Illinois now work with the state examiners in inspecting and approving the high schools for recognition and accrediting in the North Central Association of Colleges and Universities, thus permitting graduates of these schools to enter colleges and universities unchallenged by an entrance examination. Likewise the course



of study or curriculum of the modern McLean County high schools was broadened to include vocational subjects and well-rounded college entrance preparation. The Illinois State Examining Board ruled that high school teachers have bachelor's degrees and that they be prepared in the subject or subjects they were to teach. High schools now often require a master's degree of applicants for teaching positions, while principals, superintendents, and supervisors now being employed must have a master's degree.

Reorganization of Schools: Though one-room schools were serving adequately in the early training of boys and girls and were serving as the center of neighborhood social life, frequent muddy roads for many years prevented any possible transportation to distant centers if such were organized. Nevertheless, consolidation of rural schools in Illinois was often discussed with many plans for reorganization of the school system being brought before the State Legislature. The McLean County School Survey Committee was voted into existence in 1945, following enactment of a state law. This committee's purpose was to study the two hundred thirty one-room schools of McLean County with a view of making recommendations for suitable reorganization. It was found that many schools had been closed because of the acute teacher shortage or for the lack of children to attend them. Buildings, too, were in need of extensive repair. An effective written report to the citizens of the county overcame opposition to school consolidation with the result that unit districts to include grades one through twelve were organized in many sections of McLean County, while some village elementary schools banded with surrounding rural schools to form community consolidated schools. Transportation by school buses on vastly improved county roads is the present vogue. Many unused one-room buildings have been sold at public auctions, so that today finds all but a few little district schoolhouses vanished--torn down, moved away, or remodelled on the site as a dwelling. Our larger units have yet to prove themselves as providing better training of our youth, as the school story is yet incomplete. Citizens of McLean County are constantly seeking for ways and means to improve existing conditions and provide facilities that will make our school system second to none in the nation.

WILLIAM B. BRIGHAM

Autobiography

After his return from the civil war, my father married a young school teacher and settled on the prairie fourteen miles east of Bloomington. Building up a home at that time meant a hard struggle but conditions improved through the years.

I was born in 1874 and shared the hardships and joys of primitive farm life. Being the only boy with five sisters, it was my lot to help with the farm work at any early age.

There was but little schooling for me until the corn was husked in the fall and likewise I helped with the spring work. Each year I missed much of the school work. However when nineteen years of age I procured a course of study and by burning midnight oil I succeeded in passing the final examination and was able to secure a teacher's certificate. Thus began my career of fifteen years as a teacher, eighteen years as assistant county superintendent and four terms as county superintendent of schools of McLean county.

The opportunity to study the school facilities throughout the county brought me in close contact with many fine families, making firm friendships and happy memories which are renewed when I meet the former teachers, the pupils and their parents.

Having specialized in nature study, handicraft and Indian Lore, I was able to bring many interests to the young people of the county and in the later years I am often privileged to speak to groups as they meet in reunions throughout McLean County.



MEMORIES OF A RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER

by

Nellie J. Moline

MEMORIES OF A RURAL  
SCHOOL TEACHER

Nellie J. Moline

On the morning of September 5, 1922, I walked a mile across the fields west of the McLean County Farm, where my father was superintendent, to Grassy Ridge School. I had made this trip many times as a pupil for I had entered the fourth grade at this school in March almost ten years before. But this morning I was entering the little white schoolhouse not as a pupil but as a teacher. Since I had finished the eighth grade at this school, I had graduated from Bloomington High School and completed one year and a summer term at Normal University. At that time Normal School training was not required so I had written on and passed the state teachers' examination and had received a second grade certificate.

Grassy Ridge School derived its name from its location on an elevation that presented a fine view in the early days of McLean County. It was the same white building which I had attended and located on the same ridge where the "Little White School" had stood in the late 1840's. Here my grandmother, Hannah Crawford Jones had attended school when she lived in the log cabin which was still standing on the Will Conley farm southeast of the schoolhouse. This school building of 1922 was a white frame structure facing the south. It had a small entrance hall. Above the hall door was the gold lettered sign which read "Standard School" denoting that the school met state qualifications. On the east side of the building were three small high windows. The former full length windows had been eliminated at the time of remodelling. This had been done to meet state requirements for lighting. On the west side were five full length windows. The outside chimney was at the back of the building and I soon learned that it was still one of the ideal places to hide when playing hide-and-seek. Lightning rods still ran along the peak of the roof and down the east side of the building. It still caught the ball when the children played "Andy-Over". Then they would have to throw rocks or pieces of brick to knock the ball off the rod.

The school yard had been mowed with a mowing machine. The dead grass covered a stubble which caused many a scratch and injury until the stubble was worn down by the children. Big yellow and black spiders hung in their webs around the foundation. Paths soon appeared around the building due to so much running around the structure in playing games. In rainy weather this meant mud holes at the corners with an occasional fall into them by the smaller pupils.

Concrete walks led out to both the girls' toilet to the west and to the boys' toilet to the east of the building. There was also a walk that led to the stile at the extreme south end of the school yard. Down there, too, was the old



well platform for a new well had been drilled closer to the school house. This old platform had been our base for the game of "Dog and Deer". It still served that purpose. The building was located about twelve feet from the fence which was at the extreme north end of the yard.

The coal house was located to the west of the building. The same walk which led to the girls' toilet served as a path to the coal house. There were two small back doors through which coal and cobs were shovelled into separate bins. The entrance to the coal house was on the east side. There was no way to fasten this door, so at night when I carried in my coal and cobs for the next morning, I would always put a cob in the top of the door to hold it shut. This kept the door from banging in the wind and if the cob was still there in the morning, it was almost a sure sign that no tramp had found a night's lodging there. A wooden fence surrounded the entire yard. Along the road, only two 4" by 2" pieces of lumber were nailed to wooden posts, but in back and to the east where the fields came right up to the fence, 6" boards were used to make the fence secure enough so that animals could not get through.

There were fourteen beautiful maple trees in the yard. In the southwest corner stood five trees almost in a circle. The children found this an almost ideal setting for playing "Pussy-Wants-A-Corner".

Before the morning of September 5, I had spent many hours in the building preparing for this opening day. Then I had attended a two day institute and now I was ready to teach my first day of school. How many times as a child, I had played school and always I was the teacher, for I had always known that I would be a teacher. There was never any question in my mind of what I would do when I was grown. Now here I was about to realize my ambition.

The hole was still in the fence back of the schoolhouse, so I climbed through, walked up the walk from the boys' toilet, walked across the new concrete porch which had been added when the building was remodelled in 1917 and unlocked the door. As One entered the school he walked into a dark hall about nine foot square. There were no windows in this hall except for the transom over the inner door. Around this hall were hooks fastened to a wide board. Here we hung our coats and our drinking cups unless we had the kind of cup which folded and it was kept in our desks. On this board, too, the boys would stand at recesses and noons and peek through the transom to see what was going on in the school room. It was always the peeking through the transom which broke up the game of "Clap-In\* And-Clap-Out". Boots and overshoes were left in this hall. They were supposed to sit in pairs under the owners' coats, but with a dozen pairs of busy feet using the entrance, overshoes were often out of place.



Unlocking a second door, one entered the schoolroom. The teacher's desk sat in the front of the room, for who ever heard, in those days, of a teacher's desk being in back of or at the side of the room. There were five rows of desks all securely screwed to the floor. Not in those days did we even think of placing desks at a forty-five degree angle so that the light fell from in back and to the left of the pupil. The desks ranged from a row of large seats in which an adult could sit comfortably to a row of small desks for beginners. Even though they were fastened to the floor which was well oiled, the light did come from the left and the smaller desks were placed next to the large windows as we wish small desks to be placed today, if they are placed in rows. Across the front of the room, between the teacher's desk and the pupils' desks was the proverbial long recitation bench.

Blackboards were at the front and under the small windows on the east. A big, dark, upright piano stood in the front of the room in one corner. In the other corner stood a big room furnace with a big bronze colored jacket. On cold winter mornings, we would all try to sit around the stove and put our feet at the opening at the bottom of the jacket. Now I know it was the coldest place possible. Since there was no basement, the floor was always cold until about noon on Monday morning. But what fun it was for the pupils to encircle the stove and try to get warm. Some mornings, especially on Mondays, we would have to wear our wraps until the first recess and often we would not be able to take up school at nine o'clock because the room was too cold. Other mornings the building would warm up quicker for I would "bank" my fire at night. This consisted of putting in one or two large lumps( as large as I could carry from the coal house and push through the fire door) and then scattering ashes over the fire. It was always a great help when one of the young men( former schoolmates of mine) in the district came to the school in the morning or evening and helped carry the fuel or take care of the furnace. Remaining ashes were carried to the ash pile out in the northwest corner of the yard.

On the top of the furnace was a large water pan. It was always a chore to remember to keep it filled. On extremely cold days when we had a roaring fire, someone would notice a strange odor and we knew that the pan was dry. Eager hands would soon be flying as permission was requested to fill the pan. This pan made an ideal place for warming jars of food for we had a hot lunch program known as the "pint jar method". Here, too, on the top of the stove I could set the bucket of water for hand washing before lunch. Our wash pan sat on an old chair in a corner in the back of the room. Our soap was in a dish beside it. An empty bucket stood on the floor for the waste water and a small mirror hung above it.



Our dinner buckets sat on the floor in the back of the room. The boys set theirs to the right and the girls put theirs at the left. Later I had my brother-in-law put up two shelves for our lunch pails. What we brought in our buckets supplemented the hot food in our jars. Once I took my sister's chafing dish to school and thought we'd have the "one hot dish" type of lunch. We were to have stew( meat and potatoes in a gravy). Noon came, the potatoes were still hard. I taught school until one o'clock when the stew was done--we were all practically starved. That night the chafing dish went home and we promptly returned to the "pint jar method".

In the back of the room in the corner, stood an old bookcase with glass doors. In this case were the same books I had read as a pupil. There were a few more covers and a few more pages missing. I saw my old friends: "The Little Colonel Books", "Annie of Green Gables", "Five Little Peppers" and "Pilgrim's Progress". On the bottom shelf were old text books and in the two small drawers at the bottom were old school registers. To supplement these books, I secured a card at Wither's Library and took books out to the children. I used a cardboard carton and once a month the librarian would help me select enough books to fill the box. These I would take out to school. At the end of the month I would check the books in, return them to the library and secure a new supply.

Of course we had mice at school. What country school did not? Sometimes I thought that they had established a race track along the east wall from the piano to the book case. I tried to keep a trap set, but often someone would spring it and then when the mouse started along the wall, the boys in the outside row of seats would try to kill it by kicking at it. Usually they were successful.

There was wainscoting all around the room and the upper walls and ceiling were papered. Up above the blackboard on the east wall far above eye level hung a large picture of Sir Galahad. In the front of the room was the usual picture of George Washington. Then in a black frame was a diploma signifying that this was a standard school. At the bottom of this diploma were lines for the signature of the County Superintendent each year if the school kept up its standards. The other picture was The Angelus.

On the front desk in the row of large seats, lay the big unabridged dictionary. Every child above the third grade was supposed to have a dictionary, but we had the big Webster's dictionary also. Great use was always made of it, for that was always a chance to get out of one's seat. Just as sure as one pupil was at the dictionary, someone else found himself in desperate need of it and of course it was all the better if he had to look up the same word.



The long old recitation bench was not fastened to the floor. All classes came up there to recite. Little folks sat with little feet swinging and big folks usually tried to stage a subdued race to see who sat on the ends of the bench. There was always the possibility of sitting by someone you didn't like so well, but there was also the possibility of sitting by that somebody you liked especially well. Didn't I remember how I sat on that same bench next to the boy I liked best of all?

The most important book in the whole schoolroom was the Illinois State Course of Study. This was a gray paper back book about an inch thick. It outlined the work to be covered by each grade in each subject for the year. The year's work was divided into the amount to be covered each month. Even the seventh and eighth graders were required to own a pupil's edition of the State Course of Study. Besides this the county superintendent issued a small county outline which gave helpful hints for rural and small grade schools. In the school year 1922-23, we were to teach all subjects in grades one, three, five and seven. Besides this we were to teach second grade reading and numbers, fourth year reading, arithmetic, geography and spelling, sixth grade reading, arithmetic and geography and eighth grade grammar. Pupils in grades two, four, six and eight took other subjects with the grades below. This is what we called alternating. I had grades one through seven in my school that first year.

In reading, we used the Story Hour Readers, the Young and Field Literary Readers and the William's Choice Readers. Our spellers were the Aldine Speller and Cavin's and Lukenbill's Orthography. Our arithmetic books were Hoyt and Peet's "First Year in Numbers", Milne's Progressive and Boyer and McIntosh. In all grades except one and two we used Gowdy and Dexheimer's Lessons in English. We also had a small poem book for each grade entitled "Poems for Language". "Introduction to American History" and "History of the United States" by Bourne and Benton covered our history work. In geography we used Ridgley's textbook and notebook. Our physiology was Emerson and Bett's "Hygiene and Health" and "Physiology and Hygiene". In civics, we taught "Illinois and the Nation" and in Illinois History our book was Smith's "Brief History of Illinois". Our textbook for agriculture was Patterson's "Studies in Science". In penmanship, we taught the Economy Method and our drawing book was the Practical Drawing Series.

School began at nine in the morning and was dismissed at four in the afternoon. We had an hour at noon and two fifteen minute recesses, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. In the winter time, our noon intermission was only thirty minutes long and we dismissed at 3:30. I had a full day's program. I had all grades in my school except the eighth, but I had a boy in the fifth grade who could not read. At the middle of the school



year, I decided he was only "marking time" and the thing to do was to teach him to read. Since our regular reading course consisted of the Field word cards and book, I decided to invest in the Beacon Readers, word cards and chart. Someone had told me that this system of reading included much phonics. My daily program consisted of some thirty classes, some being from five to seven minutes long. None were over fifteen minutes long. We had not heard of the five areas of learning or of correlation.

Teaching was definitely a page to page affair. The county office enumerated the page we should have completed in all subjects by the end of the month. Examination questions on every subject for every grade were sent from the county office monthly. Each teacher received one printed set. These she must copy on the blackboard. They were the essay type of question and very factual. At the end of the school year the seventh and eighth grade pupils went into a center (usually the town in the vicinity) and took a final examination. We went to Bloomington. This examination covered the year's work. About the first of March, teachers began keeping the two grades after school and reviewing. Sometimes we would review as late as 5:30. Often we would review all day Saturday. Final examination day was a big event in the life of seventh and eighth grade pupils.

As I look back now on my first teaching, I marvel that my pupils learned as much as they did. It wasn't that I didn't work hard and that I didn't use the few manuals which I had for teaching reading in the first three grades. Many of the selections in the lower grades were nursery rhymes or old folk tales. First grade reading was taught almost as we teach rote songs today. For example in the poem "Jack and Jill", the teacher would read the first line, "Jack and Jill went up the hill" and then would say, "What did Jack and Jill do?" The child would answer by "reading" the line. Often children would learn word for word pages in their primers and would be able to "read" a number of pages by looking at the pictures. There was no pre-reading program or readiness program. There was much drill and "busy work". Teachers taught subjects then, now we are beginning to learn that we are teaching children.

Holidays were red letter days in a country school. They usually meant a party. Now I realize that they meant much to some of the children from tenant families and to some of the children who were living at the county farm at that time. What fun we had pinning the tail on the donkey, carrying beans on a knife, pushing a potato with a yard stick or spinning the plate. At Christmas time we drew names and had our tree and our program for the whole community. Night affairs such as this meant that patrons must bring their A-laddin lamps. We had only four small kerosene lamps at school, not even enough to use when a storm came up and it was too dark to study. At that time I would usually read



to the pupils. Valentine Day meant a Valentine box. This was always a surprise for I made the box and no one would see it until the morning of the fourteenth. Then it was school until the last recess, then games, the Valentines were distributed and we would have refreshments.

Every school usually had at least one money making affair each year. The most popular way was the box social. The girls and young women in the community decorated boxes with crepe paper and ribbon and other materials, packed in them a lunch for two people and brought them carefully concealed to the committee behind the curtains which stretched across the front of the room. Each box was numbered and a local auctioneer sold them to the highest bidder. Sometimes two girls who were good friends would bring a double box. It contained lunch for four people. Each box or half a box was sold and the buyer would claim his box at the end of the sale, find the owner and eat with her. Sometimes if the owner was an extremely popular girl and it would become known which box was hers, someone in the crowd would "run it up" on her boy friend. Contests were also held to make money at the social. Such contests as "The man with the biggest feet" or "the best cook in the district". Different people were nominated and then friends would shout out so many votes for a contestant, paying a penny a vote. For those who did not bring or buy a box, there would be sandwiches, cocoa, pie and coffee which could be bought.

Grassy Ridge School is a much different school today than it was in 1922. It is one of twelve rural schools open in the school year 1949-50. In September 1940, the building in which I began teaching, burned to the ground. The building from Lake District No. 8 which had consolidated with McLean Grade School was moved to the site of Grassy Ridge. It sits in the same place. It is a white shingled building with a large light entry hall that reaches across the entire front of the school. The floors are sealed and waxed, no oiling of floors for the teacher to do now. Movable desks make for a more social atmosphere. The furnace is now in the rear of the room. The interior woodwork is painted ivory and light paper covers ceiling and walls. A steel cabinet holds up to date supplies and interesting story books. An electric plate and water cooler is in a small anteroom off the hall. The number of pupils enrolled this year is eleven, almost the same as my twelve which I had back in 1922. The schoolroom holds a busy hum of activity showing that the boys and girls are working together, learning to get along together as they will have to do when they leave that room and take their places in the community. Here in the little white schoolhouse sitting on the ridge, the children are receiving the kind of training which will prepare them for democratic living.



BLOOMINGTON AMERICANIZATION SCHOOL

by

Will H. Johnson

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### FOREWORD

The outline of this life history of the Bloomington Americanization School was carefully made in the spring of 1949 more than a year ago.

When Miss Clara Louise Kessler asked me to write it, I was so thrilled over the idea that I went at once to the attic and brought down the stack of copies of the Bloomington Americanization School News. Then I dusted and arranged the pile of senior composition books in neat order on my closet shelf. There was one composition book for each school year--October 1 to May 31--Each book contained a complete attendance record of the different classes both teachers and pupils, also a record of the special programs, lectures, parties and picnics of the school year. And in the back of each book was a list of all the pupils who had enrolled during the school year.

In Jeannette's desk I found several envelopes of cancelled checks on the Peoples Bank, Jeannette was the treasurer. In a drawer of the bookcase in Mother's room, I found a number of school pictures, photographs which had been taken at a special program, picnic, dance or Halloween Party. I had a happy, tearful time looking at them and I planned to have some reproductions made to illustrate this story of the Americanization School.

Summer came with a rush in 1949 and the flowers, garden and orchard demanded so much of my time that I put off the



writing of this story until Fall. And then the awful Fire!  
And now memories.

### DAY NURSERY

Fifty or sixty years ago there were twenty-five or thirty-a goodly number of Chinese men living in Bloomington. A group of civic-minded members of the Second Presbyterian Church, under the leadership of Mr. Dickey Templeton, a bachelor banker, started the school for them in the Sunday School room of the church. The first organized effort to help the foreign born learn the English language and adjust themselves to the Bloomington way of life. Among the helpers in the school were Miss Jennie Thompson and Miss Laurastine Marquis. The Chinese school was a great success and flourished as long as there were enough students to warrant it.

Later Miss Thompson became the head of the Day Nursery association on West Mulberry Street.

There in 1910 was organized the Bloomington Americanization School. The founders and the first teachers were Miss Letta Brock, Miss Laurastine Marquis and Miss Lucy Williams, all of them at that time recent graduates of Illinois Wesleyan University. The purpose of the school was to help the foreign born mothers and fathers whose children attended the Day Nursery, learn the English language and to become citizens of the United States of America.

Most of them were Hungarians. The school became so popular that more teachers were necessary and Miss Crothers, Mr. Rob Williams and Mrs. Wunderlich joined the group.

About that time a night school for men was conducted at the Y.M.C.A. building on North Main Street. One of the classes was for foreign born men and one of the teachers was Will Johnson.

### SHERIDAN SCHOOL

It was May 1913, Miss Lucy Williams and her brother, Mr. Rob went East for a vacation of two weeks. They induced me to substitute for them in the Americanization School.

That fall we moved the school from the Day Nursery to the old Sheridan School. It was so well-fitted to the needs of the group of grown-up men and women. There were four large rooms with great long blackboards. A piano and best of all, the janitor, John Smith. He welcomed us with his long open arms and we knew that we would be happy and comfortable in our new school home.

Much of the success of the Bloomington Americanization School is due to his patience, his interest in the work of the school and his love for us all - teachers and pupils.



It meant much extra work for him, but never did he fail us and never did he grumble or complain. He considered it a great privilege, almost an honor to be the cordial host to the motley group of foreign-born pupils and teachers, who came twice a week to his school building. After his death, the school planted an elm tree in his memory with an appropriate program and ceremony.

Many new pupils enrolled at the Sheridan School, men and women, eager to master the English language and to obtain their naturalization papers. We did not have a definite outline of study, and the classes were graded in a hapless haphazard mess. Sometimes there would be a teacher and no class, and just as likely two or three new pupils and no teacher for them.

One evening, Mr. Rob Williams, he was not a regular teacher, was helping David Shadid with his reading lesson. Mr. Rob selected a primer, "The Little Red Hen". He lighted his cigar and settled back in his comfortable arm chair not knowing that it was the fifth time that David had worked on the same lesson. Mr. Rob was thrilled over his pupil's reading. Suddenly in David's quiet apologetic manner, "Damn the little red hen. Let's kill him and eat him". It became one of Mr. Rob's favorite stories.

Finally we re-organized the classes and the teachers used plan books. We outlined a tentative course of study in reading, spelling, grammar and geography and history, with a final year of civics preparing for the naturalization questions which was the ultimate goal. It was all most difficult to arrange and impossible to realize without many lapses and changes.

Laurastine Marquis and Jeannette Johnson were the permanent teachers for the beginners and all through the long years they were the most popular and the best loved teachers in the school. They organized home classes and spent many afternoons helping the women who could not attend the night school. They talked to many church groups and social clubs and interested them in helping with the home classes and also in the regular school.

Sheridan School gradually became a social center for the neighborhood and we gave many parties, programs and entertainments. Sometimes the Day Nursery Association joined us, especially for the Christmas programs and for a picnic in O'Neill's Park. Mr. Smith was always the chief advisor and manager. We loved the old Sheridan School and we were sad when the Board of Education decided to erect a new modern school building.

#### JEFFERSON SCHOOL

The first world war brought a great impetus to the enrollment of all foreign born residents in the night school.



The counsel for defense appointed Mrs. Cunningham as general supervisor of adult education in this district. So many pupils enrolled that it was necessary to have many more classes and many more teachers and school rooms nearer the center of the city.

The Board of Education offered the Jefferson School, the old High School building, on East Monroe Street, and we had school four nights a week, Monday and Wednesday in the Sheridan School, and Tuesday and Thursday in the Jefferson School. The attendance was excellent and the rooms were crowded. Many of the pupils attended both schools, going four nights a week. One night at the Sheridan School, there were seventy-five pupils. There was a fine force of teachers. Everybody was eager to help in some way. Many of the teachers, both from the grade schools and from the high school, offered their services. Miss Kromer, primary supervisor of the city schools became an enthusiastic Americanization teacher and taught as long as she was able.

At the Jefferson School, the custodian was John Ford, genial, kind and our friend all through the years.

After the war was over, the Americanization school gradually settled down to the pre-war days and ways. Each year there were new pupils and new teachers, but not too many. We bought school supplies and suitable graded readers and we had a good library of books well selected for the needs of our advanced pupils. The big gymnasium on the first floor with the hard wood floor was ideal for parties, dances and programs. We were very happy and comfortable in the Old Jefferson School building.

On March 7, 1932, the building was destroyed by fire.

Y. W. C. A.

One cold Monday morning in March, 1932, the Bloomington Americanization School, teachers and pupils, were stunned and saddened by the awful news of the destruction of the Jefferson School by fire. All of our precious books, maps, globe and supplies were lost and we were homeless.

Before nine o'clock, the secretary of the Y.W.C.A. called and offered us the use of their class rooms on the second floor. That evening at seven-thirty, we all met in the lobby of the Y.W.C.A. There was a fire in the fire-place and the whole building was warm and comfortable and homelike. Some of us were there for the first time. We went down stairs in the Girl Reserve rooms. We were delighted with the big room, the tile floor, the many chairs, benches, tables and a piano. On the second floor we found the attractive library and the class rooms, with convenient closets. There were



plenty of tables and chairs and a piano. We were thrilled and elated over the great front reception room with a piano and big comfortable chairs and davenports and the fireplace. We talked and sang our favorite songs and rejoiced over our good fortune.

In a few weeks we were comfortably settled in our new rooms. The Bible woman's class gave us their huge double black-board and the Board of Education gave us some discarded readers which were suitable for our needs. The building was so roomy and comfortable and we were assured by our friends at the Y.W.C.A. that we had a permanent home there. It was most fortunate and opportune as we had to vacate the Sheridan School for the new building.

The Y.W.C.A. building was most convenient for us, always open, warm and hospitable.

### PARADE OF NATIONS

Twenty countries were represented in the Bloomington Americanization School. The great majority of our immigrants came from Germany and Hungary. Other countries followed in the number of students in this order: Mexico, Italy, Sweden.

The number of Mexicans was always changing. They came and stayed a few months and were gone. Only two, Salvador Gonzales and Jose Mareno were in the school for a long time. We had one full blooded Indian, Gertrude Newberry, a practical nurse.

We often told Pete and Tom that they came over from Macedonia to help us. They were faithful workers and the teachers were eager to respond with their assistance.

In all of the long years there was only one from France, our faithful, loyal, devoted friend, Jean Berrien, long ago dead, but not forgotten. A beautiful window in the Holy Trinity Church is a memorial to him.

We urged all of our foreign born new residents to love their native countries and to cherish and preserve the customs and traditions, holidays and feasts of their old homes in Europe or Asia. Here are the twenty countries.

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Austria        | 11. Ireland       |
| 2. China          | 12. Italy         |
| 3. Czechoslovakia | 13. Mexico        |
| 4. Denmark        | 14. Poland        |
| 5. Finland        | 15. Russia        |
| 6. France         | 16. Sweden        |
| 7. Germany        | 17. Switzerland   |
| 8. Greece         | 18. Syria         |
| 9. Holland        | 19. Turkey        |
| 10. Hungary       | 20. United States |



It has been a great education for us to have been in such intimate contact with the spiritual and political blood of so many different nations.

#### FUNDS

During the forty years of the Bloomington Americanization School no teacher ever received any remuneration in dollars and cents and no pupil ever paid out any money for books and supplies. Everybody donated willingly his time, talent and service.

The Day Nursery association, the Board of Education and the Y.W.C.A. granted us the use of the buildings, their facilities and the janitor service. But a certain amount of money was needed to operate successfully such a huge project. It turned out to be a simple problem. An appeal to different social clubs, to church groups or even to individuals always brought us sufficient funds. Often a friendly group from a local church gave us five, ten or even twenty-five dollars.

Finally the Letitia Green Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution officially adopted our school and gave us one hundred dollars for each school year. It seemed a happy fortunate solution to all of our financial problems. After the first world war, many immigrants came from Germany and Central Europe. There were parents with young children, single men and women, all rejoicing because they had left the war ridden countries of Europe. They were eager to live in this land of peace, the new home of their choice. We didn't believe in great standing armies and in spending millions for national defense. We all began working for permanent peace.

Our relations with the local chapter of the D.A.R. became strained and it seemed best to run our school without their money. We abandoned our news bulletin and we decided to do without an orchestra, and ice cream and cake at our parties.

Later the Woman's Club came to our relief and financed the school with the aid of private gifts.

#### MUSIC

How we loved to sing! Every evening we sang, never less than fifteen minutes. Jeannette Johnson was always eager to play the piano. She knew all the old tunes and folk songs and the students loved to have her play for them and they responded in a most vigorous manner. You could hear the singing all over the building and the outside play grounds too. Of course we sang the Star Spangled Banner and America and the other patriotic songs. But America the Beautiful was the favorite, and we always sang all of the four verses. And we liked much our own Illinois, Illinois. Other favorites were;



Love's Old Sweet Song, Juanita, Old Black Joe, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean and Nelly's Quilting Party and Jingle Bells. We made the bells ring and tinkle winter and summer.

We began to practice the beloved Christmas carols right after the Thanksgiving holidays. Each year we had elaborate Christmas music. Miss Frances Kessler was our first regular music teacher. She planned and executed many fine entertainments. Mrs. Chiddix organized a double male quartette. Their first appearance was at the big party which the American Legion gave for the school on the third floor of the McBarnes building. The boys sang well and we were proud of them. They gave several concerts and it was a real treat to hear them.

Later Miss Lois Hovey joined our teaching staff and her enthusiasm and energy was so contagious that the music period often absorbed many minutes from the regular classroom work. It was much more interesting and exciting to sing than to study English grammar. There has always been much musical talent among our foreign born students and a few of them were professional musicians. Our own Albert Martini thrilled us with his violin. And Clara Schlenker, we all marvelled at her magnificent voice. She sang at every party and program. It is a rare privilege to hear her.

The greatest musical event in the history of the Americanization School was the night the German students helped Professor Ferguson give a program for the college Alumni Club. His topic was German Folksongs. For weeks they practiced with Miss Hovey. There were twelve singers, six men and six women. Henry was the leader. They loved doing it, and they sang the beloved old songs with passionate fervor and enthusiasm. The only song I can remember is "Du, du liegst mir in Herzen". The program was a great success. Professor Ferguson was so pleased and grateful that he invited the whole school to his home for a party and again the group sang their favorite folk songs. It was a memorable event.

The music period in the Americanization school helped many a homesick discouraged student along the long road from immigrant to American citizen.

#### STUDENT TEACHERS

There were always three or four or more regular teachers for the school classes. We teachers loved the school and we tried to be there on time each school evening from October 1 to May 31. With our many home duties and an occasional wedding or dinner party, sometimes it was simply impossible to go to the night school. Our good friend, John Kinneman, suggested student teachers to work with the regular teachers. It was a grand idea and it worked beautifully. Each year we asked the social science department of the Normal University or the Wesleyan University to furnish us two student teachers, a man



and a woman. It was most fortunate if one could play the piano and the other sing. The student teachers were usually young and good-looking and full of spirit and new ideas.

They were a great asset and they added much to the social life of the school.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

Party - party - party! Parties, parties, parties and more parties!

Party was a new word to most of the students of the Americanization School. Party, what is a party? It was not easy to give a simple definition of the magic word. It was something to be experienced, felt, assimilated, a happy phase of life in the new homeland. There were all kinds of parties, Hallowe'en, Valentine, Thanksgiving, May Day, Birthday and Farewell, one after another, all through the year. We never missed an opportunity to have a party, and we rejoiced when some unexpected event warranted our planning one. The Hallowe'en parties furnished the most fun and excitement. None of us can ever forget one memorable Hallowe'en party, held in the gymnasium of the old high school building. It was a masquerade dance, with an orchestra and ice cream and cake and coffee. Most of the parties were held in the school buildings. Sometimes we were invited to the homes of one of the teachers. Occasionally some special friends, especially interested in our school, opened their spacious homes. Several times the Hungarian Club invited us to their clubrooms. They provided special music, games and refreshments. It was a gracious act as many of our students were Hungarians.

We had such good times and our parties became so popular that it became necessary to limit the attendance to pupils and teachers.

There was always a huge Christmas tree. It was great fun to decorate it. We all took part in the Christmas program. We sang all of the Christmas carols, Silent Night was sung first in English and then in German. Jeannette read the Night before Christmas. The last song was "Up on the Housetop" and we sang it over and over until Santa Claus appeared with two huge sacks, crammed with boxes and packages. Gifts more than enough for us all. Santa Claus had a good will message for us, and a Froeliche Weinachten for the new immigrants who were celebrating their first Christmas in the United States. And then the fancy delicious Christmas cookies, cakes and candy!

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Different organizations, clubs, social groups and church groups gave us parties and special programs and entertainments.



Especially do I remember the parties given by the Unitarian Alliance and the Junior Woman's Club.

The closing event of the school year was the big picnic usually held on Decoration Day in the Johnson yard. One year we went to New Salem, but it rained the entire day, a great disappointment. Once we went to Miller Park and another time to O'Neill's Park, but we like it best in the Johnson country yard.

#### DEBATES

One year the student teachers arranged a series of debates, once a month.

Here are some of the subjects:

Streetcars vs Buses  
Automobiles vs Buggies  
12 month calendar vs 13 month calendar  
Country life vs City life  
Baseball vs Football  
Men teachers vs Women teachers

All of the members of the upper classes, men and women, took part in the debates. The topics were assigned two weeks in advance. Miss Abraham at the library was much interested in the project and helped the debaters with books, magazines and newspapers containing suggestions on the subject.

There was always a crowd to listen to the arguments. The student teachers coached the debaters and helped them to prepare their points for the rebuttal. And then we voted for the winners.

#### BLOOMINGTON AMERICANIZATION NEWS

The idea of a newspaper or bulletin for our school was first proposed by Mary Helen Stone. She had a course in Journalism and she spent a year in Estonia before she joined our teaching staff. It was a tremendous idea and it seemed impossible with our meager talent and funds. But she was confident and enthusiastic and soon we were all working on the first number of the Bloomington Americanization School News. Miss Stone, editor-in-chief, appointed different committees. Salvador, our cartoonist designed the front cover. We all wrote articles for the News.

We were terribly excited when the first issue came from the press. It was printed by the Gummerman press without any charge. Our Americanization School published a paper about our work. We could scarcely believe that it was our own production. We were so proud of it that our exchange editor sent copies to all of the schools for foreign born



students in this country. We received papers from Dallas, Texas, Detroit, Washington and many other places. We tried to get out a paper every two months. The cover was always a work of art. Some of the designs I remember were; United States Flag, Map of North America, Map of the United States, Statue of Liberty, Map of Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington. We sent copies of the News to former members of the school, both teachers and pupils. The paper flourished for several years until Miss Stone was married. There was no one to take her place.

### PEACE PROGRAMS

Everyday was Peace Day with us the teachers and pupils of the Americanization School. We abhorred War and war lords and guns and swords and we didn't think that the nations of the world should spend billions for standing armies and national defense and only thousands for education, peace and goodwill.

Our first real peace program was prepared and directed by Miss Bernice Foster on good will Day, May 18. It was so educational and impressive with its message of peace and goodwill that we sent a copy of it to the children of Wales. The next year we received from Wales a special copy of the Good Will message which was broadcasted to the children of the world on the 18th of May. Each year we improved and enlarged our Good will pageant.

We had appropriate costumes and flags of all the principal countries of the world. The main characters were Good Will, Henry; Uncle Sam, Martin; Peace, Hanna; War, Mrs. Reim and Education, Ewald. Each country was represented by a student who brought the Good Will message to Uncle Sam and Peace. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in their uniforms helped us to spread the gospel of Good Will.

One year the First Christian Church asked us to give our Peace program in the main auditorium. The members of the Rotary Club were special guests. It was a great day when forty-five of us Good Will performers went to El Paso and produced our one hour pageant in the Christian Church. Mrs. L. K. Evans of El Paso sponsored the project and the ladies of the three churches had coffee and sandwiches for us before the pageant. There was a big enthusiastic crowd and they were so pleased with it that they contributed almost ten dollars to the silver offering.

Several church organizations and civic clubs in central Illinois towns urged us to give our pageant for them. It was too big a task and we decided that we could not do it. However Laurastine or Jeannette would go with Henry or Hanna or Martin or Ewald and three or four other students and tell the group about our school and the work for world peace. Sometimes the pupils went alone. We never missed an opportunity to broadcast our Good Will program.



## NATURALIZATION DAY

Five years, sixty months, a long, long time. An immigrant must live in the United States five years before he can apply for his naturalization paper. During that period he must learn the English language, study history and civics, read the constitution, be familiar with the work of Congress and the State Legislature, and be able to answer the questions which the examiner from Chicago asks him.

That five years preparation is the main reason for the work of the Americanization School. Both teachers and pupils realized that the ultimate goal of their efforts was Naturalization Day. Our enthusiastic civic leader, Alice Cade, prepared a special course in history and civics for the men and women who were preparing for the Naturalization examination. Generally, Naturalization Day was twice a year, May and September.

The courtroom was usually filled with the applicants, their witnesses, friends, teachers and pupils. It was a solemn, impressive occasion.

One Naturalization Day, twenty-nine men and women passed the examination, took the oath of allegiance and became American citizens. The judge made a very fine, helpful talk, then Alfred Schuster, spokesman of the Class, responded with a five minute speech which we will never forget. We were very proud of him. That evening we had a reception for the new citizens in the McBarnes building.

## REBIRTH

After the second world war the Americanization School began to dwindle in numbers and interest. Death had taken some of the teachers and pupils. Others married or moved away. Finally there were left only a few war brides and one teacher, Will Johnson. Once or twice a week we met at the Y.W.C.A. at noon for an hour of English and civics.

It seemed best to merge the school with the Adult Education program under the leadership and supervision of Mrs. Cade and Mrs. Munro. Mrs. Cade had taught for years in our school and was familiar with the problems of foreign born students.

We were so fortunate as to induce Ewald Schlenker, a faithful student and graduate of our school, and his charming and talented wife, to be co-supervisors and teachers. And they will work and play with the new immigrants for years and years.



## WILLIAM HARRIS JOHNSON

Birth, boyhood, youth, manhood and old age, entire life at the family home, the House by the side of the Road on Washington Street, about three miles west of the city of Bloomington, Illinois

### EDUCATION

Spaulding School - 8 years  
Illinois Wesleyan University - 6 years  
Johns Hopkins University - 2 years  
Illinois State Normal University - 1 year

### TEACHING YEARS

Spaulding School - 1 year  
Illinois State Normal University - 3 years  
Americanization School - 35 years

### BOOKMAN

Manager of the Book Department of W.B. Read and Co., Bloomington, Illinois, 47 years.

### HOBBIES

1. Hiking
2. Horseback riding
3. Languages
4. Gardening
5. Parties
6. Book collecting

Too many hobbies!

## A LOVER OF BOOKS

(Dedicated to Will H. Johnson)

It is not that he handles books for sale,  
Across the counter for a certain price;  
A solid tome or slender volume frail,  
To him is truly more than merchandise;  
He knows they hold a living interest;  
It pleases him to see folks browse about,  
Smiling, helpful, he may stop to suggest  
A favorite classic, or novel just out.  
  
This love of books, with them so occupied,  
His rare character otherwise reveals;  
His laugh and talk show jolly human side;  
With everyone a comradeship he feels,  
It reaches farther like a sunlight ray,  
For others doing good in quiet way.

James Hart



MEMORY PORTRAITS OF MY FATHER  
His Work and Friends at Illinois Wesleyan  
by  
William Wilder Hubbard

## MEMORY PORTRAITS OF MY FATHER

### His Work and Friends at Illinois Wesleyan

BY

William Wilder Hubbard

When my grandfather, Samuel Wilder, bid farewell to his tall raw-boned son with the pronouncement, "Well, son, you are spoiling a good farmer to make a poor preacher," he could not know that this same son, whose ambition to secure a college education was thus questioned, was to become not only a successful preacher, but the only alumnus of Illinois Wesleyan University who to date has served the institution both as president and as faculty member.

Wesleyan was so integral a part of my beginnings and many persons who figured in its history during the 1890's were such familiar visitors in my childhood home that although I cannot claim the status of an alumna, I can truthfully say that it probably did as much as any other institution of learning to shape my ideals and my thinking. This is true not simply because my father found my mother while both were students at Wesleyan, nor because I happened to arrive as a late autumnal blossom on the family tree while my father was president of the institution. Neither was it solely because most of the bright visual imagery of childhood was painted against the background of the big old towered red brick building just across the street car tracks from the front yard where I played. It goes much deeper than that.

In the first place, the friends of Wesleyan whom I knew as a child, all had one trait in common, they were men and women of strong convictions, all of them devoted to the cause of bringing broader educational and cultural opportunities to youth under the auspices of a church which they loved and in which they believed. Article 3 of the constitution for the establishment of a college adopted December 18, 1850 at a meeting in Bloomington, composed of representatives of the Illinois Conference of the



M.E. Church and Bloomington citizens, well expresses the spirit of the later friends of Wesleyan who were inextricably woven into the tapestry of my childhood. This article states, "The object of this institution shall be to provide a system of education adapted to the wants of the country, and based upon the system of religion and morality revealed in the Scriptures."

In the second place, whatever my parents did was not to them just a "job" but a ministry undergirded by a sustaining faith in the eternal rightness of, and the need for the task. They had that necessary corollary to faith, the courage that will face without complaint any obstacles or problems which the task presents. Their work was their life and therefore their family lived it with them, even to the smallest child.

It was this faith and this courage that made it possible for Dr. Hiram Buck to break down my father's reluctance to accept the presidency of Illinois Wesleyan. Dr. Buck was one of the stalwart men of Methodism in this part of the country, a man characterized by my father as "the greatest Roman of them all." His promise to stand behind the administration of his young friend and protege, and his belief in my father's ability, was the deciding factor in the latter's acceptance of office although the new president was also the choice of his good friend and predecessor in office, Dr. W. H. Adams. Thus at 38 years of age my father assumed the leadership of the small denominational college, struggling under a bonded indebtedness of \$35,000. A local account of this event is as follows: "June 15, 1888. The Board of trustees of Liberal Arts college yesterday elected Rev. Wm. H. Wilder, D.D. of Decatur, President of the University. Mr. Wilder was born in Greene County, Illinois and graduated from the Wesleyan in 1873. Since his graduation he had been a minister in the M.E. Church and he occupies the first rank in his church as a successful and able preacher. President (Wilder) is now 38 years of age and is a man of fine physical appearance. His elevation to the head of the Wesleyan University is well received by the friends and patrons of the college. He was presented to the students today as president elect, and most enthusiastically greeted. The trustees believe his selection will prove a wise thing for the University and that the alumni will rally to his support, and that he will increase the number of students in attendance. Doctor Wilder is the special friend of ex-president Adams and was in fact the choice of the ex-president."

So it was that my parents came to make their home in Bloomington in 1888 and purchased a huge gray brick house and grounds on Park Street from the owner of the Phoenix Nursery Company. I shall always be grateful to that nurseryman of long ago for the lovely trees with which he blessed my childhood even if the house in which I emitted my first wail was a monstrosity. It sat well back from the street and well over to the south side of the surrounding grounds giving ample space for a huge tulip tree that made the air sweet with the fragrance of its blossoms in spring, the



cut leaf birches, the graceful larch tree near the front porch, the pines, the jinko and toward the back, the cherry trees both black and red. There was a home made tennis court and croquet grounds at the northwest corner of the front yard, the scene of many happy faculty games at night by the flare of the gasoline lamps hung on the trees.

Back of the house the large grassy yard with its' grape arbor and my mother's flower beds still left room for a garden and a chicken yard to be fenced off. The barn at the extreme rear housed our good old sorrel nag, Bob, and a cow or two, which my brothers dutifully led to pasture near the present stadium. These insignia of a rural background might seem incongruous to the tastes and duties of a college president, but in that less sophisticated era such carry-overs from a boyhood on the farm were not uncommon. Then, too, it must be remembered that the salary for the head of such a struggling institution made thrift a necessity. My father was one who liked space and vigorous physical exercise. The care of garden, grounds and animals helped to provide the same solace for tired nerves that a round of golf has come to do for many. It is not to be supposed that all of this outdoor work was done by the pater familias, however, for he was a firm believer in work for growing boys, as my brothers early learned. Recreation, organized or otherwise, had not yet become the panacea for teen-age problems. For quieter diversion the chess board was set for a game with my older brother.

Our nearest neighbors were the Edwards family with whom there was the warmest friendship. Dr. Richard Edwards, the retired president of Illinois State Normal University, was a valued friend of my father who willingly shared with the younger man his own rich experience which was of invaluable help. He was a scholarly man and his tall figure still made a distinguished appearance in spite of his little black skull cap and the slight stoop of his aging shoulders. His wife and daughters, too, were real neighbors for my mother, and a particularly warm friendship grew up between my mother and Miss Ellen. Up until the last year of my mother's life, Miss Ellen came to call on mother's birthday bringing some of her garden flowers of which she was so fond. I was small enough to be a nuisance but none of the Edwards family ever let me know it, if they felt that way, as I followed Miss Ellen about at her flowers or played with her maltese cat. How I cherished one of the offspring of that cat, a plump, starry-eyed little kitten which Miss Ellen gave me! They were true friends, indeed, for Miss Ellen and Miss Florence never failed to drop in to call at intervals after my return to Bloomington. Miss Ellen has since passed away but her sister still lives in Normal, one of the few living links that inevitably recalls these days near Wesleyan.

As I pass by the Wesleyan campus now on the Park Street bus, I close my eyes to the clutter of quonset huts, the demaded main building, the



row of closely set houses extending even to the lawn and green houses of the old Nursery Company south of our place. I try to recapture the feel of the warm, moist air in the green houses which seemed labyrinthian to my childish mind, the sense of adventure as I wandered from one house to another to see what new plants were in bloom or to gaze with awe and admiration at the old Marshall Niel rose vine which seemed like a wise old friend. I would not for the world have betrayed the trust of the kindly, patient gardner who never said "don't" but allowed me to wander at will through the glass housed fairy land. We understood each other, the old man and the little girl. Again I try to bring back the sweet fragrance of the pine or of the tulip blossoms as I swung on lazy summer days in the hammock looking out across the Park Street car tracks where dumpy little mule drawn cars, soon giving way to electrically driven ones, ran up and down between rows of uncut sweet clover and purple burdock thick with the hum of bumble bees and the flashing wings of butterflies.

Again I can see the five huge towers of the tall red brick building with the lacy filigree of their iron trimming silhouetted against the sky, the smooth expanse of campus where I played ring-around-a-rosy with other faculty children, and the first Wesleyan building, now "North Hall" where my brothers went to "prep" school sweating through hours of Latin and Greek. The inscription found in one of their Latin grammars when it later descended to me indicates that teen-age attitudes do not change too fundamentally in half a century. Under a pencil sketch of the instructor was written, "Some say she is a poem, but she is averse to me."

Immediately my father went to work upon the financial problems of the college, and true to his promise of support, Dr. Hiram Buck in 1889 offered the trustees a tract of land valued at \$10,000, provided another \$25,000 was raised by January 1, 1893. This challenge was met two years ahead of schedule, when Dr. Buck again offered an additional \$12,000, on like conditions. To make these goals, Dr. B. W. Baker had been appointed financial agent in 1891 as well as to conduct classes in ethics and metaphysics. Dr. Baker was a man of generous proportions and the students called him "Big Wide Baker." He served the institution well for several years and his son is now one of the bishops of the Methodist Church.

The well-worn old silver tea set which looks at me through the doors of the china cupboard as I write, could tell of many dinners at the long dining room table where the quiet gentle hospitality of my mother fortified not only Reverend Baker, but many another friend or trustee of Wesleyan for the discussion of knotty financial and administrative problems in my father's "study" following the dinner. We always said "study" instead of library, although the room was both, for my father was an omnivorous reader and liked to own his own books, with which the walls of the room were lined, but the action implicit in the term "study" was indicative of his capacity for work.



Even as a small child I was not debarred from the dinner table on these occasions, although, of course, I accepted with all other children of the '90's the precept that "children should be seen and not heard." They were opportunities to wear a "best dress" and hair ribbons, occasions coveted by any child in those days. True, the tenor of the conversation was a bit serious for a child and often dimly understood, but I can't help thinking that the atmosphere created by them began to help me develop a scale of values, for children are very sensitive to atmosphere. Learning began to appear as a lovely and desirable thing, a thing to be striven for against any odds, as necessary and important a part of growing up as wearing long dresses and putting up one's hair.

After Dr. Duck's death, his wife was made a member of the board of trustees and at commencement time she was a regular guest in our home. "Aunt Martha Duck" as I always knew her, was a tall dignified woman with rustling black silk skirts. She had excellent business judgement and a keen wit, but her likes and dislikes were very positive. It was told of her that she and another prominent woman of her home town maintained a relationship of friendly hostility. Both were prominent church women. When asked by one of her friends how she expected to get along with Mrs. C—— when they both arrived in heaven, Mrs. Duck retorted "My Bible says that in my Father's house are many mansions." Mrs. Duck remained a good friend to Wesleyan throughout her lifetime, and the initial gift for the Duck Memorial Library came from her funds.

It is not the purpose of these notes to give a complete history of Wesleyan during my father's administration, for that task has been ably done by Elmo Scott Watson, not for one brief period only, but for Wesleyan's entire lifetime to date, and I am indebted to him for his kind assistance in making available to me his notes on this period. It is rather to add to the more formal picture those personal touches of color which I hope may give life and warmth to the whole, that I have written, and with the hope that we of today may not look upon these accomplishments as meager, but may have some appreciation of the strength, the courage, and the sacrifice required to guide the young Wesleyan through one of its awkward stages of growth.

Thus the establishment of a new reading room, later known as the Wilder Reading Room, with the avowed purpose of furnishing for the students all of the best current magazine literature, was an achievement. Though no charge was made for its use, a small fee was charged for membership in the Reading Room Association which sponsored it. It supplemented the college library which was moved to the top floor of the "Prep" building. New science laboratories, new apparatus for the mathematics department, and slides and views for the illustration of subjects connected with the Greek department, were also added this first year. Extensive improvements and repairs to the buildings were necessary and it was an event worthy



of record when steam was turned on for the first time February 5, 1891.

A new museum was set up in the room formerly occupied by the old Adelpic Society, to house the Lichtenthaler collection of natural history specimens. These thousands of specimens from all parts of the world represented the work of 20 years on the part of the donor and were valued at a minimum of \$25,000 in 1893 when it came to Wesleyan. As a very small girl I used to spend what seemed hours looking at these carefully labeled, but quite unintelligible, specimens while waiting for the office door to open and release my father from those interminable committee meetings to take me on a promised ride behind old Bob in our most unaristocratic buggy.

A long step in securing local interest and support for the college was taken in 1890 when the Wesleyan Lecture Course was started, my father and Dr. Graham becoming personally responsible for a course involving the outlay of \$1200. The People's Lecture Course for years had provided a high type of literary entertainment for the community, but the board had become disheartened by lack of patronage and abandoned the field. This spelled opportunity for Wesleyan, and the Wesleyan Lecture Course became a going concern. Its' earnings enabled its thrifty sponsors to put a small sum of money on interest for the extension of the Reading Room.

Soon a very peculiar looking small building arose on the north east corner of the campus, a white frame structure with a conical canvas top which rolled back to admit a view of the sky through the new telescope, a gift of C. A. Behr of Chicago. Small as this may have been in contrast to the huge telescopes of the famous modern observatories, it brought wonders to my childish eyes as I was permitted to join the parties of observers under the direction of Professor Lackland.

A gymnasium building, characterized as a "modest brick structure" but with apparatus then modern, was added to the Wesleyan buildings. This structure could have been more truthfully described as a huge barn. It was located about a block east of the campus on Phoenix Avenue. Crude though it seems, compared with the present gymnasium, it was a substantial beginning, and the feats performed on the various apparatuses by my older brother and other students were nothing short of daring exploits in my eyes. A janitor's house was purchased about this same time, a gray brick structure just across the alley from our back yard and southwest of the gymnasium. During the early days of my father's administration, grounds for the athletic field, later known as Wilder Field - now the site of the Wesleyan Stadium - were secured.

Many people thought father an austere man, because of his seriousness of purpose. His philosophy that "the day was made for work, and the night for sleep" seemed to leave little place for play in his program.



He was, however, very fond of active sports as evidenced by his effort to secure these additions to the college equipment for all round physical training. If further proof of his love for sports were needed the following account of the faculty senior baseball game of June 1892 should suffice. This game concluded the class day exercises.

"The main feature of the forenoon program was a game of baseball between faculty and seniors of the literary college. Professors Elrod and Greene put up the points for the faculty and Messers Henry and Deutsche formed an inimitable battery for the seniors. The game was entirely a scientific one but the faculty proved too much for the graduates with a score of thirteen to three in four innings. Doctor Wilder lined out an excellent two bagger, made a graceful slide on to third and came flying home on a single. Professor Greene attired in the regulation make up, earned his salary behind the bat working like a professional. Professor Graham on first base accepted thirty five chances and refused only thirty one. Professor Steele got in his work stealing bases which, together with Professor Heidel's agility on second, made laughter of pleasure. Professor Elrod received an ovation for his work in the box. Reverend Mr. Brandon, for the seniors, distinguished himself at the bat."

The names of faculty members mentioned in this account bring vivid recollections of some very fine people, for new personnel of great value to Wesleyan, had been added during these early years of father's administration. Several had roomed in our home for a brief period upon their arrival, and thus I came to look upon them as very special friends. Especially do I remember Dr. R. B. Steele who came in 1891 to become the head of the Latin department, not for his scholarship, which, though excellent, meant little to me then, but for the twinkle in his eye, his gentle kindness to a small girl, his peculiar little walk which earned for him the nick-name of "Roly-boly Steele", and perhaps most of all, because he brought the element of romance into the faculty circle by his marriage to Dr. Elizabeth J. Reed, head of the preparatory school. Dr. Reed, another good friend of my mother, had spent some time in our home and was affectionately known to me as "Cousin Jennie," a gracious woman of culture and charm. Their tiny daughter was the first small baby in my acquaintance and it was indeed a privilege to be allowed to hold her.

Dr. Wm. A. Heidel is also happily remembered as one of those faculty members brought to Wesleyan by my father following graduate work at the University of Berlin. He was a quiet scholarly man devoted to the study and teaching of Greek. His Van Dyke beard, his perfect grooming, and his gentle, quiet manner, made a definite impression on me and I was sorry when he left to take his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, and decided not to return from his leave of absence.



However, my father made another find for the Wesleyan in Dr. Heidel's successor, Wilbert Ferguson. No Bloomingtonian need be told of the valuable contribution made to college and community by this noble man who served the institution so long both in classroom and on the administrative staff. The entire Ferguson family soon became endeared to us, and it was from Mrs. Ferguson that I learned my German A. B. C.'s, for her own small daughter and I had regular lessons for a period of time and thought it great fun. That same little daughter followed in her father's footsteps in making her own very valuable contribution to Wesleyan as a honored member of its faculty.

Another indication of my father's lack of real austerity was his thorough enjoyment of a good story or joke even if it might chance to be to his own discomfiture. I can remember of his telling with great relish about a dinner to which he and my mother were invited at the home of a retired minister who had remarried after the death of his first wife. Quite a company had gathered but there had been some question as to the occasion for the celebration. The uncertainty evidently extended even to the hostess, the second wife, who was counting noses not quite sure as to the number of guests her husband had invited. Dr. Adams, my father's predecessor, was among those invited and these two were engaged in conversation when the host announced that he had invited his friends to celebrate the golden anniversary of his marriage to his first wife. The host continued that he would like Dr. Adams or Dr. Wilder to offer prayer preceding the dinner. Dr. Adams had the advantage of standing nearer to the long windows opening on the front porch and hastily made a temporary exit, leaving father with the delicate task of finding some appropriate language to invoke the blessing of the deity under embarrassing circumstances. He said that brevity was the only merit in that prayer.

No account of these days would be complete without mention of the close personal relationship between faculty and students from the president on down. A smaller student body and a less highly organized social life made this possible. Each year our home was the scene of a reception and dinner for the senior class. These were occasions in which I as a small girl took delight, for what child does not love the stir and bustle in a household preceding such an event, the dressing up of the house in its party best, the arrival of the efficient cateress, and the taste of "party food?" The sterling silver spoons presented to my mother by the last graduating class to be entertained in our home, are one of my prized possessions now, because I know that they were not a duty gift but one that grew out of real affection for my father and mother. The part that mother played in all of father's work cannot be underestimated, a fragile little woman with a sweetness and charm and a heart large enough to give warmth to every needy sick or lonely soul.

She nursed sick students in our home at times if other means were not available and the family used to tell with amusement of my childish report that Mr. ——— had rheumatism in the south room, a novel portion of anyone's anatomy for the pains of the disease to strike. She was always beside my father with an understanding that eased the discouragements which were at times inevitable. As long as they lived, my parents received calls and letters from graduates of these days expressing their affection and gratitude for the advice and guidance given them while students.

For nine years my father served the Wesleyan well as president and then resigned to give the task, still an arduous one, into other hands. The assets of the college now stood at over \$269,000 and its liabilities at \$33,000, able men and women had been added to the faculty, the curriculum had been extended and improved, and the relationship between college and local community strengthened. The enrollment had been increased to 947 resident students. It was a task well done.

The stature of a man is attested by the manner in which he grows old. Measured by this standard my father attained the full stature of manhood, because he never ceased to grow intellectually and to mellow with the years. He returned to his alma mater five years before his death to take a position on the faculty, with his same vital interest in the youth who came under his teaching. There was never the least feeling of "being shelved" which is sometimes apparent in older persons who must accept a lesser position. He dignified any position which he held and Dr. Kemp under whom he served as faculty member has told me that many times he sought my father for counsel and advice in troublesome hours. He always found the older man ready to give freely and unobtrusively all the help he could. It is good to know that such a man could have his wish to "wear out rather than to rust out" for he died March 1, 1920 just ten days after meeting his last class.

Sources for dates and part of the historical material herein contained are as follows:

Notes from newspaper clippings furnished by Elao Scott Watson  
An Historical Sketch and Alumni Record 1853-96 edited by Dr.  
Wm. H. Wilder.

Founders Day address given by Dr. Wm. H. Wilder, 1913.



ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

by

Edith Elliott Kuhn

## ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY 1900-1950

by

Edith Elliott Kuhn

Illinois Wesleyan University in 1900 was not very different from the school the founding fathers began in 1850. In 1900 there were two buildings on the campus, Old North Hall, the preparatory building which had been built in 1856, and the main building which was known first as "Main" and later Hedding Hall. After fire destroyed Hedding Hall in 1943, the basement was conditioned for temporary use and was called, significantly, "Duration Hall". This last name was deliberately chosen in order that no one would be tempted to make its use permanent. There was also a small frame building, the observatory, which housed Wesleyan's telescope.

The greatest change in 1900 was the size of the student body. The school's first catalogue issued in 1851 listed 135 students. Of these only 25 were in the college proper. The rest were in the preparatory school. In those days high schools were few in number in rural districts, so for a number of years the preparatory school was much larger than the college. By 1900 the preparatory school was smaller proportionately than the college and there were between 400 and 500 students enrolled in the liberal arts, law and music schools. Some additions had been made to the courses taught in the liberal arts school, especially in science, but in general the school offered a classical course. The Latin and Greek departments were large ones, and many subjects were offered in those departments.



The year 1950 finds Wesleyan greatly changed. The student body has more than doubled. The 1949 catalogue listed 1355 students in all departments. This does not include summer school students. The entire curriculum has undergone a radical change. Subjects that were never heard of in 1850 are being taught. It has been several years since there has been a class in either Greek or Latin. When there is a demand for either of these subjects, a class is offered, but there is seldom any demand. French, Spanish and German have taken the place of Greek and Latin. The emphasis for the students is now on examining the world in which they live. The entire curriculum in the liberal arts school is organized under three divisions, Humanities, Natural Sciences, and Social Sciences. If the school is trying to emphasize any particular field, it might be in the field of social science because of the problems of the times. Several friends and alumni have given money to enable gifted students to further their studies in the field of government.

The school is organized into two colleges, that of liberal arts and that of fine arts. Of the students listed in 1948-1949 catalogue, 275 were listed in the college of fine arts. At present, the largest of these is the school of music, but both the art and drama departments are growing rapidly. A degree in fine arts is now granted, and Wesleyan's school of music was one of the first in the country well enough accredited to give master's degrees in music. In the summer many teachers of music from other states come to the campus to continue their work in order to get their master's degrees. The school of art, which has been housed all over the campus, now has two buildings, a reconverted carriage house behind Blackstock Hall and a residence at 1101 N. Main Street, which provides a gallery, a lecture room, and work rooms. In addition to painting, drawing, sculpture and allied courses, many courses in commercial art are taught.

The dramatic school is rather new, but the quality of the work foreshadows a great growth in this department. The quality of the plays offered has been outstanding. The drama school in this year 1950 is using the Hut, well known to many former students, for a workshop and experimental theatre and hopes in time to have a new building. The four plays it offers each year are given in Presser Hall.

Since 1900 the numbers of buildings on the campus have increased to the point where graduates of twenty-five years ago can't believe that it is the same school. Old North still stands, a tribute to the men who started the school, but it is almost the only familiar landmark. On the campus proper, there are now the science hall built in 1910 partially with funds from the Carnegie Foundation,



Memorial gymnasium built in 1921 as a memorial to alumni who lost their lives in World War I, Buck library, the gift of Martha and Hiram Buck, and built in 1922. Presser Hall which was built in 1929 houses the music school and is one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. It has many practice rooms containing pianos and organs, a large auditorium, class rooms, listening rooms and a branch of the college library.

The Memorial Student Center, built and dedicated to the men and women in World War II, was ready for occupancy in the fall of 1947. The idea for this building started in Dr. W. E. Shaw's administration and is the gift of alumni and friends. The center houses the college dining room and grill, student social activities, and the alumni offices.

In 1900 Wesleyan made no attempt to house its students. If students lived outside of Bloomington and Normal, they found rooms for themselves and ate in one of the boarding houses or eating clubs which abounded. By 1950 Wesleyan had seven dormitories owned and operated by the university. Six of these dormitories are for women, and the newest and most beautiful is Pfeiffer Hall, which houses 122 women, was finished and first used in the fall of 1948. The one men's dormitory, Magill Hall, for freshmen men, was also completed in 1948. It is also a beautiful building and is named for Hugh S. Magill '94, a distinguished alumnus. It houses 100 men and is so comfortable that the men always regret leaving it for other quarters in their sophomore year.

In addition to the housing provided by the university the eleven fraternities own and operate their own houses under college supervision. These houses are very comfortable and attractive. Five of these organizations are for men, and six for women. Four of them were on the campus prior to 1900, the other seven coming onto the campus in this half century. Three of the organizations are connected with the college of music. Tau Kappa Epsilon, which was founded at Illinois Wesleyan, was the first fraternity to own its own house. For many years the sororities and fraternities had halls in the old main building and in the preparatory building. Tau Kappa Epsilon has expanded, meanwhile, into an organization of more than 70 chapters and in the fall of 1949 had a convocation in Wesleyan's Memorial Center, in honor of its 50th anniversary. A caravan from the national convention being held in Chicago attended. Three of the founders were present.

A disastrous fire in January of 1943 destroyed the main building. This was during the war and seemed a bad blow to the school. Old Main or Hedding as it was then called had all the administrative offices in it. It had over twenty class rooms, and housed the home economics department in the basement, Amie Chapel, and the little theatre on the third floor, and the art department on the fourth.



The building was high ceiled with plenty of wood panelling. The floors had been oiled for years and a broad central stairway made a perfect draft. No fire was ever more spectacular than this one.

There was a conference basketball game going on in the gymnasium, and the players would dribble the ball as close to the doorway as possible in order to look out. There were about fifteen people in the gym and five thousand outside. During the fire some one called Hedding Hall to ask where the fire was. A fireman answered and said "here", and hung up. The interior of the building was all in the basement by the time the fire was over. The next day the fire department roped off the bare walls and put up signs warning students off, for fear the walls would fall. The ruins smoldered for days. A few weeks later, when a wrecking company tried to pull the walls down, they couldn't budge them. It took a long time, lots of wielding of picks as well as tractors and steel rope, to get the heavy old walls down.

One immediate result of the fire was an operetta written and produced by all departments of the school. It was called "Sing the Fiery Heart", and the back drops were painted to represent the blazing building.

After the fire, the school, under the leadership of Dr. Shaw, rose to the occasion. Temporary class rooms were found immediately. The fire was Saturday, and school opened Monday. Offices went into the basement of the library, the home economics department was put into one of the houses owned by the college, and the alumni office went into the same house. The art department was homeless, and finally the director, Harry Wood, discovered the carriage house behind Blackstock Hall. With the help of Mrs. Mary Blackstock, this was transformed into a good looking and usable art building. As the Pantagraph put it, the fire "set the spark" which put impetus behind a building program. The result is three new buildings, a new heating plant, and probably more to come. The Methodist conference is at present raising funds for the erection of a new academic building to be called Shaw Hall in honor of President Shaw, who died in 1947 after seven years of splendid achievement.

Wesleyan has other buildings besides the ones previously mentioned - it owns a number of houses near the campus. The nicest of these is the president's home at 1307 N. Park Street. Other residences are occupied by teachers and their families.

Another group of buildings on the campus proper, at the present time, are not good to look at, but they have served a useful purpose. These buildings are units obtained from the government after the war. They are used for housing, and classrooms, and faculty offices. The rise in enrollment following the war and the fire caused an acute shortage of



space. Nine sets of barracks and four classroom buildings have helped solve the problem. The health unit is also a temporary building. Useful as these buildings are (and astonishingly comfortable on the inside), the school will be much improved in appearance when they are gone. It may be several years yet.

During the last half century Wesleyan has had its alumni rolls increased by the adoption of two sister institutions. In 1902 Chaddock College of Quincy, Illinois was merged with Illinois Wesleyan and in 1928 Hedding College of Abingdon, Illinois was formally merged with Wesleyan. In the terms of the merger the alumni of these schools were to have all the rights and privileges of Wesleyan alumni, and some of them have taken on their new alma mater in a whole hearted fashion. The hedding merger was the occasion of renaming the old main building. It was called Hedding Hall until the fire of 1943. This landmark has passed, and it is doubtful if another building will be given Hedding's name. However, the old bell which rang on the Hedding campus has been placed on a stone cenotaph on the campus between Buck library and Presser Hall, so Hedding's name will be preserved.

In October 1941 a new stadium was dedicated by Senator Scott Lucas '14. The stadium with its permanent concrete seats and facilities for taking care of the teams is a great improvement on the old wooden seats used at Wilder Field. The dedication, which took place just two months before Pearl Harbor, was made "in the name of freedom and liberty." In the summer of 1949 a group of interested alumni and friends provided funds for installing flood lights at the stadium, and for the first time Wesleyan played most of the season's football games at night. The Greek Sing, which heretofore has been held in Presser Hall at Home-coming time, was held under the flood lights.

The size of the faculty has of course increased with the growth of the school. In 1925, for example, the faculty numbered about fifty members. Twenty-five years later, it numbers eighty.

Two world wars left their marks on the school. The immediate result was a sharp drop in enrollment. During World War II, Wesleyan was almost a girl's school. The only men left in school were under age freshmen, 4 F's and a few theological students. Dr. Shaw, who was president during the war years, made a point of carrying on as many of the normal activities of the school as possible. Athletic contests were scheduled, homecoming and alumni day were celebrated, and none of the details of commencement were left undone. This was much appreciated especially by the men in service. Those left in school, however, realized that their college life was not that of peacetime college, but they made the best of it and knitted and set up Red Cross rooms on the campus where they rolled bandages. They made a project of entertaining



the fliers, who were going to school on the campus. A navy recognition school was housed in Kemp Hall and held their classes on the campus. The girls entertained in the Hut once a week with a party or dance of some sort. This served the double purpose of increasing the social life on the campus and at the same time making the service men feel more at home.

With the end of the war the veterans began to arrive. Large numbers were former students whose education had been interrupted. A number of the veterans were married and some of them had children. The school housed as many veterans as possible in the temporary barracks. It was a great change from former years to see husky veterans come into the grill leading or carrying a small youngster. The lines of washing hanging out behind the barracks were also something new.

In the course of years Wesleyan has lost some things. One of these was the old law school. The school was unique in that all of the teachers were practicing attorneys. For years the classes met morning and evening in the basement of Old Main. It had many outstanding teachers - men like Judge Charles Laban Capen, Judge Benjamin, Judge Myers and the famous Jacob Lindley, famous for the way he could get the law into the heads of the freshmen. The law school graduated its first class in 1875 and the last one in 1927. In that time 920 men received law degrees, and many more got part of their training there.

It is impossible to enumerate the many changes that have occurred in the last fifty years in a way that will give a true picture. Many of these changes are hard to define. Perhaps the types of organizations and student activities could give some clue to the changes. Fifty years ago literary and debating societies flourished on the campus. Students belonged to these groups no matter what their major interests were. Now student organizations are more departmentalized. The literary club members are mainly English and journalism majors. The clubs which go under various names are really science clubs, pre-medic clubs, pre-clerical clubs, language clubs, sport associations. There are honorary societies such as Phi Kappa Phi, Blue Key, Egas, Alpha Lambda Delta, Pi Gamma Mu and others. There are also art clubs, dramatic clubs, home economics clubs, and many others. The Y.W.C.A. and League of Women Voters are active and the youth fellowship groups are very strong. In general students join the clubs connected with their special field.

Another noticeable thing is the more professional manner in which things are done. Programs put on by students do not have the homemade touch of former years. The musical groups are professionally trained and show it in their work. Plays by the dramatic department are in no way related to the college plays of the good old days. In fact, some of their performances have been rated as better than professional by competent critics. Students in the art department regularly enter professional competitions and have won many prizes in state and national shows.



A school is judged in the end by the kind of people it turns out. Wesleyan had many illustrious alumni in the first fifty years of existence, and it has not fallen behind in this respect in the last fifty years. In fact, the famous people who have attended Wesleyan are all out of proportion to the size of the school. Among the graduates of the last fifty years are two United States senators, Scott Lucas '14 and Lester Hunt '16; Henry Burd '10, director of marketing and professor of economics at the University of Washington; Frank Fagerburg '20, outstanding Baptist minister, author and lecturer; R.W. Fairchild ex '11, president of Illinois State Normal University; Joseph Fleming ex '07, attorney and president of the Newbury Library in Chicago, president of Lake Forest College board of trustees; Walter Gunn of the Illinois supreme court; Lewis Haney ex '03, financial editor; Clarence Heyl, attorney; Dr. Bert Hempstead of the Mayo clinic; John Hornbeck, ornithologist and professor at Kalamazoo College; Ivan Elliott '16, attorney general for the state of Illinois; Dwight Jeffers '06, head of the forestry department at the University of Idaho; Harry Love '04, professor of plant breeding at Cornell University; Carl Marvel '14, professor of organic chemistry at the University of Illinois, a former president of the American Chemical Society, and winner of the Nichol medal; J.B. McCormick '15, president of the University of Arizona; H.W. McPherson '06, clergyman, college president, and secretary of the Methodist board of education; Howard Mueller '12, head of the department of bacteriology and immunology at Harvard; Clyde Munch '15, a teacher at Temple University and a vice president of Sharpe & Dohme; Vernon Nickell ex '17, brigadier general in the U.S. Marine, and in charge of some operations in the South Pacific during the war; A.H. Rust, executive vice president of the State Farm automobile insurance, and president of the State Farm Life Insurance Company; A.B. Wright '07, dean of the business school at Duquesne University; Margaret Merwin Patch '14, a statistician, one of the women present at the time the Versailles treaty was drawn up after World War I; J.W. Marden '09, the first man to produce pure uranium in larger quantities; George Brown '34, who has received much recognition for his work in cancer research at the Sloan-Kettering clinic in New York; Harold Hodge '25, of the Rochester medical school, one of the men selected to be present at the Bikini atom bomb tests; Elmer Oberg '28, head of research for the Carnation Milk Company; Virgil Martin '30, general superintendent of Carson, Pirie, Scott in Chicago; Gertrude Barlow Myers '28, well known writer of children's fiction; William Zwanzig '24, author of one of the most widely used books on "Bankruptcy", which is used in many law schools; Mary Walker '24, who helped organize the Army Nurses Corps for World War II, and advanced to the rank of major. This list is far from complete. Many graduates of music school are heads of departments in colleges all over the country. At least five alumni are in the Illinois state legislature.

Several hundred students and alumni were active in various



branches of the armed services during World War II. Fifty-one of our fine young men lost their lives in the conflict, and their pictures hang in the upper hall of the Memorial Center. One of these men was George Lansing Fox '32. He was one of the four chaplains who went down with the Dorchester - this dramatic story has been given many times over the radio and in magazine stories of heroism. Chaplain Fox is one of those pictured on the commemorative stamp which was brought out by the government.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that Illinois Wesleyan University and the city of Bloomington are celebrating their centennials the same year. The two have grown up together. The college has brought much of culture and art to the city, and the city has always been the first to come to the aid of the school when it was in difficulties. Without the support of Bloomington, Wesleyan might not have been able to survive war, depression, and fire. Some colleges did not survive, but Wesleyan has been more fortunate.

### PRESSER HALL

Remote enough from the commercial mart,  
Within a quiet sphere of learning's quest,  
Is Presser hall, temple of music's art,  
Of Wesleyan's college group the stateliest.  
Built on delicate and graceful line,  
Adorned, too, with symbolic ornament,  
Both outward form and inner ideal fine,  
Preserve its benefactor's high intent.

Fortunate they who come with talent gift,  
To find fruition in such atmosphere;  
That greater throng who feel the soul's uplift,  
Privileged the master composers to hear,  
In dim light of the vesper concert hour;  
For always is it true; "Music hath power."

James Hart



FROM NORMAL SCHOOL TO TEACHERS COLLEGE

by

Jennie A. Whitten

Normal, Illinois  
January, 1950

## FROM NORMAL SCHOOL TO TEACHERS COLLEGE

In the fall of 1898 when I started to school in the first grade of the Practice School, formerly known as the Model School, there were only three buildings on the campus of Illinois State Normal University: Old Main, begun in 1857 and completed in 1861, the Practice School to the north of it, built in 1892, and the Gymnasium to the southwest, which, however, housed library and museum as well as gymnasium.

Details of those early days do not stand out in sharp outline. I am not even sure just how much I remember of Mrs. Lida Brown McMurry from that time and how much came from knowing her in later years. I do have an impression of very happy days filled with varied activities. Some of them were much the same as those carried on today, although perhaps under a more formal set-up. Some of the activities, however, would be frowned on by lower-grade teachers today. Yet we loved our paper weaving with different colors to make mats of varying sizes, and we pasted diligently on long paper chains, some even long enough by dint of co-operative effort to be hung at the doorway in lieu of portières, or at the windows instead of curtains.

About three times a week trays of clay were brought into the room, all the separate little mounds concealed carefully under moistened cloths, and we were supposed to make something to illustrate whatever story we had been hearing lately - perhaps the Three Bears or the



Three Little Pigs. I was never able to make anything recognizable out of the clay, and never once was any effort of mine chosen to be kept until it was thoroughly dried out and could be placed in the exhibit case in the hall as evidence of excellent first-grade accomplishment. My handiwork always was collected with the left-over clay, and probably brought back another day for me or some one else to struggle with again. Clay modeling was an activity I dreaded. But clay modeling could be endured, for there were singing and skipping games, marching, and best of all, reading.

Perhaps I could not model clay, but whenever there was a critique lesson in reading, then I could play my part. There were two kinds of critiques in the old days. For one a group was chosen to go over to the Main Building, and we marched in single file down the steps of our Practice School, across to the Main Building, up the steps there, along the corridor until we turned to our right and went into a room filled with rows of seats, each row well above the one in front of it, and each seat occupied by a grown-up. We would march in, take our places in the semi-circle of little red chairs arranged on the floor in front of the rows of seats so that our backs were mostly to the audience, and then we would go on with a regular lesson in reading just as if we were in our own room in the Practice School. In fact, we used to forget that we were not in our own room, except that some times as we stood to read or to answer a question after waving our hands eagerly in the hope that we should be called on, there would be just a hint of

laughter from some of the people behind us, to be instantly hushed by the uplifted hand of whoever might be teaching us that day. Sometimes we could not see any reason for it at all. Of course grown-ups often laughed at things that were not funny anyway. Then, when we had read as far as we usually did in one lesson, we marched back again to our own room and went on with the day's work there.

The second kind of critique seemed to us a more important one. It usually came on a Tuesday, and for it we took notes home at noon saying that we would be kept half an hour later than usual at school that afternoon because there was to be a critique in our room. Then at the time school usually closed, some twenty-five or thirty grown-ups came into the room, taking their seats on the wooden folding chairs which the janitor had placed there during the afternoon recess period. We might have reading or number work or story telling or even occasionally some singing, and we were always very conscious that this was a significant thing for our teacher, although we did not know just why. That period after school always seemed short, and we used to wonder sometimes what the grown-ups talked about after we had put on our wraps and gone home. At any rate it made us feel important to be wanted for critiques, and I think we all enjoyed them.

A real event in the days of a lower-grade youngster was the weekly trip to the library in the new Gymnasium, the building that we knew was a castle right out of Fairyland, even though the word Gymnasium might be carved in stone over the doorway. How wide the stairs were there! And how high we climbed before we reached the second floor and



turned in through the double doors to the large room filled with shelves and shelves of books. There Miss Milner would meet us and take us to the place where the few children's books were kept, and there we could make our own choice. Naturally there was much whispered consultation and much "shushing" on the part of each of us, since we had all been impressed with the importance of keeping ourselves and one another quiet in the "Big" library. Then back to the high desk where some record was made on a card, down the stairs again, and home, for the library visit was always at the end of the school day. My own favorite story, taken out time and time again, was a book about Arabella and Araminta. I have no idea what the exact title was nor who the author was nor what the stories were about, except that there was much repetition, that whatever Arabella did, Araminta did too, and that for a long time Arabella and Araminta were my favorite names.

Since my father was a student in the Normal School during my first two years in the grades, it is probable that I knew something more of the part that the literary societies played in the life of the school of that day than did most of the grade-school youngsters. Certainly there was no question about what students would do on Saturday nights - they all went to the meetings of Wrightonia or Philadelphia held in the halls which had been especially built for the literary societies at the east and west ends of the Main Building on the third floor. The chairs, with backs that moved forward to a vertical position the moment the occupant stood up, seemed the last word in elegance to childish eyes, and on the rare occasions that we were permitted to be in the rooms, there was as much rising and sitting as parental authority allowed. Each hall had

a stage with curtains and footlights - in those days kerosene lamps with reflectors - and in addition there was a room back of the stage to which actors could retire as necessary. One never-to-be-forgotten Saturday night my sister, two years younger than I, and I were to be in the tableaux which were to close the Wrightonian program for the evening. Dressed in identical blue dresses we were to take our places in the picture frame and to stand there motionless while someone played and sang, "Two Little Girls in Blue." Then, quickly shifting costumes, we were to join another child and appear in the doorway for Millet's Feeding Her Birds. It seems to me that there was a third picture in which I appeared that night, but I do not remember what it was.

All Practice School children were conscious of the annual contest between the two societies, and we knew, too, that there would be a banquet on contest night after the judges' decision had finally been announced. As spirit began running high on the campus with the approaching contest, some of us would come to school decorated with ribbon bows to show our particular loyalty - purple and gold for Wrightonia and orange and black for Philadelphia. Interesting that small children could develop such partisanship in a contest presumably so far removed from their world! The other two literary societies, Ciceronian for men and Sapphonian for women, never won our allegiance as did Wrightonia and Philadelphia.

After my father finished his course at Normal, he joined the faculty as a member of the mathematics department in the school year of 1900 - 1901, the same year that David Felmley became president of the school. At the time, fortunately for me, I did not realize that there



had been any change in my father's status, or that I had now become a "faculty child." Nevertheless, that change did let me become acquainted with phases of life at Old Normal that otherwise I should not have known.

I never participated in a "grind, " for instance, but from hearing them discussed, I knew what was meant when people talked about them. For the uninitiated, the "grind" was the equivalent of the present-day "mixer" and was held early in the fall, usually the first Friday night after school started, to help people become acquainted. Traditionally all the people present gathered in two circles, an inner and an outer, the inner one moving - grinding - clockwise and the outer one counter-clockwise, until everyone had had a chance to talk to all members of the other circle. Originally it was held in the Assembly Hall on the third floor of Old Main, the large room between the two society halls. Later it was moved to the Gymnasium. As the school grew larger, the old plan of the "grind" disappeared, and after the erection of Fell Hall in 1917, the word itself vanished from the campus vocabulary, even though there were still parties to help new students get acquainted.

An important part of the social life of the students at Normal in the early years of the century was found in the boarding clubs. These were named for the families in whose homes the meals were served - the Allen Club, the Birney Club, and so on. The club stewards were boys who were given their meals for being, so-to-speak, the business managers of the club. They would meet the trains as students came into town in the fall and attempt to get new students to promise to board at

the club which they represented. Competition was often keen in order to keep as many places filled with paying boarders as the woman serving the meals felt she should have. However, some clubs were very popular and always had a waiting list in case a vacancy occurred. Occasionally on Sunday noon faculty members would be invited to one or another of these clubs by some of the students boarding there. My sister and I went with our parents twice to such affairs, I remember, but usually children were not included in the invitation.

As faculty children, however, my sister and I gained admission to the Gymnasium occasionally on Saturdays. Usually the once-a-week trip to the library was our only contact with this marvelous building, and if there was time on a Saturday for us to visit the museum on the third floor, then it was truly a day to be remembered. The mountain lion and the bears were really terrifying to look at for any length of time, but the birds provided a never-ending source of pleasure, and we were rarely ready to leave a place where so much could be seen. Sometimes on Saturdays, too, we were allowed to go into the gymnasium proper. We liked best the running track above the gym floor, to which one climbed by stairs at one end of the room. We liked to watch our father and other faculty members bowling, too. I have been told that the bowling alleys in the old gymnasium were unusually fine ones.

The most talked-of Saturday event, however, and one that every faculty child looked forward to from one year to the next was the faculty picnic. The faculty was not large in those days, and no one ever missed the picnic. It was usually held on a Saturday in late September or early October, and the favorite spot was Mackinaw Dells.



We went by train, and it was arranged that an extra car should be put on the Lake Erie and Western train from Bloomington so that there would be room for all the faculty families. The train ride itself was a thrilling experience for us, especially since the Dells was a flag stop, and there was always the possibility that the conductor might forget to signal the engineer in time and we might be carried past. President Felmley loved the out-of-doors, and I am sure he was never happier than when he could relax in this informal fashion with the teachers who made up the staff. The expert camp cook in those days was Mr. Colton of the Biology Department, and it was he who superintended the cooking of the steaks on the glowing coals of a fire that had burned up vigorously and then died down to just the right heat. After food no longer interested the group, there were games of various sorts for the children, hikes over woodland trails for nature lovers, or a chance for the busy mothers of small children to sit and rest while the games were going on. Coming home at dusk on the train was almost as exciting as the morning trip out, for some one had to flag the train, and the children never quite believed it would really stop until it was near enough so that we could see it was actually slowing down and knew that it would wait for us to clamber on.

The last day of school is another memory I have of the old days. Various events were planned for the different rooms, depending on the age of the children, but the one I remember most distinctly is the picnic Miss Dillon's room had at Miller Park in the spring of 1903. It was the last of May and a warm, sunny day. A special street-car, one of the open "summer" cars, stopped at the campus for us, took us

all the way around the Normal Loop, and then on out to Miller Park without our having to transfer as we usually did when we went to the Park. We had lunches with us in paper bags, but food made little impression on us that day. I remember best the animals in the Park, the street-car ride, and our lusty singing of as many variants as possible of "No more Latin, no more Greek," although not a one of us had any idea of what Latin and Greek really were, nor were we half so eager to stop school as people listening to us might have thought.

That spring was my last in the Practice School, for we moved then to Urbana and three years later to De Kalb. At De Kalb I was again in a Practice School - now called a Training School - and again found many contacts with Old Normal, especially when, after high-school days, I entered De Kalb Normal to prepare for teaching. Dr. John W. Cook's administration at De Kalb differed very little from his administration at Illinois State Normal University, and all De Kalb students knew that Old Normal was a very special and very fine school. Indeed, our chief aim was to do as well at De Kalb as was done at Normal. De Kalb in a very real sense was a daughter school of Old Normal, and the parting message to the graduates of both schools was always, "Go on!"

In April, 1919, when I was finishing a year's teaching in Champaign High School, President Felmley offered me a position at Normal in Spanish and mathematics, and I was happy to accept. So in the fall of 1919 I came to Normal to join the faculty of the school I had known as a child twenty years before. Things had changed on the campus, however, from the way they had been when I was a youngster in



the Practice School. There were more buildings on the campus now. Industrial Arts and Thomas Metcalf buildings flanked Old Main on the West and East. Fell Hall, the new girls' dormitory, stood where I had remembered a pond in the old days. The library had been moved from the Gymnasium to the former Practice School, and more classrooms had been built in the space the library had formerly used. Also since the new Industrial Arts Building, erected in 1908, housed Capen Auditorium, the Assembly Hall on the third floor of Old Main had likewise been made into classrooms. Pupils in the Metcalf Training School (the term now in use in place of Practice School) included those from the kindergarten through University High School. The latter, having been discontinued as a separate entity for a few years, had been re-established at the time the normal schools were authorized to grant the bachelor's degree and prepare teachers for secondary as well as for elementary schools.

Many things, however, were very familiar, either from my own childhood experience, or from similar arrangements at De Kalb, or from the reminiscences of Old Normal that Dr. Cook had been so fond of giving. We had had daily General Exercises at De Kalb, too - a name shortened by the students to Gen Ex - and so I found nothing strange about attending except that now I took my place with the faculty on the platform. Not many students were in school in 1919, for Old Normal was feeling the effects of World War I, and so it was quite possible for us to know each student in school. Faculty members prided themselves on becoming acquainted with them promptly. President Felmley

always included the county from which the student came in his fund of information; the rest of us were content to get names and faces correctly associated.

Rhetoricals, however, were something that neither my previous experience at Normal nor my information from Dr. Cook had prepared me for. Students of Dr. Felmley's day will remember that every Tuesday instead of going to General Exercises they met with some faculty member for what, to all practical purposes, was a class in public speaking. If occasionally some daring soul protested that he had been employed to teach geography or science or mathematics and not public speaking, the president's only reply was that every teacher must know and teach English and every teacher must be able to speak in public. Therefore, if you were a teacher, you could do these things yourself and you could help others learn to do them. And somehow or other we did, perhaps because of the example constantly before us in Dr. Felmley's impeccable use of English and his own ability as a speaker. A certain amount of choice was granted the students in signing up for rhetoricals, but since some sections were always more popular than others, not everyone could have the instructor of his choice. Once assigned, however, rhetoricals usually proved to be more interesting than anticipated, and as I look back on them now, I realize more than ever that they were a good thing for all of us, students and faculty alike.

Private offices or even office space for faculty members was almost unknown when I joined the faculty in 1919. When it was necessary to have conferences with students, one used a vacant class-



room or a bench or chair in the corridor. Paper correcting, business correspondence, and preparation for classes - except in laboratory subjects - were all taken care of at home or occasionally in the library.

Gradually after World War I the school resumed the growth that had been interrupted by the war. Four hundred students -- then six hundred - a thousand - too many to accommodate in Capen Auditorium all at once. Various problems arose with this larger school. What was to be done with General Exercises? This was solved by a system of dual assemblies, one in Capen, presided over by President Felmley, and one in the Study Hall on the second floor of Old Main, presided over by Dean Manchester. What of the social life of the school? Dancing, which in early days had been frowned upon, became increasingly popular and was the chief form of entertainment at the all-school parties or at those held by various organizations. Saturday nights no longer found all the students attending one or the other of the literary societies; there would have been no room for them in the society halls, even if their interests had taken them there. So a change was inevitable, and the regular meeting night for Wrightonia and Philadelphia became Monday. The contest date was shifted, presumably to a time when more students would wish to attend, but the fact had to be faced that the days when the literary societies formed the chief extra-curricular interest of the students were gone. The same thing was happening in other colleges; the literary societies of the nineteenth century were passing, and by the middle twenties only those students interested in forensics participated in them.

Other interests resulted in the formation of many new extra-

curricular groups, and the list of student organizations, each with a faculty sponsor appointed by the president, steadily grew longer. Some affiliated with national organizations and assumed Greek letter names, but whether designated by English or Greek titles, their purpose was to enrich and supplement the curricular offerings. Incidentally, social sororities and fraternities have never existed on the campus of the Illinois State Normal University in its more than ninety years. Occasional sporadic attempts to introduce them have occurred, but to date the tradition against the establishment of such groups on a teachers college campus has held.

Changes resulting from the growing school affected the faculty too. The group was larger now, and faculty meetings, held on alternate Tuesdays throughout the school year, had to be shifted from the Main office to the High School Study Hall in Metcalf. They still resembled models of democratic procedure, however, and a real education in parliamentary law under the skillful presiding of Dr. Felmley. The Faculty Club, which originally had met for the study of professional problems on the Tuesdays when there was no faculty meeting, began meeting once a month, then less frequently, then not at all. Critiques disappeared. Instead of watching a class after school - a somewhat forced situation at best - college classes were permitted to visit both elementary and high school classes at any time during the school day if due arrangements had been made, so as to become familiar with all activities of the school program.

As the number of four-year students in attendance increased, class nomenclature had to be changed. High school graduates in their



first year at Normal had to surrender the name junior so that it might be given to the students in their third year of attendance, the juniors of Curriculum K. So gradually the terms freshman and sophomore replaced the junior and senior of the old days when there was only a two-year curriculum. The college status was drawing nearer, although the time was still some years in the future when only students receiving degrees would participate in commencement.

More buildings appeared on the campus. A greenhouse was built to the north of Metcalf; a new gymnasium south of Fell Hall. The gymnasium for a time was named Felmley Gymnasium, and then renamed McCormick so that the name Felmley might be given to the new Science Building. Knowing how deeply President Felmley believed in the importance of science as the basis for every teacher's work, I have always regretted the fact that the name Felmley Hall has never been used on the campus. It is the official title, but students and faculty alike talk about the Science Building when they refer to it.

President Felmley's death occurred in January, 1930. He had lived to see the school which had had one general two-year curriculum when he became its president expand its offerings so as to give special training to lower-grade, intermediate, and upper-grade teachers, provide majors and minors in subject-matter courses for secondary teachers, and specialized courses for teachers of industrial arts, home economics, physical education, commerce, music, and art. He had lived to see the beginning of a belief that two years was not enough for the preparation of elementary teachers, and he had been able to obtain higher standards for the certification of teachers in Illinois, so that it was now difficult for the old practice to be continued of going out to teach

upon graduation from high school and one summer term at Normal. He had built a feeling of loyalty to their Alma Mater among the school's graduates that not only brought alumni back to the campus for the autumn Homecoming - a custom begun during President Felmley's regime - but also provided a bond of union between perfect strangers whenever their paths crossed in places far distant from Normal. Graduates of Old Normal possessed a genuine understanding of the social vision that had prompted the founding of normal schools in the first place, and President Felmley never failed to impress upon the students of each succeeding<sup>year</sup> the responsibility that was theirs in making and keeping teaching a profession. John W. Cook - Livingston C. Lord - David Felmley - these men were the great triumvirate of teachers-college presidents through the first half of the twentieth century, not only in Illinois but in the nation. Shall we see their equals in the fifty years to come?

Probably I am much too close to the events of the last twenty years at Old Normal to be able to select the few most important things to be included in a brief article. Dr. Harry Brown's short term as president was a difficult period. It is true that Dr. Felmley had probably been overly careful in his handling of the state's money, and had kept the per capita cost lower than it should have been for the best good of the school. However, President Brown's lavish handling of funds in equipping really luxurious offices and in paying unusually generous salaries to a few people whom he brought with him from his previous position, and his dependence on this inner circle instead of



on faculty discussion for decisions, really shocked a faculty that had been accustomed to other ways of working. His resignation was finally requested by the Board. He did accomplish two good things, however. One was an attempt to bring the academic preparation of the faculty to higher levels by granting leaves of absence on half pay for further study, and the other was beginning a revision of the curriculum so that changes made later under President Fairchild had been prepared for. Too much cannot be said for Dean Schroeder, who had carried heavy responsibility during the last years of President Felmley's illness, had kept a steady hand on school affairs during the trying years of President Brown's administration, and, as dean, constantly made every effort to maintain Dr. Felmley's high standards of scholarship. I hope that whoever writes the centennial history of Illinois State Normal University in 1957 will dwell more at length upon Dean Schroeder's contribution to our school than I can possibly do here.

President R. W. Fairchild came to the campus in the fall of 1933. Early in his administration a reorganization of the school into divisions and departments was effected, and the basic curriculum was adopted that stands today in the catalogue. Under this plan a speech course was required of every one; consequently there was no longer need for the old rhetoricals which had been discontinued under President Brown. The requirement for carrying spelling was also dropped, and work on spelling was made a unit of the required English course for freshmen. Assemblies were still required but were held only once a week. The number of people with doctor's degrees increased amazingly.

inasmuch as many faculty members took leaves of absence to study further, and a new faculty member usually possessed or was about to receive a doctor's degree.

In company with other colleges in the state and nation, new publicity methods were adopted in order to attract students to the school. As more students came, more classrooms were needed, and every inch of the campus that could be used for classroom or office was utilized. Since Wrightonia and Philadelphia were now limited to active memberships of thirty-five, the society halls were cut in half and the released space used for classrooms. Partitions here and there made offices where only waste space had been before, for an increased faculty and one trained to do school work on the campus meant that office space for working, not for luxurious surroundings, was necessary. Removing the desks from the north half of the old Study Hall in the Main Building made additional classrooms possible; eventually the desks were removed from the south half as well.

New buildings appeared on the campus - a new greenhouse west of Fell Hall, a Home Management House for the use of seniors in the Home Economics Department, and Milner Library. With the occupation of Milner Library in 1940, the former library was given the name of North Hall and assigned to the use chiefly of the Departments of English and of Geography. The name Gymnasium was also removed from the front of the Old Castle - called the Commerce Building on students' programs - and replaced with the name Cook Hall, and in Cook Hall, too, space was found for practice rooms for music students and for a larger suite



of rooms for the school physician, who in President Felmley's day had been located in the Metcalf Building.

In company with other colleges in the state and nation, too, Illinois State Normal University adopted a practice of selective admission of freshmen when the number seeking admission was obviously going to be larger than either classroom space on the campus or housing off the campus could possibly care for. The line was not rigidly drawn, and each case was considered separately, but in general, since scholarship is a fundamental requirement for teaching, people in the lowest quarter of their graduating classes from high school were not accepted as students at Normal.

When in World War II the boys in school were called into the various services of the country, the school offered its facilities to the United States government for Navy V-5 and Navy V-12 training. Fell Hall and Smith Hall were occupied by Navy lads. Their programs of three sixteen-week terms per year had to be fitted in with the two eighteen-week semesters and eight-week summer term at I. S. N. U., and again it was Dean Schroeder who dovetailed the programs in such a way that Navy boys could take advantage of elective courses with regular university classes at the same time that they were in the required courses taught especially for them. Navy discipline improved the manners of the entire student body, and more people said, "If you please, sir," or "No, thank you, sir," than had done so for many years. From example, too, every one on the campus stood at attention when the flag was raised and lowered daily in front of Old Main until

the last bugle notes had died away. The requirements of good scholarship for Navy boys improved the level of scholarship among other students, and the presence of the Navy on the campus probably made all of us feel that we were contributing our share to the war effort.

Townspeople and students remember only too well the noon of November 9, 1943, when Fell Hall caught fire. The cause of the fire is still unknown, but fortunately the alarm was sounded before it had made much headway, and the cement floor of the attic kept fire damage from extending beyond the roof, although water and smoke damage to the other floors was unavoidable. As in all disasters, fine human qualities came to the fore, in the work of the boys themselves that day, in the help of the fire departments of Normal and Bloomington and the Children's School, and in the generous offers of housing for the boys that swamped the telephone exchange all afternoon and evening. Temporary barracks were set up in the gymnasium of Cook Hall, repairs were made to Fell Hall as rapidly as possible, and before very long the boys were back in their old quarters again. They were with us until the close of hostilities in 1945, and some of them returned to complete their work for a degree when they were once again in civilian clothes.

Shortly before the outbreak of World War II certification requirements for teachers had been raised by legislative action to a minimum of four years of preparation for any teaching in the public schools of Illinois, whether on elementary or secondary levels. This meant that the two-year courses would eventually be done away with,



and in 1943 the last group of two-year graduates marched across the out-door stage at Commencement time to receive their diplomas. After July 1, 1943 no more diplomas were granted at the completion of the work of the sophomore year. This date probably marks the time when the Normal School became in every respect a Teachers College.

During the War, too, plans were made and set in operation for granting a master's degree in Education. The details of the establishing of the Graduate School are a separate story. Suffice it to say here that from the summer of 1944, when the first graduate courses were offered, up to the present time the growth of the Graduate School has been steady, and each June and August Commencement since 1945 has seen candidates for the master's degree presented with their diplomas and their hoods.

In these days whenever alumni of I. S. N. U. gather together, one question always comes up for discussion, "What is to be done with Old Main?" For in 1946 the state architects pronounced the third floor of Old Main unsafe for classes and decreed that the dome and the upper floor must be removed. The decision was announced to the faculty on February 22 at a special faculty meeting, and the moving began immediately. Every conceivable spot was pressed into service, for to lose ten classrooms in a school already pressed for space was a serious thing. Everyone tried to carry on in cramped quarters as best he could, but there is no doubt that at best the teaching suffered. At eleven o'clock on the morning of May 22, 1946, the great dome of Old Main was finally torn from its moorings and brought to the ground.

A silent crowd of students and faculty stood watching the great crane move slowly towards the north and gradually approach the ground with the dome suspended. One felt that an era of Old Normal's history had ended, and that something precious had been lost. The future must solve the problem of what is to be done with Old Main, and time is being taken to consider all possibilities so that a wise decision may be made.

Returning veterans after the war not only increased the total enrollment of the school, but also brought the number of men enrolled to the point where it was equal to the number of women enrolled, the first time that that had occurred in the entire history of I. S. N. U. Housing problems off campus were partially solved by the establishment of a veterans' village known as Cardinal Court through the purchase of surplus war material, and classroom problems were eased somewhat through Federal units which could serve as temporary classrooms.

Immediate post-war conditions demanded a further expansion of physical equipment, curriculum, and faculty. Purchase of land adjoining the campus was authorized by the State of Illinois, and at the halfway mark in the century, a new building, the Special Education Building, is being erected west of University Street at the same time that the Administration Building on the campus proper is nearing completion. As these new buildings are being erected, a backward glance indicates how much external conditions have changed in fifty years. From foot-lights consisting of kerosene lamps with reflectors to the electrical equipment of a modern stage is a tremendous change, and those who



first used electricity on the campus never dreamed of the brilliantly illuminated football field of today. Electricity, radio, automobiles, movies, airplanes, telephones, plumbing, cement highways - one could go on and on with the list of things which we take for granted today and which were unknown or practically unknown to the students of fifty years ago. So, too, the curriculum has changed. No one in 1900 would have imagined that courses in audio-visual education and mental hygiene would be part of a teacher's preparation, or that the teaching of handicapped children would become a special field in itself. Likewise no one on the small faculty in 1900 could have foreseen that today's group would number over two hundred forty, and that special fields would range from agriculture to speech, from nursery school to community college.

Contemporary problems are many. The curriculum is a constant problem for every school, and is being especially considered at the present minute. What changes should be made there? Illinois, in common with the rest of the nation, has a very real teacher shortage. How can capable high-school seniors be attracted into teaching? Plans are soon to be drawn for new elementary and secondary schools. Are these schools to remain essentially what they have been in the past, schools where students under expert supervision gain experience in teaching? Or are they to become demonstration schools or possibly experimental schools? Only the future has the answer to these and other similar problems.

One thing is certain, however - Illinois State Normal University is primarily concerned with problems of preparing teachers,

and administration and faculty are constantly searching for the best ways to fulfill their responsibility to the State of Illinois. So, whether the school where seniors teach and other college students observe is called a Model School, a Practice School, a Training School, or a Laboratory School does not really matter; it is the art of teaching that is the fundamental thing. And whether lesson plans observe the five formal steps of Herbartian days or work out a unit tying together many types of activities, the aim is still fundamentally the same - to give the children of today the best education possible. Names change - manual training, domestic science, physical training, commerce, are broadened to industrial arts, home economics, health and physical education, business education - but under old or new names they impart information and develop skills that are of value to every generation. An old French proverb well sums up this constant use of new names by specialists who deal with educational problems, "The more it changes, the more it is still the same."

Thus if in the fifty years left in this twentieth century, those whose lives are spent as teachers and administrators at Illinois State Normal University can see beyond the current nomenclature, and if they themselves can become and remain artist teachers, then the glory that belonged to Old Normal in the past will remain undimmed as students leave its doors to enter "the goodly fellowship" of teaching.



Jennie Alma Whitten

Daughter of Charles William Whitten and Henrietta Leigh Whitten

Born January 3, 1894, La Prairie Center, Marshall County, Illinois

Education

Grade Schools of Normal, Urbana, De Kalb  
De Kalb Township High School, three years  
Northern Illinois State Normal School, De Kalb, three years, 1913  
University of Illinois, A. B. 1917, A. M. 1918  
Université de Grenoble, France, Certificat d'Études françaises, 1923  
University of Chicago, Summer, 1930  
University of Wisconsin, 1931-33, Ph. D. 1934

Teaching Experience

John Swaney Consolidated High School, McNabb, Illinois, 1913-15  
Sixth Grade, Highland Park, Illinois, 1915-16  
Champaign High School, Champaign, Illinois, 1918-19  
J. Sterling Morton High School, Cicero, Illinois, 1923-24  
North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro, North Carolina, 1927-29  
Illinois State Normal University, 1919-22, 1924-27, 1929 - date

Travel

In Europe year 1922-23, summer of 1928.  
In Mexico, summer 1944  
Many summer vacations driving in Canada and United States

Church Affiliation

Unitarian

Politics

Independent

Hobbies

I wish I knew! I like to cook, to go tramping through the woods, to sing, to read aloud with friends, to travel, to plant a garden in the spring and rake leaves in the fall, and a dozen and one other things. And, although it is not a hobby, I'd like to have it down for the record that I like to teach school, and that even if I had an income that was independent of salary, I'd still be a teacher.

1. **WILLIAM H. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English, History and Government  
 2. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 3. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 4. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 5. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History

**MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY**

**ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY - 1900**

1. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 2. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 3. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 4. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 5. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 6. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 7. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 8. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 9. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History  
 10. **JOHN C. HARRIS**, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
 Professor of English and History



## THE FACULTY

### ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY - 1900

Arnold Tompkins, Ph. D. President,  
Professor of Mental Science and Didactics

Henry McCormick, A. M., Ph.D., Vice-President  
Professor of History and Geography

Buel P. Colton, A.M.,  
Professor of Natural Sciences

David Felmley, A.B.,  
Professor of Mathematics

John J. Wilkinson, Ph. D.,  
Supervisor of Practice

O.L. Manchester, A.M.,  
Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages,

Manfred J. Holmes, B.L.,  
Assistant in Mental Science and Didactics

J. Rose Colby, Ph. D., Preceptress,  
and Professor of Literature

Mary Hartmann, A.M.,  
Assistant in Mathematics

Clarissa E. Ela,  
Teacher of Drawing

Eva Wilkins,  
Assistant in History and Geography

B. C. Edwards,  
Teacher of Gymnastics

Abelia F. Lucas,  
Teacher of Reading

Elizabeth Mavity,  
Teacher of Grammar

Frederic D. Barber, B.S.,  
Assistant in Natural Sciences

Irene Blanchard, B.A.,  
Assistant in Ancient Languages

Frank S. Bogardus,  
Principal of Grammar School

Lida B. McMurry,  
Assistant Training Teacher, Primary Grades

Maud Valentine,  
Assistant Training Teacher, Intermediate Grades

Anne A. Stanley,  
Assistant Training Teacher, Grammar Grades

Elmer W. Cavins,  
Teacher of Penmanship and Orthography

Mrs. Ida Gove,  
Teacher of Music

Ange V. Milner,  
Librarian



THE DIVISION OF AGRICULTURE EDUCATION,  
ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY

by

CLYDE W. HUDELSON

## ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY



Industrial School (including Agriculture) with a Teachers' Training Department attached. Jonathan B. Turner, on the faculty of the Illinois College at Jacksonville, went up and down the state pleading for this latter type of school. It might be said that his vision and brilliancy were responsible for the present Agriculture Department in Illinois State Normal University. However, the school waited fifty-four years for this department to be born--1911 being its birth date.

Although the land gifts referred to above amounted to one hundred acres, that was when the only thoroughfare bounding it was State Road, now Main Street, on its east side. After streets were established on the other three sides, the farm contained just ninety-three and a fraction acres. All these acres were given, of course, with the understanding that the land was to be used only for demonstration and experimental purposes in Agriculture. Jesse Fell, then renowned in Normal and vicinity as the leading real estate man, was asked to manage this land and from it he cut and sold native hay.

Illinois State Normal University Farm has long since passed the stage of furnishing native hay. In fact, it has none, but it does have an abundance of modern farm crops growing on its well-cultivated acres. However, for many years its only "crop" was nursery stock, the land having been leased at different times to two nationally known nurseries: first, the Phoenix, and later the Augustine. As time progressed and the public awakened to the fact that farming was a science, rather than big-or-miss drudgery, a demand grew for instructing potential farmers how to earn more from their land and, more important, how to care for it.

Because of this change of outlook, the General Assembly appropriated the sum of twenty-two thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting the necessary buildings and the purchasing of stock for a modern dairy farm. Soon a dwelling house, dairy barn, poultry house, hog house, milk house, and implement and small tool shed were built. The farm was then stocked with Percheron horses, Holstein cattle, Duroc Jersey hogs, and Barred Rock chickens sufficient for operating the plant at nearly its full capacity. Later a horse barn was erected.

The farm in that early day was a laboratory for the students where they might see the best methods of Agriculture in actual operation. Its secondary purpose was to acquaint and educate all persons who visited it and, also to educate others through the press. Illinois State Normal University Farm was not an



experiment farm, but a demonstration farm using many of the best methods of Agriculture discovered by outstanding experiment stations. Being strictly a demonstration farm, it paid its own way and was a good example of scientific farming which proved to be profitable.

Because of its location, dairy farming was the best type to make the farm self-sustaining, and soon milk from a healthy Holstein herd was bottled and sold to private customers throughout the cities of Bloomington and Normal. The milk was not pastuerized since, at that time, raw milk carefully cared for was considered more healthful than the pastuerized. The milkers were obliged to wear white milking suits, and the milk was drawn into buckets covered with gauze to prevent the entrance of bacteria.

Thirty-nine years have passed since the early functioning of the Illinois State Normal University Farm, and many changes have been made since then. All of them have been progressive. No longer is the milk bottled and sold to individuals. For a time it was trucked to Illinois Soldier's and Sailor's Children's School on the east edge of Normal. Now it is sold to the Normal Sanitary Dairy.

Instead of having only Holstein cattle, there are at least ten of each of three different breeds of dairy cows--Jersey, Guernsey, and the Holstein. There are ten each of three breeds of beef cattle--Aberdeen Angus, Shorthorn, and Hereford; the same number of sheep--Shropshire, Hampshire, and Cheviot; the same number of swine--Duroc Jersey, Berkshire, and Hampshire.

No longer do Barred Rocks rule the roost. There are now three different flocks of poultry of fifty chickens in each of three different classes, namely: egg, White Leghorns; dual purpose, White Rocks; meat, Australorps. These particular breeds and numbers are to comply with the standards set by The Illinois Board for Vocational Education.

In addition to the animals named, there are a sufficient number for judging purposes in the main market classes of beef cattle, sheep, and swine. Before leaving the subject of farm animals, it should be stated here that Illinois State Normal University Farm was one of the first original twenty farms upon which the famous McLean County Hog Sanitation System was developed. This is a system widely used throughout the Corn Belt, and most of the first movie showing the development of this system was taken on the farm.

Not only have the number of animals increased throughout the years, but the number of buildings have increased also. At the present time, in addition to those named previously, are two concrete silos, swine barn, sheep barn, beef cattle barn, cattle shed, poultry laying house, Garden House, Machinery Hall, and Livestock Judging Pavilion.



The last named building has proved to be very important not only for the farm, but for students and public also. During World War II a few Purebred Livestock Shows and Sales were held here, and since then they have increased to about eighteen or twenty a year. These shows and sales are held by organized groups who pay a nominal fee for the privilege, and the groups range from district and county to state and regional and even national.

Not only are the Livestock organizations benefitted, but the students are too. The latter receive first-hand information on how sales are conducted, and can easily study in a few moments many hand-picked animals which are the result of the best types of breeding. These events also keep the students abreast of market prices, and by rubbing shoulders with experienced and leading producers in this line of work, learn the valuable technique of the management and care of fine animals.

As the department has expanded through the years, a number of hybrid corn plots, grass plots, etc... have been provided for student participation. The department has required essential development in the more common skills of Agriculture. For example: the students are checked carefully to see if they understand how to test milk for butterfat, caponize a chicken, drive a tractor, adjust a plow, and so on.

Just recently a cooperative project between the department and the Illinois State Conservation Department on Wildlife Studies was undertaken. A cooperative program is also being carried on with the Federal Soil Conservation Service. The soil has been mapped by Paul V. Hudelson, Soil Scientist, and soon grass waterways will be made and contour plowing used to save the land from washing away. This latter project will be followed extensively on the ninety-five additional acres the farm acquired in 1947, as well as on the original ninety-three acres.

As to the men who run the Illinois State Normal University Farm successfully, there are two groups--the department head and his staff, and the farm manager and his workers. There have been three of the former. Mr. I. A. Madden served from the fall of 1911 to the spring of 1918. Then Dr. R. L. Eymann took charge until midwinter of 1920. Mr. C. W. Hudelson followed him and has served as head ever since. There have been nine assistants during the period from 1911 until the present time, and in chronological order they are: Winfield, Scott, Paul K Benjamin, Frank Johnson, T. J. Douglass, L. E. Laubaugh, Dr. W. I. DeWees, J. W. Green, Dr. O. L. Young and Ralph Benton. The last six named are teaching in the department now.

Six men have served as farm managers. W. D. Brickey came in the spring of 1914 and his coming marked the beginning of actual farm operations of the ninety-three acre outlay.



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At the time of his coming students lived in the farm house and helped with the work for experience. The next manager was Charles Allen, then L. W. Glover, E. H. Winegarner, Loren Hoffman, and Charles Mercier who has been employed since 1930. Mr. Mercier has six men working under him.

Since Agriculture is one of the subjects listed in the original charter of 1857 to be taught in Illinois State Normal University, the courses offered are as up-to-date and practical as it is possible to make them. The fields of study are: Agricultural Economics, Agricultural Engineering, Animal Husbandry, Agronomy, Dairying, Horticulture, and Practice Teaching in the Laboratory School. Agriculture has been taught in the University High School more or less continuously since Mr. Madden's time, Mr. Benton now having charge of that work.

The first Agriculture classes in Illinois State Normal University were held in the southwest room in the basement of Old Main, but the department soon moved to the northwest room on the first floor of Thomas Metcalf Training School. The next change sent the department to the first floor of the Felmley Science Building, where its quarters expanded to a classroom, an office, storeroom, and laboratory. There are two classrooms in the Judging Pavilion and one in the Machinery Hall on the farm, and classes are held in the greenhouse on the campus.

Besides the scholastic work offered the students in the Agriculture Department, they are offered recreational outlets as well. There are two popular national organization--Maize Grange and Alpha Tau Alpha: the former had its beginning in 1932, and the latter followed the Hopkin's Agriculture Club which was a general club to which all agriculture students might belong. It was named for Cyril G. Hopkins, a famous agronomist from the University of Illinois.

It is interesting to note that William Saunders, the First Master of the National Grange, prepared a plan for landscaping the Illinois State Normal University grounds in 1875 at the request of Jesse Fell. Maize Grange celebrated George Washington's bi-centennial birthday by unveiling a bronze marker on a boulder dedicated to Mr. Saunders. Two elm trees were planted on the campus which were authenticated descendants of the elm tree under which George Washington took command of the Continental Army at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Maize Grange conducts interesting meetings which not only afford pleasure, but prepare students to carry on similar activities when teaching.



Alpha Tau Alpha is a scholastic fraternity. Students are asked to join if their grades merit the invitation, or if they show promise of good leadership, and possess other desirable attributes.

These two organizations take an active part in the annual Homecoming Parade, which, for the first twenty years, was sponsored by the Agriculture Department. They sponsor Livestock Judging Contests, skating parties, picnics, educational meetings, and the annual Barn Dance which is an outstanding event. It is held in the loft of the dairy barn where bales of hay serve as chairs and lanterns furnish light for the gay crowd dressed in house dresses and work clothes. Sunbonnets and big straw hats dominate the scene, and soda pop flows freely while hamburgers disappear magically. It truly is a time of fun, frivolity, and friendliness.

One outstanding event which must not be omitted is one which helps the Agriculture Department to keep alive part of its original purpose--that of educating those persons who visit the farm--is Pantagraph Farm Day. On this day one may see the latest exhibits of the amazing modern farm machinery. Here the newest in feeds are shown, hybrid corn and other crop seeds are on display, weeds are exhibited and identified, alarming pictures of soil erosion are shown as well as reassuring ones showing what has been done to avoid this frightful waste.

A main event is a plowing demonstration in which several kinds of plows are used to show efficiency and power usage. Lectures are given by men well-known and well-informed in the field of Agriculture. The day's activities are sponsored by The Daily Pantagraph, Federal Soil Conservation Service, McLean County Farm Bureau, and the Illinois State Normal University Agriculture Department. It is a popular, successful, and important occasion if one judges by the attendance, for from six to ten thousand have been recorded as having taken advantage of what it offered.

At present the department is forced to meet a trying situation--whether the graduates will be permitted to teach Vocational Agriculture in the high schools of the state. During different periods in the past the graduates have been approved and were outstanding teachers in this work. So far as training is concerned the present students are fully competent to meet the demands, but certain forces are trying to push the department out of this important field.



Barring the present problem, the history of The Division of Agriculture Education in Illinois State Normal University has been one of satisfying progress and success. The hope is that it always will continue to carry on its fine work no matter what obstacles block its path.

Clyde W. Hudelson

In 1910 my family moved to Peoria, Illinois. I attended the Peoria State Normal School during the summer term and then as usual we went to Peoria, Illinois, high school. During the fall and winter of 1910 and 1911 I was a member of a summer camp, and in the summer of 1911 I was a member of a summer camp, and in the summer of 1911 I was a member of a summer camp.

In 1911 I entered the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, and in the summer of 1912, I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society. I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society, and in the summer of 1912, I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society.

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In the fall of 1915, I entered the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, and in the summer of 1916, I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society. I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society, and in the summer of 1916, I was a member of the Illinois Agricultural Society.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born on a farm near Chambersburg, Illinois, October 26, 1888. I graduated from the Chambersburg High School in 1905 and from this year until 1908 I attended the Illinois State Normal University during fall and winter terms. While a student in the university I was on the 1907 Championship Foot-ball Team.

In 1908 my family moved to Colorado where I attended the Colorado State Agriculture College during its winter term and then we moved on west to Gooding, Idaho, and established a permanent home. During the fall and winter of 1909 and spring of 1910 I was a member of a survey party working for North-Side Twin Falls Land and Water Company, but in the fall of the latter year I returned to Illinois.

Here I entered the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, receiving my Bachelor of Science degree in 1913, and my Master of Science in 1914. While in school I was a member of several Agriculture Fraternities: Alpha Tau Alpha, Alpha Gamma Rho, Gamma Sigma Delta, and Alpha Zeta. I was also a member of the Freshman Varsity Football Team, and later was on both the Varsity Football and Wrestling Teams.

In the fall of 1914, I married Bertha Louise Reynolds and shortly after my marriage went to Macomb to assume the duties of my first teaching position--Assistant Professor in Biology and Agriculture on the faculty of the Western State Normal School. In 1917 I received a two year diploma from this school where I remained until February, 1920.

At that time I accepted the position as head of The Division of Agriculture Education in Illinois State Normal University and have held this position since that date.

During my residence in Normal I have served the town twice as one of its trustees and have been its Mayor for four years. I was a member of Bloomington Rotary Club for twenty-two years, but recently when one was organized in Normal I was asked to be a charter member and served as its first president.

I am a life member of Illinois State Academy of Science, a past president of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors, a member of McLean County Farm Bureau, also of both the Illinois and National Education Associations, past vice-president of the Illinois Archeology Society, present president of the Home Sweet Home Mission Board. I belong to the Bloomington Consistory and the Normal Presbyterian Church.



During the war, I had an instructor's rating in Red Cross. I have been a speaker for many F. F. F. Banquets, Father and Son Banquets, Garden Clubs, and similar organizations.

I have two sons, Paul Voorhees--a Federal Soil Scientist with headquarters in the Bloomington district; George Whittaker, a senior in the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. I am pleased and proud that my sons have chosen their life work in the field of Agriculture, for anyone who furthers the progress of Agriculture furthers the progress of our country.

Clyde W. Hudelson

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